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SONGS HYMNS AND LYRICS

THE OLD CONTINENTALS

(Carmen Bellicosum)

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn!

But with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires:
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the swift
Billows' drift
Drove the dark battle breakers o'er the green sodded acres
Of the plain,
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Labored red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
Round their ears;
Like the roar
On a shore,

Rose the Horse Guards' clangor, as they rode in roaring anger
On our flanks:
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

And the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
His broadsword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet loud:
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

THE HADLEY WEATHERCOCK

ON HADLEY steeple proud I sit,
Steadfast and true; I never flit:
Summer and winter, night and day,
The merry winds around me play;
And far below my gilded feet
The generations come and go
In one unceasing ebb and flow,
Year after year in Hadley street.
I nothing care — I only know
God sits above, he wills it so;
While roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind to show.

The hands that for me paid the gold
A century since have turned to mold;
And all the crowds who saw me new
In seventeen hundred fifty-two,
(A noble town was Hadley then,
And beautiful as one could find,)
Dead, long years dead, and out of mind,
Those stately dames and gallant men!

But I abide, while they are low.
God ruleth all, he wills it so:
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind to show.

The wind blew south, the wind blew north;
I saw an army marching forth;
And when the wind was hushed and still,
I heard them talk of Bunker Hill.
From Saratoga, bold Burgoyne
(His sullen redcoats, past the town,
To Aqua Vitæ's plain marched down)
In Hadley mansion stopped to dine.
The new State comes! The King must go!
Glory to God who wills it so!
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind to show.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
In Hadley street the same unrest.
On every breeze that hither comes,
I hear the rolling of the drums,
And well do I know the warning;
The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The ball has left the cannon's mouth,
And the land is filled with mourning.
In Freedom's name they struck the blow:
The Land is One, God wills it so.
And roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind to show.

Though all things change upon the ground,
Unchanging, sure, I'm ever found.
In calm or tempest, sun or rain,
No eye inquires of me in vain.
Though many a man betray his trust,
Though some may honor sell, or buy,
Like Peter some their Lord deny,
Yet here I preach till I am rust:
Blow high, blow low, come weal, or woe,
God sits above, he wills it so.
Then roundabout, and roundabout, and roundabout I go,
The way o' the wind, the changing wind, the way o' the wind to show.

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

JUST A MULTITUDE OF CURLS

Just a multitude of curls
Weighing down a little head;
Two wide eyes not blue nor gray,
Like the sky 'twixt night and day;
Small red mouth — and all to say
Has been said.

Just a saucy word or glance,
And a hand held out to kiss;
Just a curl — a ribbon through —
Just a flower, fresh and blue —
And to think what men will do
Just for this!

CORA FABBRI.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE

I've been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare;
But there's no use denyin',
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.

Oh, where
Can her like be found?
No where,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine
Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse;

Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carran Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lip.

Oh, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow field glance?
For if not, you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance.

Oh, where, etc.

If y' inquire why the nightingale
Still shuns th' invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the west,
Faix she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kenmare has a Rose
That would sing any bulbul to sleep in her nest.

Oh, where, etc.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin',
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail,
The lambs play about her,
And the small bonneens snout her
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.

Oh, where, etc.

When at noon from our labor
We draw neighbor wid neighbor
From the heat of the sun to the shelter of the tree,
Wid spuds fresh from the bilin',
And new milk, you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguilin', alannah machree!

Oh, where, etc.

But there's one sweeter hour
When the hot day is o'er,
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she's sittin' in the middle;
When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, "Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."

Oh, where
Can her like be found?
No where,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
a slinderer,
tinderer,
purtier,
wittier colleen than you,
Rose, aroo!

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

IRISH LULLABY

I'D ROCK my own sweet childie to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow,
To the shoheen ho of the wind of the west and the lulla lo of the soft sea billow.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear:
Mother is here beside your pillow.

I'd put my own sweet childie to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river,
Where a shoheen whisper the white cascades, and a lulla lo the green flags shiver.
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear:
Mother is here with you for ever.

Lulla lo! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you,
And oh, my child, what cosier nest for rosier rest could love have found you?
Sleep, baby dear,
Sleep without fear:
Mother's two arms are clasped around you.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

Be it ryght or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne:
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That woman's faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But neverthelesse ryght good wytnésse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true and continúe:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayd,—
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wold nat depart; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll also
Tell all the payne and fere
That she is in. Now I begyn
So that ye me answére;
Wherfore all ye that present be
I pray you gyve an ere:—
I am the knyght: I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, "Alas! thus standeth the case:
I am a banyshed man."

SHE

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse;

Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse:
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere, with what you chere
I pray you, tell anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

It standeth so,—a dede is do
Whereof grete harme shall growe:
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be.
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.
I here you say farewell: nay, nay,
We départ nat so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfáre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

I can beleve it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne:
But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne

Shall some aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to
As hartely as I can:
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde:
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womán,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame:

In your dystresse and hevynesse,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

I counceyle you, remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outláwe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe:
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe;
Yet had I lever than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maidens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote,
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pyté, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:

And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Right wele know ye, that woman be
But feble for to fyght;
No womenhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth, men many one:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the deep valléies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne:
Which some sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Syth I have here bene partynére
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reson is;
Yet am I sure of one plesúre
And shortely, it is this:
That where ye be, me semeth, pardé,
I could not fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;

For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No schetès clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Amonge the wild dere, such an archére
As men say that ye be
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plenté;
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me:
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be:
And this same nyght, before daylight,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To shote my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe adue! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why:
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy;
For lyke as ye have sayd to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hot, sone colde;
And so is a womán.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me:
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardé;
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degre:
And ever shall, whatso befall
To dy therfore anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursèd dede;

To be feláwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were the pore squyére
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursèd dede,
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Then have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele:
For yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent:
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrére than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe:
And of ye bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can:
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE

Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:

And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I wolde be one;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayd and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaungèd newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed: whatsoever I sayd
To you whan I began,
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,—
I am no banyshed man.

SHE

These tydings be more gladd to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure;
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordes on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I will nat dysparáge
You, (God forfend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynáge.
Nowe undyrstande: to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,

I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can;
Thus have you won an erlys son
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR

Here may ye se that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable.
But rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to lean upon,
My scrip of joye—immortal diet—
My bottle of salvatión,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;—
And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soul, like peaceful palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of heaven;
Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of blisse,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken-hill:
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after that will thirst no more.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,—
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,—
If love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she whom love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the East;
The lioness ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,—
He will find out his way.

Author Unknown.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold—
Not too backward, nor too bold:
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long!
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true a touch;
Love me little more than such—
For I fear the end.
I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth:
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever:
Give me that with true endeavor,—
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers,—that for me,—
For the land or for the sea;
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel;

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain:
So to thee — farewell!

Author Unknown.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT*

Oh THE French are on the sea,
Says the *shan van vocht;*
The French are on the sea,
Says the *shan van vocht:*
Oh the French are in the bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Chorus

Oh the French are in the bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

And their camp it shall be where?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
Their camp it shall be where?
Says the *shan van vocht:*
On the Currach of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Chorus

To the Currach of Kildare
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the *shan van vocht.*

* *An t-sean bean bochd*, "the poor old woman,"—another name for Ireland. The versions of this song are numberless; but that here given is considered the best. The date of its composition is 1797, the period at which the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What *will* the yeomen do?
Says the *shan van vocht:*
What *should* the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the *shan van vocht?*

Chorus

What *should* the yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the *shan van vocht?*

And what color will they wear?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
What color will they wear?
Says the *shan van vocht:*
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal Green?
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Chorus

What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But our own immortal Green?
Says the *shan van vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the *shan van vocht;*
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the *shan van vocht:*
Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Chorus

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,
From the centre to the sea
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the *shan van vocht.*

Street Ballad, 1797.

"Under the sod and the dew,

. . . . .

Under the other, the Gray"

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

(*Richmond, Va.*)

A DEATH-BED

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

ON A QUIET LIFE

SMALL fields are mine; a small and guiltless rent:
In both I prize the quiet of content.
My mind maintains its peace, from feverish dread
Secure, and fear of crimes that sloth has bred.
Others let toilsome camps or curule chairs
Invite, and joys which vain ambition shares.
May I, my lot among the people thrown,
Live to myself, and call my time my own!

AVIENUS.

Translation of Charles Abraham Elton.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY THE flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain.
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Atonement of Mr. Punch

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier:
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, or art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you?*—

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights:

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through;
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat free!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore!
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

A MIRROR

THOU art a mountain stately and serene,
Rising majestic o'er each earthly thing,
And I a lake that round thy feet do cling,
Kissing thy garment's hem, unknown, unseen.
I tremble when the tempests darkly screen
Thy face from mine. I smile when sunbeams fling
Their bright arms round thee. When the blue heavens lean
Upon thy breast, I thrill with bliss, O King!
Thou canst not stoop,—we are too far apart;
I may not climb to reach thy mighty heart:
Low at thy feet I am content to be.
But wouldst thou know how great indeed thou art,
Bend thy proud head, my mountain love, and see
How all thy glories shine again in me!

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

THE DAY AFTER THE BETROTHAL

"WHAT troubleth thee, Sweetheart?
For thine eyes are filled with tears."—
I have dwelt in Arcadia, Love,
So many, many years!

"Is Arcadia fair, Sweetheart?
When I called, wert thou loth to go?"—
Nay, ask me not that, I pray,
For truly I do not know.

"Is Arcadia dear, Sweetheart,
That thine eyes are so heavy and wet?"—
Dear? O Love, how dear
I may not tell thee yet!

"Wouldst fain go back, Sweetheart?
It's only a step to take."—
No, no! not back! but hold me close,
For my heart is like to break.

Not for Arcadia lost—
Ah, Love, have I not thee?
But oh, the scent of those wind-swept hills
And the salt breath of that sea!

EVA L. OGDEN LAMBERT.

TWICKENHAM FERRY

AHOY! and Oho! and it's who's for the ferry?»
(The brier's in bud and the sun going down;)
«And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.»
The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
With just a soft tang in the turn of his tongue;
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.

«Ahoy! and Oho! and it's I'm for the ferry;»
(The brier's in bud and the sun going down;)
«And it's late as it is, and I haven't a penny:
Oh, how can I get me to Twickenham Town?»
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry—
«And sure, but you're welcome to Twickenham Town.»

«Ahoy! and Oho!—» You're too late for the ferry;
(The brier's in bud and the sun has gone down;)
And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,—
It seems quite a journey to Twickenham Town.
«Ahoy! and Oho!» you may call as you will:
The young moon is rising o'er Petersham Hill;
And with Love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.

THÉOPHILE MARZIALS.

DOLLIE

SHE sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt;
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye,—
She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabrics of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief:
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

DOROTHY

THEY tell me 'tis foolish to prate of love
In the sweet and olden way:
They say I should sing of loftier things,
For Love has had his day.
But when Dorothy comes
I cannot choose,—
I must follow her
Though the world I lose;
My very soul
Pours forth in song
When dainty Dorothy
Trips along.

It is all very well to say to me
That Browning's noble strain
Rises and swells with the tide of thought
Or throbs with the pulse of pain;
But if Dorothy once
Had crossed his path,

Her radiance such
A witchery hath
That across the world
Would not seem long
To follow Dorothy
With his song.

CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight:
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS

"MY MOTHER says I must not pass
Too near that glass:
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

"Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose,
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!"

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE

AND will you write a letter for me, padre?"—
"Yes, child—no need to tell me the address!"
"Do you know whom it's for because on that dark evening
You saw us walking?"—"Yes."

"Pardon! forgive!"—"Oh no, I don't reproach you!
The night, the chance—they tempted you, I know.
Pass me the pen and paper—I will begin, then—"
My own Antonio!

"'My own'?"—"Why, yes, I have it written;
But if you like, I'll—"—"Oh no, no, go on!"
How sad I am—"Is that it?"—"Yes, of course, sir!"
How sad I am alone!

Now that I'm writing you, I feel so troubled!—
"How do you know so well?"—
"The secrets of a young girl's heart, my daughter,
The old can always tell."

What is this world alone? A vale of tears, love!
With you—a happy land!
"Be sure you write it *plainly*, won't you, padre?
So that he'll understand."

The kiss I gave you on the eve of marching—
"Why, how did you find out?"—
"Oh, when young people come and go together,
Always—nay, do not pout!"

And if your love can't bring you back here quickly,
'Twill make me suffer—I—
"Suffer! and nothing more? No, no, dear padre,
Tell him 'twill make me die!"

"Die! child, do you know that offends our Father?"
"But still, padre, write *die!*"
"I will not write 'die.'"—"What a man of iron!
If I could only try!

"Oh no, it is no use, you dear good padre:
'Twill never perfect be
If in these signs you cannot lay before him
The very heart of me.

«Write him, I pray you, that my soul without him
Would gladly mourn and die,
But that this lonely heartache does not kill me
Because I've learned to cry.

«And that my lips, the roses of my love's breath,
Will never ope again;
That they forget the very art of smiling,
By dint of so much pain.

«And that my eyes he always thought so lovely,—
No longer clear and bright,
Since there is no dear face to mirror in them,—
Forever shun the light.

«And that of all the torments ever suffered,
Parting's most hard to bear;
That like a dream the echo of his voice is ringing
Forever in my ear.

«But since it is for his dear sake I suffer,
My heavy heart grows light;—
Goodness! how many things I'd like to tell him
If I could only write!

«But, padre»—«Bravo, Amor! I'll copy and conclude there.
Our learning should be meek.
'Tis clear that one needs for this style of writing
Small Latin and less Greek.»

CAMPOAMOR (Spanish).

Translation of Ellen Watson.

LOVE AND YOUTH

Two wingèd genii in the air
I greeted as they passed me by:
The one a bow and quiver bare,
The other shouted joyously.
Both I besought to stay their speed,
But never Love nor Youth had heed
Of my wild cry.

As swift and careless as the wind,
Youth fled, nor ever once looked back;

A moment Love was left behind,
But followed soon his fellow's track.
Yet, loitering at my heart, he bent
His bow, then smiled with changed intent;
The string was slack.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

HOW TO LOVE

LOVE me, but let me never know
That I the limit of your love may touch;
Always beyond my reach below, above,
I want to feel that I may find your love.
Love me, but — not too much.

Paint it in quiet, tender tints:
The fragrant flowers of spring wear such,
And summer lies beyond them. In a blaze
Of brilliant hues the fall flowers end their days.
Love me, but — not too much.

Let it be like the soft blue sky,
That folds the earth around with gentle touch:
Not like the crimson clouds at set of sun,
For darkness follows them, and day is done.
Love me, but — not too much.

Like the new moon I want your love:
My life will brighten 'neath its pure white touch.
The full moon gives great floods of silver light,
And then — it fades from out the starry night.
Love me, but — not too much.

But like the ivy, let love grow
Steadily, slowly, reaching wide and high,
Till it embraces all in its strong grasp,
And holds with true, unfading, living clasp.
So love me till I die!

BESSIE CHANDLER PARKER.

IN THE DARK, IN THE DEW

In the dark, in the dew,
I am smiling back to you;
But you cannot see the smile,
And you're thinking all the while
How I turn my face from you
In the dark, in the dew.

In the dark, in the dew,
All my love goes out to you,
Flutters like a bird in pain,
Dies and comes to life again;
While you whisper, "Sweetest, hark:
Some one's sighing in the dark,
In the dark, in the dew!"

In the dark, in the dew,
All my heart cries out to you,
As I cast it at your feet,
Sweet indeed, but not too sweet;
Wondering will you hear it beat,
Beat for you, and bleed for you,
In the dark, in the dew!

MARY NEWMARCH PRESCOTT.

BIRD SONG FROM 'ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE'

What bird so sings, yet does so wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale;
"Jug, jug—jug, jug—teren," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,—
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his note!
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring.

JOHN LYLY.

SONG TO GABRIELLE

Morning bright,
Rise to sight,—
Glad am I thy face to see:
One I love,
All above,
Has a ruddy cheek like thee.

Fainter far
Roses are,
Though with morning dew-drops bright;
Ne'er was fur
Soft like her,
Milk itself is not so white.

When she sings,
Soon she brings
Listeners out from every cot;
Pensive swains
Hush their strains,—
All their sorrows are forgot.

She is fair
Past compare;
One small hand her waist can span.
Eyes of light—
Stars, though bright,
Match those eyes you never can.

Hebe blest
Once the best
Food of gods before her placed:
When I sip
Her red lip,
I can still the nectar taste.

King Henry IV. of France.

NELLY OF THE TOP-KNOTS

Dear God! were I fisher and
Back in Binédar,
And Nelly a fish who
Would swim in the bay there,

I would privately set there
My net there to catch her:
In Erin no maiden
Is able to match her.

And Nelly, dear God!
Why! you should not thus flee me:
I long to be near thee
And hear thee and see thee;
My hand on the Bible,
And I swearing and kneeling,
And giving thee part
Of the heart you are stealing.

I've a fair yellow casket
And it fastened with crystal,
And the lock opens not
To the shot of a pistol.
To Jesus I pray,
And to Columbkill's Master,
That Mary may guide thee
Aside from disaster.

We may be, O maiden
Whom none may disparage,
Some morning a-hearing
The sweet mass of marriage;
But if fate be against us,
To rend us and push us,
I shall mourn as the blackbird
At eve in the bushes.

O God! were she with me
Where the gull flits and tern,
Or in Paris the smiling,
Or an isle in Loch Erne,
I would coax her so well,
I would tell her my story,
And talk till I won her,—
My sunshine of glory!

DOUGLAS HYDE.

THE SEA-FOWLER

THE baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl belong alone to me.

The baron hunts the running deer, the fisher nets the brine;
But every bird that builds a nest on ocean-cliffs is mine.

Come on then, Jock and Alick, let's to the sea-rocks bold:
I was trained to take the sea-fowl ere I was five years old.

The wild sea roars, and lashes the granite crags below,
And round the misty islets the loud strong tempests blow.

And let them blow! Roar wind and wave, they shall not me dismay:
I've faced the eagle in her nest and snatched her young away.

The eagle shall not build her nest, proud bird although she be,
Nor yet the strong-winged cormorant, without the leave of me.

The eider-duck has laid her eggs, the tern doth hatch her young,
And the merry gull screams o'er her brood; but all to me belong.

Away, then, in the daylight, and back again ere eve:
The eagle could not rear her young unless I gave her leave.

The baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl belong alone to me.

MARY HOWITT.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY

PACK, clouds, away; and welcome, day;
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;

And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark-blue is her ee:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS of Kirkcudbright.

THE POOR CLERK

(Ar C'Hloarek Paour)

My wooden shoes I've lost them, my naked feet I've torn,
A-following my sweeting through field and brake of thorn:
The rain may beat, and fall the sleet, and ice chill to the bone,
But they're no stay to hold away the lover from his own.

My sweeting is no older than I that love her so,—
She's scarce seventeen; her face is fair, her cheeks like roses glow.
In her eyes there is a fire; sweetest speech her lips doth part;
Her love it is a prison where I've locked up my heart.

Oh, to what shall I liken her, that a wrong it shall not be?
To the pretty little white rose, that is called Rose-Marie?
The pearl of girls; the lily when among the flowers it grows,—
The lily newly opened, among flowers about to close.

When I came to thee a-wooing, my sweet, my gentle May,
I was as is the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray:
When he would sleep, the thorns they keep a-pricking in his breast;
That he flies up perforce and sings upon the tree's tall crest.

I am as is the nightingale, or as a soul must be
That in the purgatory fires lies, longing to be free;
Waiting the blessed time when I unto your house shall come,
All with the marriage-messenger bearing his branch of broom.

Ah me! my stars are froward; 'gainst nature is my state:
Since in this world I came I've dreed a dark and dismal fate;
I have nor living kin nor friends, mother nor father dear,—
There is no Christian on earth to wish me happy here.

There lives no one hath had to bear so much of grief and shame
For your sweet sake as I have, since in this world I came;
And therefore on my bended knees, in God's dear name I sue,
Have pity on your own poor clerk, that loveth only you!

Mediæval Breton.

Translation of Tom Taylor.

CUPID'S CURSE

ŒNONE

FAIR and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any ladie!

PARIS

Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other ladie!

ŒNONE

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May;
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's Curse—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Both sing

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

ŒNONE

Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any ladie!

PARIS

Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other ladie!

ŒNONE

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays:
Amen to Cupid's Curse!

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

PARIS

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

GEORGE PEELE.

THE AVARICIOUS SHEPHERDESS

(L'AVARICIEUSE)

PHILLIS, somewhat hard by nature,
Would not an advantage miss:
She asked Damon — greedy creature! —
Thirty sheep for one small kiss.

Lovely Phillis, on the morrow,
Cannot her advantage keep:
She gives Damon, to her sorrow,
Thirty kisses for one sheep.

On the morrow grown more tender,
Phillis, ah! has come to this:
Thirty sheep she will surrender
For a single loving kiss.

Now another day is over,
Damon sheep and dog might get
For the kiss which he — the rover!
Gave for nothing to Lizette.

CHARLES RIVIÈRE DUFRESNY.

AN UNMARKED FESTIVAL

THERE'S a feast undated yet:
Both our true lives hold it fast, —
The first day we ever met.
What a great day came and passed! —
Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met: You knew not me,
Mistress of your joys and fears;

Held my hand that held the key
Of the treasure of your years,
Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,
And I knew not it was you.
We have learnt, as days went by:
But a flower struck root and grew
Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days! Unmarked it rose,
In whose hours we were to meet;
And forgotten passed. Who knows,
Was earth cold or sunny, Sweet,
At the coming of your feet?

One mere day, we thought; the measure
Of such days the year fulfills.
Now, how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills
And its memorable hills;—

But one leaf of oak or lime,
Or one blossom from its bowers,
No one gathered at the time.
Oh, to keep that day of ours
By one relic of its flowers!

ALICE MEYNELL.

A SONG OF LIFE

DID I seek life? Not so: its weight was laid upon me;
And yet of my burden sore I may not set myself free.
Two love, and lo, at love's call, a hapless soul must wake:
Like a slave it is called to the world, to bear life, for their love's sake.

Did I seek love? Not so: love led me along by the hand.
Love beguiled me with songs and caresses, while I took no note of the land.
And lo, I stood in a quicksand, but Love had wings, and he fled:
Ah fool, for a mortal to venture where only a god may tread!

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

DISAPPOINTMENT

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss most heavenly, most complete.

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness: these hurt, impede,
And leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,—

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers — recoils — then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught!

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS ("Maria del Occidente").

FATE

TWO shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed:
And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands,
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end,—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied.—And this is Fate.

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary:
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listenin' for the words
You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;—
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

THE REVEL

(TIME OF THE FAMINE AND PLAGUE IN INDIA)

WE MEET 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then:
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here, the wise:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies·
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?

No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind,—
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD OF BONCHURCH

THE church-yard leans to the sea with its dead—
It leans to the sea with its dead so long.
Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
When the winter's anger is all but fled,—
The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,
The old land, with its hills and its graves,
As they gradually slide to the waves
With the wind blowing on them from leeward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them,
The sepulchre vast and strange?
Do they long for days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

HIS FOOTSTEPS

THE wilderness a secret keeps
Upon whose guess I go:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
And yet I know, I know,

Some day the viewless latch will lift,
The door of air swing wide
To one lost chamber of the wood
Where those shy mysteries hide,—

One yet unfound, exceeding depth,
From which the wood-thrush sings,
Still luring me to darker shades,
In — in — to colder springs.

There is no wind abroad to-day;
But hark the pine-tops' war,
That sleep, and in their dreams repeat
The music of the shore.

What wisdom stirs among the pines?
What song is that they sing?
Those airs that search the forest's heart,
What rumor do they bring?

A hushed excitement fills the gloom,
And in the stillness, clear
The river's tell-tale warning rings:
"'Tis near — 'tis near — 'tis near!"

As in the fairy tale, more loud
The ghostly music plays,
When, toward the enchanted bower, the prince
Draws closer through the maze.

Nay, nay — I track a fleeter game,
A wilder than ye know,
To lairs beyond the utmost haunt
Of thrush or vireo.

This way it passed: the scent lies fresh;
The ferns still lightly shake.
Ever I follow hard upon,
But never overtake.

HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS.

THE INDIAN'S DEATH SONG

THE sun sets in night and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their light fades away.
Begin, ye tormentors — your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow!
Remember the chiefs whom his hatchet laid low!
Why so slow? do you think I will shrink from the pain?
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the place where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps that we tore from your nation away.—
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father has gone:
His ghost shall rejoice at the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend, to release me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorned to complain.

ANNE HUNTER.

THE PLACE TO DIE

HOW little recks it where men die,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
Upon the battle-plain,
Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the gory slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it when the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eye may close
Upon his downy bed,

And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er him spread;
But ye who shun the bloody fray
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes
With those we cherish near,
And wafted upward by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

MICHAEL JULAND BARRY.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

IF I SHOULD die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped:
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way:
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!
The way is lonely: let me feel them now.
Think gently of me: I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

BELLE E. SMITH.

A LITTLE WHILE

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HORATIUS BONAR.

WHEN WE ARE ALL ASLEEP

WHEN He returns, and finds the world so drear,
All sleeping, young and old, unfair and fair,
Will he stoop down and whisper in each ear,
"Awaken!" or for pity's sake forbear,
Saying, "How shall I meet their frozen stare
Of wonder, and their eyes so full of fear?
How shall I comfort them in their despair,
If they cry out, 'Too late! let us sleep here'?"

Perchance he will not wake us up, but when
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will murmur, "Poor dead women and dead men!
Dire was their doom, and weary was their quest,—
Wherefore awake them into life again?
Let them sleep on untroubled—it is best."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

— The happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever.— ROGERS.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried:
"Here tarry a moment — I'll hide — I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran — and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day;
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In the highest — the lowest — the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly — but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle: they raised the lid;
And a skeleton form lay moldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
Oh, sad was her fate! In sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring! — and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

ANDRÉ'S RIDE

WHEN André rode to Pont-du-lac,
With all his raiders at his back,
Mon Dieu! the tumult in the town!
Scarce clanged the great portcullis down
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears,
And up marched all his musketeers,
And far and fast in haste's array
Sped men to fight and priests to pray:
In every street a barricade
Of aught that lay to hand was made;
From every house a man was told,
Nor quittance given to young or old:
Should youth be spared or age be slack
When André rode to Pont-du-lac?

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
With all his ravening reiver-pack,
The mid lake was a frozen road
Unbending to the cannon's load;
No warmth the sun had as it shone;
The kine were stalled, the birds were gone;
Like wild things seemed the shapes of fur
With which was every street astir,
And over all the huddling crowd
The thick breath hung—a solid cloud;—
Roof, road, and river, all were white;
Men moved benumbed by day—by night
The boldest durst not bivouac,
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
We scarce could stem his swift attack;
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call,—
Like wild-cats they were up the wall:
But still as each man won the town,
We tossed him from the ramparts down;
And when at last the stormers quailed,
And back the assailants shrank assailed,
Like wounded wasps that still could sting,
Or tigers that had missed their spring,
They would not fly, but turned at bay
And fought out all the dying day;—

Sweet saints! it was a crimson track
That André left by Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,
Said he, "A troop of girls could sack
This huckster town, that hugs its hoard
But wists not how to wield a sword."
It makes my blood warm now to know
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point
In André's harness found a joint:
For I, who now am old, was young,
And strong the thews were, now unstrung,
And deadly though our danger then,
I would that day were back again;
Ay, would to God the day were back
When André rode to Pont-du-lac!

A. H. Beesly.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething else beside;
To mak' the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win:
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back:
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;

His ship was a wrack— Why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me!

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—for I couldna think it he
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gi'ed him ae kiss and bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin:
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

WERENA MY HEART LICHT

THERE was ance a may and she loved na men;
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen:
But naw she cries Dool! and Well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and manie braw things,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His wee wilfu' tittie she loved na me;
(I was taller and twice as bonnie as she;)
She raised sic a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set for the bridal to be:
The wife took a dwam and lay down to dee;
She mained and she graned wi' fause dolor and pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kindred socht ane o' higher degree,
Said, Would he wed ane was landless like me?
Although I was bonnie, I wasna for Johnnie,
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither coo nor cawf,
Nor dribbles o' drink coming through the draff,
Nor pickles o' meal runnin' frae the mill-e'e,—
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His tittie she was baith wylie and slee:
She spied me as I came ower the lea;
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;—
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His old ane looked better than many ane's new:
But now he lets 't wear any gait it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the com-bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hound the tykes:
The livelong nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Oh! were we young now as we ance hae been,
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,
And linkin' it ower the lily-white lea:
And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE.

TO NELL GWYNNE'S LOOKING-GLASS

GLASS antique, 'twixt thee and Nell
Draw we here a parallel.
She, like thee, was forced to bear
All reflections, foul or fair:
Thou art deep and bright within,—
Depths as bright belonged to Gwynne;
Thou art very frail as well,
Frail as flesh is,—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined,—
She too had a silver mind!

Thine is fresh till this far day,—
Hers till death ne'er wore away.
Thou dost to thy surface win
Wandering glances,—so did Gwynne;
Eyes on thee long love to dwell,—
So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Lifelike forms in thee are sought,—
Such the forms the actress wrought;
Truth unfailing rests in you,—
Nell, whate'er she was, was true.
Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
Thou art oft,—as oft was Gwynne;
Breathe on thee, and drops will swell,—
Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.

Thine's a frame to charm the sight,—
Framed was she to give delight.
Waxen forms here truly show
Charles above and Nell below;
But between them, chin with chin,
Stuart stands as low as Gwynne,
Paired, yet parted,—meant to tell
Charles was opposite to Nell.

Round the glass wherein her face
Smiled so soft, her «arms» we trace;
Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,—
Lion here, and leopard there.
She had part in these,—akin
To the lion-heart was Gwynne;
And the leopard's beauty fell
With its spots to bounding Nell.

Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,
Thou art firm, if brittle too,—
So her will, on good intent,
Might be broken, never bent.
What the glass was when therein
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynne,
Was that face by beauty's spell
To the honest soul of Nell.

S. Laman Blanchard.

FROM THE ‹ODE TO MALIBRAN›

O Maria Felicia! the painter and bard,
Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs:
The night of oblivion their memory spares;
And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,
Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

In the iron engraved, one his name leaves enshrined;
With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
And from death's darkest doom till this world of ours ends,
The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare marble halls
Of the Parthenon hold, in their desolate space,
The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
And Praxiteles's child, the young Venus, yet calls
From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

Thus, from age after age while new light we receive,
To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
With the great human voice, till their thoughts are but one:
And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness—alone.

A cross, and oblivion, silence, and death!
Hark! the wind's softest sob; hark! the ocean's deep breath;
Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains:
Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains.

Alfred De Musset.

Translation of Frances Kemble Butler.

THE EARTH AND MAN

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE STRANGE COUNTRY

I HAVE come from a mystical Land of Light
To a Strange Country;
The land I have left is forgotten quite
In the land I see.

The round earth rolls beneath my feet,
And the still stars glow;
The murmuring waters rise and retreat,
The winds come and go.

Sure as a heart-beat all things seem
In this Strange Country;
So sure, so still, in a dazzle of dream,
All things flow free.

'Tis life, all life, be it pleasure or pain,
In the field and the flood,
In the beating heart, in the burning brain,
In the flesh and the blood.

Deep as death is the daily strife
Of this Strange Country:
All things thrill up till they blossom in life,
And flutter and flee.

Nothing is stranger than the rest,
From the Pole to the Pole,—
The weed by the way, the eggs in the nest,
The flesh and the soul.

Look in mine eyes, O man I meet
In this Strange Country!
Lie in my arms, O maiden sweet,
With thy mouth kiss me!

Go by, O king, with thy crownèd brow
And thy sceptred hand—
Thou art a straggler too, I vow,
From the same Strange Land.

O wondrous faces that upstart
In this Strange Country!
O souls, O shades, that become a part
Of my soul and me!

What are ye working so fast and fleet,
O human-kind?
"We are building cities for those whose feet
Are coming behind;

"Our stay is short; we must fly again
From this Strange Country:
But others are growing, women and men,
Eternally!"

Child, what art thou? and what am *I*?
But a breaking wave!
Rising and rolling on, we hie
To the shore of the grave.

I have come from a mystical Land of Light
To this Strange Country:
This dawn I came; I shall go to-night,
Ay me! ay me!

I hold my hand to my head, and stand
'Neath the air's blue arc;

I try to remember the mystical Land,
But all is dark.

And all around me swim shapes like mine
In this Strange Country;
They break in the glamour of gleams divine,
And they moan "Ay me!"

Like waves in the cold moon's silvern breath
They gather and roll;
Each crest of white is a birth or death,
Each sound is a soul.

Oh, whose is the eye that gleams so bright
O'er this Strange Country?
It draws us along with a chain of light,
As the moon the sea!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FLOWER OF THE WORLD

WHEREVER men sinned and wept,
I wandered in my quest;
At last in a Garden of God
I saw the Flower of the World.

This flower had human eyes;
Its breath was the breath of the mouth:
Sunlight and starlight came,
And the flower drank bliss from both.

Whatever was base and unclean,
Whatever was sad and strange,
Was piled around its roots:
It drew its strength from the same.

Whatever was formless and base
Passed into fineness and form;
Whatever was lifeless and mean
Grew into beautiful bloom.

Then I thought, "O Flower of the World,
Miraculous blossom of things,
Light as a faint wreath of snow
Thou tremblest to fall in the wind;

"O beautiful Flower of the World,
Fall not nor wither away:
He is coming — he cannot be far —
The Lord of the flowers and the stars."

And I cried, "O Spirit divine
That walkest the garden unseen!
Come hither, and bless, ere it dies,
The beautiful Flower of the World."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LOVE STILL HATH SOMETHING

LOVE still hath something of the sea
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from love can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port;
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a bliss,
Believe me, gentle Hermione,
No less inhuman is.

A hundred thousand foes your fears
Perhaps would not remove;

And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess
Than for me to explain;
But grant, oh! grant that happiness
Which only does remain.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

HORIZONS

MY HEART gives thanks for yonder hill,
That makes this valley safe and still;
That shuts from sight my onward way
And sets a limit to my day;
That keeps my thoughts, so tired and weak,
From seeking what they should not seek.
On that fair bound across the west
My eyes find pasturage and rest,
And of its dewy stillness drink,
As do the stars upon its brink;
It shields me from the days to come,
And makes the present hour my home.

Deeper will be my rest to-night
For this near calmness of the height;
Its steadfast boundary will keep
My harbored spirit while I sleep.
Yet somewhere on its wooded sides
To-morrow's onward pathway hides,
And I shall wake at early morn,
To find a world beyond, new-born.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou dost lay
These near horizons on my way.
If I could all my journey see,
There were no charm of mystery,
No veilèd grief, no changes sweet,
No restful sense of tasks complete.
I thank thee for the hills, the night,
For every barrier to my sight;
For every turn that blinds my eyes
To coming pain or glad surprise;

For every bound thou settest nigh,
To make me look more near, more high;
For mysteries too great to know:
For everything thou dost not show.
Upon thy limits rests my heart;
Its safe Horizon, Lord, thou art!

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

THE SECOND PLACE

UNTO my loved ones have I given all:
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give, with gracious hearts and tenderly,
The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense,
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defense,
They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.
Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade where I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 'tis sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granteth me
The second place.

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

OH, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE

MY DEAR and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchie.
For if confusion have a part,—
Which virtuous souls abhor,—
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM, Earl of Montrose.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep; his colors can't be seen:
For there's a bloody law again' the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen:
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Oh, if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle will part:
I've heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
O Erin, must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

Dion Boucicault.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frame should wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:

So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burnt within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed.
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;

All Switzerland is in the field:
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed:
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won;—
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart:
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all;—
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for Liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LITTLE BELL

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks;
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped: you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles;
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,—
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,—
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,—
And adown the tree,

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one—
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray:
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care:
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

AN EXPERIENCE AND A MORAL

I LENT my love a book one day;
She brought it back; I laid it by:
'Twas little either had to say,—
She was so strange, and I so shy.

But yet we loved indifferent things,—
The sprouting buds, the birds in tune,—
And Time stood still and wreathed his wings
With rosy links from June to June.

For her, what task to dare or do?
What peril tempt? what hardship bear!
But with her—ah! she never knew
My heart, and what was hidden there!

And she with me, so cold and coy,
Seemed like a maid bereft of sense;
But in the crowd, all life and joy,
And full of blushful impudence.

She married,—well, a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share,—
And little cares sprang up like weeds
And played around her elbow-chair.

And years rolled by—but I, content,
Trimmed my own lamp, and kept it bright,
Till age's touch my hair besprent
With rays and gleams of silver light.

And then it chanced I took the book
Which she perused in days gone by;
And as I read, such passion shook
My soul,—I needs must curse or cry.

For, here and there, her love was writ,
In old, half-faded pencil-signs,
As if she yielded—bit by bit—
Her heart in dots and underlines.

Ah, silvered fool, too late you look!
I know it; let me here record
This maxim: *Lend no girl a book*
Unless you read it afterward!

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CARE OB DER BABY

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'siany,
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever
As well as you, it may be;
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus's baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,—
And sometimes those of sinners,
To run off 'possum-hunting and
Steal "watermilion" dinners.
And fervently at meetin' too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies
With voice so full and strong
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph song.

SONG

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks,—and dey knows it:
See de glory-gate unbarred;
Walk in darkies, past de guard—
Bet you dollar he won't close it.

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate:
Hear de kullered angels holler;
Go 'way, white folks, you're too late,—
We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often—
His granny's favorite one—
Was—"Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick! shut de do',
Get up off dat flo',
Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,—
Almost a second flood;
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda,
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons's granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cords of rope,
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!
"*You*, Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raf';
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide,
And for a while they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapt in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,

«A-totin' ob der baby,» and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes,
Persimmons «'lowed he'd spile 'em,»
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain in
The crowded city park,
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:—

SONG

«Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away;
De chillen dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe away.
O Lord! I feel so glad,
It am always dark 'fo' day;
So, honey, don't yer be sad,
De sea 'll gib away.»

A lady dressed in mourning
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow
That was walking by her side
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried:—
«*You*, Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick! splain yerself, chile,—
Stop dat ar fool smile,—
Whar you done been wid baby?»

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

WHILST THEE I SEEK

WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled!
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storms shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

SHIPS AT SEA

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago:
None have yet come home to me,
But keep sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered where they stayed
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, «I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled.»
Great the treasures that they hold,—
Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices which they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport;
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing from them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But the pilots when they land
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, «You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all.»

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ship will sail.
I can buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything except a heart:
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine;—

And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

R. B. COFFIN.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:

Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

EPES SARGENT.

THE WANDERER

HE KNOWS no home; he only knows
Hunger and cold and pain.
The four winds are his bedfellows;
His sleep is dashed with rain.

'Tis naught to him who fails, who thrives:
He neither hopes nor fears;
Some dim primeval impulse drives
His footsteps down the years.

He could not, if he would, forsake
Lone road and field and tree.
Yet, think! it takes a God to make
E'en such a waif as he.

And once a maiden, asked for bread,
Saw, as she gave her dole,
No friendless vagrant, but, instead,
An indefeasible Soul.

WILLIAM CANTON.

HESPERUS SINGS

POOR old pilgrim Misery,
Beneath the silent moon he sate,
A-listening to the screech-owl's cry
And the cold wind's goblin prate;
Beside him lay his staff of yew
With withered willow twined,
His scant gray hair all wet with dew,
His cheeks with grief ybrined:
And his cry it was ever, Alack!
Alack, and woe is me!

Anon a wanton imp astray
His piteous moaning hears,
And from his bosom steals away
His rosary of tears;
With his plunder fled that urchin elf,
And hid it in your eyes:
Then tell me back the stolen pelf,
Give up the lawless prize;
Or your cry shall be ever, Alack!
Alack, and woe is me!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

THE OATEN PIPE

WHEN the musical piping frogs
Begin to croak and chant
In the marshes, and in the bogs,
In many a sweet spring haunt,

I think of the legend hoary
Which little Dutch folk recite,—
How the nightingale's soul, says the story,
Enters a frog in its flight.

And so, when I hear the weird catch
Where the frogs alone take part,
I fancy I sometimes snatch
A strain from the nightingale's heart.

MARY NEWMARCH PRESCOTT.

OVER THE RIVER

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale:
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea:
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar:
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me!

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

OUR MOTHER

BROKEN and worn. For years we saw her so;
Dropping from strength, from time detaching slow:
And scarcely could we know
How earth's dark ebb was heaven's bright overflow.

"She is so old," we said. The cloud and pain
Half hid her, till we sought with loving strain
Her very self in vain.
Her *very self* was growing young again!

She has come back! The cloud and pain are o'er;
The dear freed feet but touched that other shore
To turn to us once more
The nearer, like her lord who went before.

Our young, strong, angel mother! From the years
Triumphant life its shining garment clears,
And all its stain of tears
And weariness forever disappears.

Old — broken — weak? 'Twas but the shattering might
With which a grand soul broke toward the light;
Rending its bands of night
That it might stand full-statured in God's sight.

The calyx burst that it might loose the flower;
We saw the mist but by the sunbeam's power;
The dusk that seemed to lower
Was of the morning — not the midnight hour.

And so a birth, not death, we stand beside;
Our own fast-gathering years come glorified;
And braver we abide
That we have seen heaven's great door flung awide.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

BEN BOLT

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt;
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends; yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;

And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains:
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.

Then here's to the oak, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, etc.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that agèd oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand,—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart:
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowèd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks grew gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped:
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past; but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died:
And Memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek:
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

SONG OF STEAM

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;—

I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length:
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength:
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline;
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The Ocean pales wherever I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf";
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER.

TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

DIFFERENCES

THE king can drink the best of wine—
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I;
And cannot order rain or shine—
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Blessed be they!
And that's the difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie in wait
To deceive?
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state
By my leave?
No, Heaven be thanked! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the king and me.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips—
Well-a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the king and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the king would change with me.

CHARLES MACKAY.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now — the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That's Banks — he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him —" Well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:—
"Lay bare thine arm; stretch forth thy rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge;
Pope and his Dutchman, whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah, maidens, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn:
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

THE CAUSE OF THE SOUTH

THE fallen cause still waits,—
Its bard has not come yet;
His song through one of to-morrow's gates
Shall shine, but never set.

But when he comes, he'll sweep
A harp with tears all stringed;
And the very notes he strikes will weep
As they come from his hand, woe-winged.

Ah! grand shall be his strain,
And his songs shall fill all climes;
And the Rebels shall rise and march again
Down the lines of his glorious rhymes.

And through his verse shall gleam
The swords that flashed in vain;
And the men who wore the gray shall seem
To be marshaling again.

But hush! between his words
Peer faces sad and pale,
And you hear the sound of broken chords
Beat through the poet's wail.

Through his verse the orphans cry—
The terrible undertone!
And the father's curse and the mother's sigh,
And the desolate young wife's moan. . . .

I sing, with a voice too low
To be heard beyond to-day,
In minor keys of my people's woe;
And my songs will pass away.

To-morrow hears them not,—
To-morrow belongs to fame:
My songs, like the birds', will be forgot,
And forgotten shall be my name.

And yet, who knows! betimes
The grandest songs depart,
While the gentle, humble, and low-toned rhymes
Will echo from heart to heart.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN

THE auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again;
Let howlet Whig do what they can,
The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds?
We'll wauk their hides and file their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic a scawed and scabbit nest!
How they'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang,
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out owre the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again,

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
And mony mae, whatreck, again.

Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again?

Anonymous Jacobite Song, 1714.

THE HEATH-COCK

THE heath-cock crawed o'er muir an' dale;
Red rase the sun o'er distant vale;
Our Northern clans, wi' distant yell,
Around their chiefs were gathering.

"O Duncan, are ye ready yet,
M'Donald, are ye ready yet,
O Frazer, are ye ready yet,
To join the clans in the morning?"

Nae mair we'll chase the fleet, fleet roe
O'er dowie glen or mountain brow,
But rush like tempest on the foe,
Wi' sword an' targe this morning.

"O Duncan," etc.

The Prince has come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart's glorious name;
What Highlander his sword wad hain
For Charlie's cause this morning?

"O Duncan," etc.

On yonder hills our clans appear,
The sun back frae their spears shines clear;
The Southron trumps fall on my ear;—
'Twill be an awfu' morning.

"O Duncan," etc.

The contest lasted sair an' lang;
The pipers blew, the echoes rang;
The cannon roared the clans amang,
Culloden's awfu' morning.

Duncan now nae mair seems keen;
He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen;
His bannet's stained that ance was clean;—
Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day
She saw her flag sae fiercely flee;
Culloden hills were hills o' wae,—
It was an awfu' morning.

Duncan now, etc.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
The midnight dew fa's on her cheek;—
What Scottish heart that will not weep
For Charlie's fate that morning?

Duncan now nae mair seems keen;
He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen;
His bannet's stained that ance was clean;—
Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

HE

WHAT'S a' the steer, kimmer?
What's a' the steer?

SHE

Charlie he is landed,
An', faith, he'll soon be here.
The win' was at his back, carle,
The win' was at his back;
I carena, sin' he's come, carle,
We were na worth a plack.

HE

I'm right glad to hear 't, kimmer,
I'm right glad to hear 't;
I ha'e a gude braid claymore,
And for his sake I'll wear 't.

TOGETHER

Sin' Charlie he is landed,
We ha'e nae mair to fear;
Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,
We'll ha'e a jub'lee year.

ROBERT ALLAN.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE!

A WEE bird came to our ha' door;
He warbled sweet and clearly;
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh, when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is 't some words ye've learned by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh no, no, no!" the wee bird sang:
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in the glen,—
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on; the tempest howled
Out owre the hills and valleys:
And where was 't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh, this is no a land for me—
I'll tarry here nae langer."
Awhile he hovered on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the farewell strain—
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEN.

THE WEAVING OF THE TARTAN

I saw an old dame weaving,
Weaving, weaving,
I saw an old dame weaving
A web of tartan fine.
"Sing high," she said, "sing low," she said,
"Wild torrent to the sea,
That saw my exiled bairnies torn
In sorrow far frae me.
And warp well the long threads,
The bright threads, the strong threads,
Woof well the cross threads,
To make the colors shine."

She wove in red for every deed
Of valor done for Scotia's need;
She wove in green, the laurel's sheen,
In memory of her glorious dead.
She spake of Alma's steep incline,
The desert march, the "thin red line";
Of how it fired the blood and stirred the heart
Where'er a bairn of hers took part.
"'Tis for the gallant lads," she said,
"Who wear the kilt and tartan plaid;
'Tis for the winsome lasses too,
Just like my dainty bells of blue:
So weave well the bright threads,
The red threads, the green threads,
Woof well the strong threads
That bind their hearts to mine."

I saw an old dame sighing,
Sighing, sighing;
I saw an old dame sighing,
Beside a lonely glen.
"Sing high," she said, "sing low," she said,
"Wild tempest to the sea,
The wailing of the pibroch's note,
That bade farewell to me.
And wae fa' the red deer,
The swift deer, the strong deer,
Wae fa' the cursed deer,
That take the place o' men."

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er the brightest realms of thought,
The artist's skill, the martial thrill,
Be sure to Scotia's land is wed.
She casts the glamour of her name
O'er Britain's throne and statesman's fame;
From distant lands 'neath foreign names,
Some brilliant son his birthright claims.
For ah! she has reared them mid tempests,
And cradled them in snow,
To give the Scottish arms their strength,
Their hearts a kindly glow.
So weave well the bright threads,
The red threads, the green threads,
Woof well the strong threads,
That bind their hearts to thine.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.

MUCKLE-MOU'D MEG

"OH, WHA hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord,
Strappit flaught ower his braid saddle-bow?
Some bauld Border reiver to feast at our board
An' herry our pantry, I trow.
He's buirdly an' stalwart in lith an' in limb:
Gin ye were his master in war
The field was a saft eneugh litter for him—
Ye needna hae brought him sae far;—
Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
An' when ye gae hunt again, strike higher game."—

"Hoot, whist ye, my dame, for he comes o' gude kin,
An' boasts o' a lang pedigree;
This night he maun share o' our gude cheer within,
At morning's gray dawn he maun dee.
He's gallant Wat Scott, heir o' proud Harden Ha',
Wha ettled our lands clear to sweep;
But now he is snug in auld Elibank's paw,
An' shall swing frae our donjon-keep.
Though saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
I'll ne'er when I hunt again strike higher game."—

«Is this young Wat Scott? an' wad ye rax his craig,
When our daughter is fey for a man?
Gae, gaur the loun marry our muckle-mou'd Meg,
Or we'll ne'er get the jaud aff our han'!»—
«'Od, hear our gudewife! she wad fain save your life;—
Wat Scott, will ye marry or hang?»
But Meg's muckle mou set young Wat's heart agrue,
Wha swore to the woodie he'd gang.
Ne'er saddle nor munt again, harness nor dunt again,
Wat ne'er shall hunt again, ne'er see his hame.

Syne muckle-mou'd Meg pressed in close to his side,
An' blinkit fu' sleely and kind;
But aye as Wat glowered on his braw proffered bride,
He shook like a leaf in the wind.
«A bride or a gallows; a rope or a wife!»
The morning dawned sunny and clear:
Wat boldly strode forward to part wi' his life,
Till he saw Meggy shedding a tear;
Then saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
Fain wad Wat hunt again, fain wad he hame.

Meg's tear touched his bosom—the gibbet frowned high—
An' slowly Wat strode to his doom;
He gae a glance round wi' a tear in his eye,—
Meg shone like a star through the gloom.
She rushed to his arms; they were wed on the spot,
An' lo'ed ither muckle and lang.
Nae bauld border laird had a wife like Wat Scott:
'Twas better to marry than hang.
So saddle an' munt again, harness an' dunt again,
Elibank hunt again, Wat's snug at hame.

JAMES BALLANTYNE.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

YE GENTLEMEN of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar:
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed:
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know:
Then be bold — work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTYN PARKER.

HANDS ALL ROUND

FIRST drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest:
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day:
That man's the best Conservative
Who lops the moldered branch away.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men!
Heaven guard them from her tyrants' jails!
From wronged Poerio's noisome den,
From iron limbs and tortured nails!
We curse the crimes of southern kings,
The Russian whips and Austrian rods:
We likewise have our evil things,—
Too much we make our ledgers, gods.

Yet hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To Europe's better health we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round!

What health to France, if France be she,
Whom martial progress only charms?
Yet tell her — better to be free
Than vanquish all the world in arms.
Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood!
We know thee and we love thee best;
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsman of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

Oh rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
Oh, speak to Europe through your guns!
They *can* be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools:
Our freedom's foemen are her foes;
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen in the West, my friends,
And the great cause of Freedom, round and round.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RECESSIONAL

In the London Times at the end of the Queen's Jubilee, 1897

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto,—"In God is our trust:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE MARSEILLAISE

YE SONS of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze:
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Abbreviated.) ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA

(Le Départ 1809, pour la Syrie)

[The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire.]

To Syria young Dunois will go,
That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
Her blessing on the fight.
"O Thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
He prayed, "grant this to me:
The fairest maiden let me love,
The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
His vow writes on the stone,
And following the count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
And sang aloud with glee,
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
And honor mine shall be."

Then said the count, "To thee we owe
Our victory, I confess;
Glory on me thou didst bestow,—
I give thee happiness:
My daughter, whom I fondly love,
I gladly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above,
Should valor's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,—
The maid and gallant knight,—
And there with happy hearts their troth
Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move;
And all cried joyously,
"Give honor to the brave, and love
Shall beauty's guerdon be."

M. de Laborde.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

A CINQUE PORT

BELOW the down, the stranded town
What may betide forlornly waits;
With memories of smoky skies,
When Gallic navies crossed the straits,
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
Bore to the harbor barque and sloop;

Across the bar the ship of war,
In castled stern and lanterned poop,
Came up with conquests on her lee,
The stately mistress of the sea.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now;
And near and far across the bar
The plowman whistles at the plow;
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town
Hears far away the rollers beat;
About the wall the sea-birds call;
The salt wind murmurs through the street:
Forlorn, the sea's forsaken bride
Awaits the end that shall betide.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

From 'Ballads and Songs.'

APRIL IN IRELAND

SHE hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown in the winter's edge;
The golden looms of Tir na n'Og wove all the winter through
Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after,
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.
She shakes down on her flowers the snows less white than they,
Then quickens with her kisses the folded "knots o' May."

She seeks the summer-lover that never shall be hers;
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,
Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedgy crown,
And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears,
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years—
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge:
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

NORA HOPPER.

ADIEU FOR EVERMORE

[Tennyson once quoted to Ruskin this stanza as the most romantic of lyrics; and Ruskin said he knew it well, and that it was among the best things ever done by anybody.

He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake
Said Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore.

Scott used it in 'Rokeby.' Its original is the old Scotch ballad which follows.]

"It was a' for our rightful king,
That we left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king,
That we e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
That we e'er saw Irish land.

"Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain,
My love! My native land, adieu!
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main."

He turned him round and right about,
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With "Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the marchant frae the main,
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

"When the day is gone and night is come,
And a' are boun' to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

WILLY REILLY

[The story on which this ballad is founded happened some eighty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity.]

"O RISE up, Willy Reilly! and come along with me;
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,—
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land:"
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Coolen Bawn.*

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-armèd band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Coolen Bawn.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
'Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Coolen Bawn.

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound;
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground:
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Coolen Bawn."

The jailer's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:—
"O get up, Willy Reilly,—you must appear this day;
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand;—
I'm afeared you'll suffer sorely for your dear Coolen Bawn.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand;
Still hoping to be succored by my dear Coolen Bawn."

Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green;
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found:
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."

*Cailín bán—fair girl.

Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand —
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear Coolen Bawn."

"O gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me:
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family;
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned.
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replièd she:—
"The fault is none of Reilly's,—the blame lies all on me:
I forced him for to leave his place, and come along with me;—
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox,—at the table he stood by,—
"O gentlemen, consider on this extremity!
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see:
So spare the life of Reilly,—let him leave this counterie."—

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."—

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love;
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove.—
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."—
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."—

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair;
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in foreign lands."

Then out spoke noble Fox, "You may let the prisoner go:
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know;
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;—
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise to fame."

An Ulster Ballad.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's-satin gown,—
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town;
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl-blue:
It's a' to pleasure my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her Sunday gown,
And Jock his button coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw:
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bank,—
They've fed this month and mair,—
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw:
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzit wi' the thought—
In troth I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content—
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzit wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a':
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

JEAN ADAM.

«IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME»

IT'S hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa';
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a':
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can save,—
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave;
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,—
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;

But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee—
«I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.»
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind;
An' bear ye a' life's changes
Wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Though pressed and hemmed on every side,
Ha'e faith, an' ye'll win through;
For ilka blade o' grass
Keeps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love,
As whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart,
Or tears flow frae your e'en,
Believe it for the best, and trow
There's good in store for you;
For ilka blade o' grass
Keeps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain
To nature, parched and dry,
The genial night, with balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keeps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine
We should feel ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe
The tear frae poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come,
We ken na whence or hoo;
But ilka blade o' grass
Keeps its ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

MINE OWN WORK

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me:
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sung a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was made for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

DEPARTURE

NOT as in prison pent,
Not as a spirit sent
To baser banishment,
I tarried well content
The body's guest.

Whithersoe'er I fly,
Let me not wholly die!—
Yet He who shall deny
Or grant this parting cry
Knows which is best.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

LIFE

AS A shaft that is sped from a bow unseen to an unseen mark,
As a bird that gleams in the firelight, and hurries from dark to dark,
As the face of the stranger who smiled as we passed in the crowded street,—
Our life is a glimmer, a flutter, a memory, fading, yet sweet!

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

THE CLOSING DOORS

EILIDH, Eilidh, Eilidh, heart of me, dear and sweet!
In dreams I am hearing the whisper, the sound of your coming feet;
The sound of your coming feet that like the sea-hoofs beat
A music by day and night, Eilidh, on the sands of my heart, my sweet!

O sands of my heart, what wind moans low along thy shadowy shore?
Is that the deep sea-heart I hear with the dying sob at its core?
Each dim lost wave that lapses is like a closing door:
'Tis closing doors they hear at last who soon shall hear no more,
Who soon shall hear no more.

Eilidh, Eilidh, Eilidh, come home, come home to the heart o' me!
It is pain I am having ever, Eilidh, a pain that will not be.
Come home, come home, for closing doors are as the waves o' the sea,—
Once closed they are closed forever, Eilidh, lost, lost for thee and me,
Lost, lost, for thee and me.

FIONA MACLEOD.

A RHYME OF DEATH'S INN

A RHYME of good Death's inn!
My love came to that door;
And she had need of many things,
The way had been so sore.

My love she lifted up her head,
"And is there room?" said she:
"There was no room in Bethlehem's inn
For Christ who died for me."

But said the keeper of the inn,
"His name is on the door."
My love then straightway entered there:
She hath come back no more.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

AFTER THE BALL

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed like other girls
Who, over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,—
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done;

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,—
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking in silvery speech,—

Telling through lips of bearded bloom
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And all unheard in the lovers' talk
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won.

NORA PERRY

MY CHILD

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there.

I thread the crowded street:
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — *he* is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there!

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy:
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past
He lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair:

In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow
I see it written — "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER! thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch in the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;" —
And I sing in my quivering treble
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the better land.

At home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!

Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know — yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows,
My boys that I gave to freedom —
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears:
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still, as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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LITTLE BOY

LITTLE boy, whose great round eye
Hath the tincture of the sky,
Answer now, and tell me true,
Whence and what and why are you?
And he answered, "Mother's boy."—
Yes, yes, I know,
But 'twas not so
Six years ago.
You are mother's anxious joy,
Mother's pet,
But yet—
A trouble came within the eye
That had some tincture of the sky.

I looked again: within that eye
There was a question, not reply.
I only shaded back his hair,
And kissed him there:
But from that day
There was more thinking and less play;
And that round eye,
That had a tincture of the sky,
Was somewhat shaded in its sheen;
It looked and listened far away,
As if for what cannot be seen.

Then I turned about and cried,
But who am I,
Prompting thus the dawning soul?
I cannot hide
The want of a reply,
Though traveling nearer to the goal
Where we take no note of time;
I can only say I AM,—
A phrase, a word, that hath no rhyme,—
The name God called himself, the best
To answer the weak patriarch's quest.

"Why talk nonsense to a child?"
Asks the mother from the fire,
Listening through both back and ears,
Listening with a mother's fears:
"Already is he something wild,

Says that he can fly down-stair!
I do desire
You questioning men would have a care;—
He is my child, my only one,—
You'll make him try to touch the sun!"

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

MO CÁILIN DONN

THE blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the tree,
And the bonnie, bonnie sweet birds are caroling their glee;
And the dews upon the grass are made diamonds by the sun,
All to deck a path of glory for my own Cáilin Donn!

Oh fair she is! Oh rare she is! Oh dearer still to me,
More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree!
More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
Is the coming of my true love—my own Cáilin Donn!

O sycamore! O sycamore! wave, wave your banners green!
Let all your pennons flutter, O beech! before my queen!
Ye fleet and honeyed breezes, to kiss her hand ye run;
But my heart has passed before ye to my own Cáilin Donn!

Oh fair she is! Oh rare she is! Oh dearer still to me, etc.

Ring out, ring out, O linden, your merry leafy bells!
Unveil your brilliant torches, O chestnut! to the dells;
Strew, strew the glade with splendor, for morn it cometh on!
Oh, the morn of all delight to me—my own Cáilin Donn!

Oh fair she is! Oh rare she is! Oh dearer still to me, etc.

She is coming, where we parted, where she wanders every day;
There's a gay surprise before her who thinks me far away;
Oh, like hearing bugles triumph when the fight of freedom's won,
Is the joy around your footsteps, my own Cáilin Donn!

Oh fair she is! Oh rare she is! Oh dearer still to me,
More welcome than the green leaf to winter-stricken tree!
More welcome than the blossom to the weary, dusty bee,
Is your coming, O my true love—my own Cáilin Donn!

GEORGE SIGERSON.

UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE LITTLE ONES

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O CHILDREN'S eyes unchildlike! Children's eyes
That make pure, hallowed age seem young indeed—
Wan eyes that on drear horrors daily feed;
Learned deep in all that leaves us most unwise!
Poor wells, beneath whose troubled depths Truth lies,
Drowned, drowned, alas! So does my sad heart bleed
When I remember you; so does it plead
And strive within my breast—as one who cries
For torture of her first-born—that the day,
The long, bright day, seems thicker sown for me
With eyes of children than the heavens at night
With stars on stars. To watch you is to pray
That you may some day see as children see
When man, like God, hath said, "Let there be light."

Dear Christ, thou hadst thy childhood ere thy cross;
These, bearing first their cross, no childhood know,
But, aged with toil, through countless horrors grow
To age more horrible. Rough locks atoss
Above drink-reddened eyes, like Southern moss
That drops its tangles to the marsh below;
No standard dreamed or real by which to show
The piteous completeness of their loss;
No rest, no hope, no Christ: the cross alone
Borne on their backs by day, their bed by night,
Their ghastly plaything when they pause to weep.
Their threat of torture do they dare to moan;
A darkness ever dark across their light,
A weight that makes a waking of their sleep.

Father, who countest such poor birds as fall,
Count thou these children fallen from their place;
Lift and console them of thy pity's grace,
And teach them that to suffer is not all;
Hedge them about with love as with a wall,
Give them in dreams the knowledge of thy face,
And wipe away such stains as sin doth trace,
Sending deliverance when brave souls call.
Deliver them, O Lord, deliver them!—
These children—as thy Son was once a child!
Make them even purer than before they fell,

Radiant in raiment clean from throat to hem;
For, Lord, till thou hast cleansed these sin-defiled,
Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell.

AMÉLIE RIVES.

TIRED MOTHERS

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch:
You almost are too tired to pray, to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day:
We are so dull and thankless, and so slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,—

There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown:
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE BEDOUIN-CHILD

[Among the Bedouins, a father in enumerating his children never counts his daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace.]

ILYÀS the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
Mixt with the message of the nightingale,
And entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
A little maiden dreaming there alone.
She babbled of her father sitting pale
'Neath wings of Death — 'mid sights of sorrow and bale,
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.

«Poor child, plead on,» the succoring prophet saith,
While she, with eager lips, like one who tries
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
To heaven for help,—«Plead on: such pure love-breath
Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of Death,
That in the desert fan thy father's eyes.»

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand;
Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws;
'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws
The father sits, the last of all the band.
He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
«Sleep fans my brow; Sleep makes us all pashas:
Or if the wings are Death's, why, Azreel draws
A childless father from an empty land.»

«Nay,» saith a Voice, «the wind of Azreel's wings
A child's sweet breath hath stilled; so God decrees;»—
A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze,
Filling the Bedouin's brain with bubble of springs
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering trees,
Where, from a tent, a little maiden sings.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

A BURMESE PARABLE

With look of woe and garments rent,
She walked as one whose strength is spent,
And in her arms a burden dread
She bore,—an infant cold and dead.
Men stood beside, and women wept,
As through the gathering throng she crept,
And fell at last, with covered face,
Before the Buddha's seat of grace.

With startled gaze each Brahmin priest
Drew near: at once the Master ceased
His golden words; for he could read
The suffering spirit's inmost need,
And give with subtlest skill the cure
Which best that spirit could endure.
He bade her speak. She faltered wild,
"They told me thou couldst heal my child!"

"It may be so, but thou must bring
To me this simple offering,—
Some seeds of mustard which have grown
By homes where death was never known,
Nor tears have fallen beside the grave
Of mother, brother, child, or slave.
Go to the happy and the free,
And of their store bring thou to me."

She rose in haste, and all that day
She went her melancholy way.
No door was shut, for pitying eyes
Her quest beheld in kind surprise;
But every stranger answering said,
"We too have looked upon the dead,—
We too have wept beside the grave
Of mother, brother, child, or slave."

At set of sun alone she stood
Within the vine-entangled wood,
And uttered sadly, "I perceive
That every living heart must grieve.
Brief happiness had made me blind
To common griefs of humankind;
My eyes are open now to see
That all the world has wept with me."

Beneath the branches sweet and wild
She made a cradle for her child,
And watched until she saw afar
The village lamps, star after star,
Gleam, burn, and fade. "Our lives," she said,
"Like lamps of night will soon be fled
Sleep soft, my child, until I come
To share thy rest and find thy home."

FRANCES L. MACE.

LULLABY

LENNAVAN-MO,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro,
With a long low swing and a sweet low croon,
And the loving words of the mother's rune?

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swinging you to and fro?
I'm thinking it is an angel fair,—
The Angel that looks on the gulf from the lowest stair
And swings the green world upward by its leagues of sunshine hair.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
Who is it swings you and the Angel to and fro?
It is He whose faintest thought is a world afar;
It is He whose wish is a leaping seven-mooned star;
It is He, Lennavan-mo,
To whom you and I and all things flow.

Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo,
It is only a little wee lass you are, Eilidh-mo-chree,
But as this wee blossom has roots in the depths of the sky,
So you are at one with the Lord of Eternity—
Bonnie wee lass that you are,
My morning-star,
Eilidh-mo-chree, Lennavan-mo,
Lennavan-mo.

FIONA MACLEOD.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down;
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels;—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush,—
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore;
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, it is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir: for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,

But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
(I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter,—paint it so;)
The eyes of our mother (take good heed)
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

RACHEL

NO DAYS that dawn can match for her
The days before her house was bare;
Sweet was the whole year with the stir
Of young feet on the stair.

Once was she wealthy with small cares,
And small hands clinging to her knees;
Now she is poor, and, weeping, bears
Her strange new hours of ease.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

THE DEAD MOTHER

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my cotton serk
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,
I wakened up in the dead of night,
I wakened up in my death-serk white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:—
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised, and in pain I cry;
On the straw in the dark afraid I lie:
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,
And mother, mother, to sleep were sweet!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep!
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walked along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in.
I reached the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white.
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!
Mother, mother, you frighten me!
For your cheeks are thin and your hair is gray!"
But I smiled, and kissed her fears away;
I smoothed her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rocked her long:
"O mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kissed her, but I could not weep,
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in the midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk,

I wakened up in the dead of night,
Though May my daughter lay warm and white
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew 'twas the voice of Hugh my son —
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,
But I speak my mind and call them bad;
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away!"
I heard the cry though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep:
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walked along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and entered in.
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?
I know your face, and I feel no fear;
Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For oh, I am weary and sore and weak."
I smoothed his hair with a mother's joy,
And he laughed aloud, my own brave boy;
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song and bade him rest.
"Mother, mother, sing low to me —
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kissed him, and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep, I awoke in fear,—
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,—
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak;
I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run,—
My little, little one, uncaressed,
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast;

And I rose from sleep and entered in,
And found my little one pinched and thin,
And crooned a song and hushed its moan,
And put its lips to my white breast-bone;
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face,
And I kissed, and kissed, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,
Smoothed its limbs and laid it out,
And drew the curtains round about;
And into the dark, dark room I hied,
Where he lay awake at the woman's side;
And though the chamber was black as night,
He saw my face, for it was so white:
I gazed in his eyes, and he shrieked in pain,
And I knew he never would sleep again;
And back to my grave went silently,
And soon my baby was brought to me:
My son and daughter beside me rest,
My little baby is on my breast;
Our bed is warm and our grave is deep,
But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LITTLE WILLIE

POOR little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie:
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.

Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said:
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth.
But for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave:
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful:
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat;
The winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not,
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye
Through which looks no heart.
Come to me, said Heaven;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE APPARITION

IN the grayness rose:
I could not sleep for thinking of one dead.
Then to the chest I went
Where lie the things of my belovèd spread.

Quietly these I took:
A little glove, a sheet of music torn,
Paintings, ill-done perhaps;
Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where
Her letters are,—they lie beneath the rest,—
And read them in the haze:
She spoke of many things, was sore opprest.

But these things moved me not:
Not when she spoke of being parted quite,
Of being misunderstood,
Or growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote
Of our dead child, and the handwriting swerved:
Not even then I shook;
Not even by such words was I unnerved.

I thought—She is at peace;
Whither the child has gone, she too has passed,
And a much-needed rest
Is fallen upon her; she is still at last.

But when at length I took
From under all those letters one small sheet,
Folded and writ in haste,
Why did my heart with sudden sharpness beat?

Alas, it was not sad!
Her saddest words I had read calmly o'er.
Alas, it had no pain!
Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried, happy line!
A little jest, too slight for one so dead:
This did I not endure;
Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THE OTHER ONE

SWEET little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair:
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine—
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may!
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;—
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

IN USUM DELPHINI

How fain were I, O Curly-pate,
To smooth the wrinkle from thy brow,
The tangled sentence to make straight,
Nor vex thee with the why and how.
But darker riddles for thee wait:
Who may emend the scroll of fate?

That moldering myth of lust and hate
For thee how gladly I'd revise,
Nor suffer aught to desecrate
The gleam of those unsullied eyes:
This page I'd spare thee to translate;
But who man's heart can expurgate?

In vain for boyhood's prince-estate
Our love betrays the bitter trust.
The Three no tribute will abate
From king or churl: all mortals must—
Or on the throne or at the gate—
Read life's full lesson soon or late.

GEORGE M. WHICHER.

THE WOODSIDE WAY

I WANDERED down the woodside way,
Where branching doors ope with the breeze,
And saw a little child at play
Among the strong and lovely trees:
The dead leaves rustled to her knees;
Her hair and eyes were brown as they.

"O little child," I softly said,
"You come a long, long way to me;
The trees that tower overhead
Are here in sweet reality,
But you're the child I used to be,
And all the leaves of May you tread."

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away, that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;—
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er;
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous fair,—
Left me that vision mild:
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

GUSTAV PFIZER.

Longfellow's Translation.

THE BRAMBLE FLOWER

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose:
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are;
How delicate thy gauzy frill,
How rich thy branchy stem,
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head:

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

BEGONE, DULL CARE

BEGONE, dull care!
I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull care!
Thou and I can never agree.

Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man gray;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay:
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care!
I'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull care!
Thou art no pair for me.
We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
We'll drive dull care away.

Author Unknown.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

THERE was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee; [he;
He danced and sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as
And this the burden of his song forever used to be:—
"I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

"I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my station for any other in life;
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor e'er had a groat from me:
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career, oh, how his heart grows gay:
No summer's drought alarms his fear, nor winter's cold decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say,
"Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing:
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing;
This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree to say, "Long live the king."

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

I'VE set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me:
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These moldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth;
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health·
But ah!
The slippery change went about like air,—
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there!

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed:
But ah!
The False one looked for a daintier lot,
The Constant one wearied me out and out,
The Best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand;
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland:
But ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,—
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food!
My tastes misunderstood!

I set my heart upon sounding fame:
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war:
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat;
Hurrah!

We troubled the foe with sword and flame—
And some of our friends fared quite the same·
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout—
Come, drink the lees all out!

GOETHE.

Translation of John Sullivan Dwight.

DEATH AN EPICUREAN

DEATH loveth not the woeful heart,
Or the soul that's tired of living.
Nay, it's up and away
With the heart that's gay
And the life that's worth the giving.

Seldom he stops where his welcome's sure,
Where age and want are sighing.
Nay, it's up and away,
For he scorns to stay
With the wretch who would be dying.

Ah, it's youth and love and a cloudless sky
The epicurean's after.
Nay, it's up and away
When the world's in May
And life is full of laughter.

JEAN WRIGHT.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath
Poor Barleycorn should die.
They took a plow and plowed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath
Poor Barleycorn was dead.
There he lay sleeping in the ground
Till rain from the sky did fall;
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till midsummer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.
Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn
They served him barbarously:
Then they sent men with pitchforks strong,
To pierce him through the heart;
And, like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner, to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor:
Then they set men with holly clubs
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.
Oh, Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land!
It will do more than any grain
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass:

It will make the huntsman hunt the fox,
That never wound his horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn;
It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stan'.

Author Unknown.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With a hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if mirth might arrest the flight
Of time through life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions.
So drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting,
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WASSAIL CHORUS

From 'The Coming of Love and Other Poems.' John Lane: London and New York, 1898.

CHORUS

CHRISTMAS knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place—
Where?

RALEIGH

'Tis by Devon's glorious halls,
Whence, dear Ben, I come again:
Bright with golden roofs and walls—
El Dorado's rare domain—
Seem those halls when sunlight launches
Shafts of gold through leafless branches,
When the winter's feathery mantle blanches
Field and farm and lane.

CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place—
Where?

DRAYTON

'Tis where Avon's wood-sprites weave
Through the boughs a lace of rime,
While the bells of Christmas Eve
Fling for Will the Stratford-chime
O'er the river-flags embossed
Rich with flowery runes of frost—
O'er the meads where snowy tufts are tossed—
Strains of olden time.

CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:

Tell the Mermaid where is that one place
Where?

"MR. W. H."

'Tis, methinks, on any ground
Where our Shakespeare's feet are set.
There smiles Christmas, holly-crowned
With his blithest coronet.
Friendship's face he loveth well:
'Tis a countenance whose spell
Sheds a balm o'er every mead and dell
Where we used to fret.

CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place—
Where?

HEYWOOD

More than all the pictures, Ben,
Winter weaves by wood or stream,
Christmas loves our London, when
Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam—
Clouds like these, that, curling, take
Forms of faces gone, and wake
Many a lay from lips we loved, and make
London like a dream.

CHORUS

Christmas knows a merry, merry place,
Where he goes with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair:
Tell the Mermaid where is that one place—
Where?

BEN JONSON

Love's old songs shall never die,
Yet the new shall suffer proof;
Love's old drink of Yule brew I,
Wassail for new love's behoof:
Drink the drink I brew, and sing
Till the berried branches swing,

Till our song make all the Mermaid ring—
Yea, from rush to roof.

FINALE

Christmas loves this merry, merry place:—
Christmas saith with fondest face,
Brightest eye, brightest hair,
"Ben! the drink tastes rare of sack and mace;
Rare!"

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN STUDENT SONGS

TIME'S A-FLYING (LAURIGER HORATIUS)

["Two lyrics of distinguished excellence, which still hold their place in the 'Commersbuch,' cannot claim certain antiquity in their present form. . . . The first starts with an allusion to the Horatian *tempus edax rerum.*"]

LAUREL-CROWNED Horatius,
True, how true thy saying!
Swift as wind flies over us
Time, devouring, slaying.
Where are, oh! those goblets full
Of wine honey-laden,
Strifes and loves and bountiful
Lips of ruddy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,
And the maid is growing;
But the thirsty poet, see,
Years on him are snowing!
What's the use on hoary curls
Of the bays undying,
If we may not kiss the girls,
Drink while time's a-flying?

Translation of John Addington Symonds.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

["Having alluded to 'Gaudeamus Igitur,' I shall close my translations with a version of it into English. The dependence of this lyric upon the rhythm and substance of the poem 'On Contempt for the World' . . . is perhaps the reason why it is sung by German students after the funeral of a comrade

The Office for the Dead sounding in their ears, occasions the startling *igitur* [«therefore»—«let us *then*»] with which it opens; and their mind reverts to solemn phrases in the midst of masculine determination to enjoy the present while it is yet theirs.»]

LET us live, then, and be glad
While young life's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof:
They are not: they're sleeping.

Brief is life, and brevity
Briefly shall be ended:
Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
Bears us with his blast along;
None shall be defended.

Live this university,
Men that learning nourish;
Live each member of the same,
Long live all that bear its name;
Let them ever flourish!

Live the commonwealth also,
And the men that guide it!
Live our town in strength and health,
Founders, patrons, by whose wealth
We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you,
Melting maids and beauteous!
Live the wives and women too,
Gentle, loving, tender, true,
Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!
Perish envious blamers!
Die the Devil, thine and mine!
Die the starch-neck Philistine!
Scoffers and defamers!

Translation of John Addington Symonds.

A CITIZEN OF COSMOPOLIS

WHAT is the name of your country — where
Is the land of your love that you leave behind?
And what is the country to which you fare,
And what is the hope that you have in mind? —
"My land is wherever my rest I find,
My home is wherever I chance to be,
My way and mine end are by fate assigned —
Io vengo da Cosmopoli!"*

Is there no woman whose songs ensnare
Your heart to follow, yet unresigned?
No subtle thread of a golden hair,
Like Lilith's hair, round your heart entwined? —
"In no fetter of gold is my heart confined,
No siren lures me across the sea,
I am not to hold, I am not to bind —
Io vengo da Cosmopoli!"

When flames of the burning cities flare,
And towers fall down, being undermined,
When drums are beaten and trumpets blare,
And the neigh of the war-horse is on the wind, —
Under which king? — "Since Fortune is blind
And I am her soldier, I do not see
Or friend or foe in the ranks aligned:
Io vengo da Cosmopoli!"

ENVOI

"The world, my lords, has been cruel and kind, —
I have laughed and suffered, but not repined:
If I live or die matters little to me,
Or whether my grave with a cross be signed —
Io vengo da Cosmopoli!"

ELIZABETH PULLEN.

*"I come from Cosmopolis."

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE

OLD girl that has borne me far and fast
On pawing hoofs that were never loath,
Our gallop to-day may be the last
For you, or for me, or perhaps for both!
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
Do you catch the hint of our forming line?
And now the artillery moves to the front,
Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start,
As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swells of your wakening heart
When our sonorous bugles sound a charge.
At the scream of the shell and the roar of the drum
You feign to be frightened with roguish glance;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum
Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your eyes are a bird's, or a loving girl's;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls.
O joy of my heart! if you they slay,
For triumph or rout I little care;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
Such a dear little bridle-wise, thoroughbred mare!

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

THE stream was smooth as glass: we said, "Arise and let's away;"
The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay;
And, spread the sail and strong the oar, we gayly took our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted plains;
The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains:
The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly large,
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their marge.

The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
The spreading river's either bank; and surging distantly,
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away:
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed; now shall we find the bay!

The sea-gull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through the night.
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,
When now the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-infolded ghost?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangor on the coast?
Pull back, pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar away.
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the bay?

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE CROSS BY THE WAY

(KROAZ ANN HENT)

SWEET in the greenwood a birdie sings;
Golden-yellow its two bright wings;
Red its heartikin, blue its crest:
Oh, but it sings with the sweetest breast!

Early, early it 'lighted down
On the edge of my ingle-stone,
As I prayed my morning prayer,—
"Tell me thy errand, birdie fair."

Then sung it as many sweet things to me
As there are roses on the rose-tree:
"Take a sweetheart, lad, an' you may;
To gladden your heart both night and day."

Past the cross by the way as I went,
Monday, I saw her fair as a saint:
Sunday, I will go to mass,
There on the green I'll see her pass.

Water poured in a beaker clear
Dimmer shows than the eyes of my dear;

Pearls themselves are not more bright
Than her little teeth, pure and white.

Then her hands and her cheek of snow,
Whiter than milk in a black pail, show.
Yes, if you could my sweetheart see,
She would charm the heart from thee.

Had I as many crowns at my beck
As hath the Marquis of Poncalec,
Had I a gold-mine at my door,
Wanting my sweetheart I were poor.

If on my door-sill up should come
Golden flowers for furze and broom,
Till my court were with gold piled high,
Little I'd reck, but she were by.

Doves must have their close warm nest,
Corpses must have the tomb for rest;
Souls to Paradise must depart:
And I, my love, must to thy heart.

Every Monday at dawn of day
I'll on my knees to the cross by the way;
At the new cross by the way I'll bend,
In thy honor, my gentle friend!

Mediæval Breton.

Translation of Tom Taylor.

THE FAIRY QUEEN

COME, follow, follow me—
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come, follow Mab your queen!
Hand in hand let's dance around;
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,—
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up-stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their arms and thighs—
None escapes and none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread:
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

Author Unknown.

THE FAIRY QUEEN SLEEPING

WE HAVE been o'er land and sea,
Seeking lovely dreams for thee,—
Where is there we have not been
Gathering gifts for our sweet queen?
We are come with sound and sight
Fit for fairy's sleep to-night:

First around thy couch shall sweep
Odors such as roses weep
When the earliest spring rain
Calls them into life again;
Next upon thine ear shall float
Many a low and silver note
Stolen from a dark-eyed maid,
When her lover's serenade,
Rising as the stars grew dim,
Wakened from her thoughts of him;
There shall steal o'er lip and cheek
Gales, but all too light to break
Thy soft rest,—such gales as hide
All day orange-flowers inside,
Or that, through hot noontide, dwell
In the purple hyacinth bell;
And before thy sleeping eyes
Shall come glorious pageantries,—
Palaces of gems and gold
Such as dazzle to behold,
Gardens in which every tree
Seems a world of bloom to be,
Fountains whose clear waters show
The white pearls that lie below.

During slumber's magic reign
Other times shall live again:
First thou shalt be young and free
In thy days of liberty,
Then again be wooed and won
By thy stately Oberon;
Or thou shalt descend to earth
And see all of mortal birth—
No, that world's too full of care
For e'en dreams to linger there.—
But behold, the sun is set,
And the diamond coronet
Of the young moon is on high
Waiting for our revelry;
And the dew is on the flower,
And the stars proclaim our hour:
Long enough thy rest has been,—
Wake, Titania, wake, our queen!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

FROM Oberon, in fairy-land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merrie be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye
About this aëry welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry 'Ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin, I,
Their feates will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call on them with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolick it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I goe;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport
I fume and snort,
And out the candles do I blow;
The maids I kiss,—
They shrieke, Who's this?
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll,
And when they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow:
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we naught,—
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night,
I them afright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have naught to do
But study how to cog and lye,

To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly,
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wrongèd so.
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loopeholes where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses get
Their duckes, and geese, and lambes, and sheepe,
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out, laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our heyday guise,
And to our fairye kinge and queene
We chant our moonlighte minstrelsies.
When larkes 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new-born steale as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly reveled to and fro;
And for my prankes, men call me by
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.
Friends, ghosts, and sprites
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told—
So *vale, vale!* Ho, ho, ho!

Author Unknown.

THE FAIRY NURSE

SWEET babe! a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece infolds thee;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping.
Shuheen, sho, lulo lo!

When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah! little think the keeners lonely,
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen, sho, lulo lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness,—
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy,
And kings and chiefs a slaugh shee airy.
Shuheen, sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother nearly;
Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest.
Shuheen, sho, lulo lo!

Rest, thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic Koelshie's numbers;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping.
Shuheen, sho, lulo lo!

EDWARD WALSH.

SONG OF THE FAIRY PEDDLER

LADY and gentleman fays, come buy!
No peddler has such a rich packet as I.

Who wants a gown,
Of purple fold,
Embroidered down
The seams with gold?
See here! A tulip richly laced
To please a royal fairy's taste!

Who wants a cap
Of crimson grand?
By great good hap
I've one on hand;
Look, sir! A cock's-comb, flowering red:
'Tis just the thing, sir, for your head!

Who wants a frock
Of vestal hue?
Or snowy smock?
Fair maid, do you?
O me! a lady's smock so white,—
Your bosom's self is not more bright.

Who wants to sport
A slender limb?
I've every sort
Of hose for him—
Both scarlet, striped, and yellow ones:
This woodbine makes such pantaloons!

Who wants (hush! hush!)
A box of paint?
'Twill give a blush
Yet leave no taint:
This rose with natural rouge is filled,
From its own dewy leaves distilled.

Then, lady and gentleman fays, come buy!
You never will meet such a merchant as I!

GEORGE DARLEY.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES

BY THE moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins, all,

Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

JOHN LYLY.

THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming
To wind round the willow-banks that lure him from above:
Oh that, in tears from my rocky prison streaming,
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah, where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening like the dove, while the fountains echo round her
To her lost mate's call in the forest far away.

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me;
Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound,—but deeper yet for thee.

GEORGE DARLEY.

SERENADE

RISE, lady mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been;
No sleep has fallen on my eyes,
Nor slumber made me sin:
Is she not a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam, rise, and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
Till thou smile on thy lover:
All want day till thy beauty rise;
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

NATHANIEL FIELD.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

WHILST as fickle fortune smiled
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find.

Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king!"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to woman he be bent,
They have him at commandment.
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They have fawned on him before,
Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow he will weep;
If thou wake he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THE NIGHTINGALE

AS IT fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up till a thorn,
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by-and-by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.—
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

CRITIC AND POET

NO MAN had ever heard a nightingale,
When once a keen-eyed naturalist was stirred
To study and define — *what is a bird;*
To classify by rote and book, nor fail
To mark its structure, and to note the scale
Whereon its song might possibly be heard.
Thus far, no farther; — so he spake the word.
When of a sudden, — hark, the nightingale!
Oh, deeper, higher than he could divine,
That all-unearthly, untaught strain! He saw
The plain brown warbler, unabashed. "Not mine"
(He cried) "the error of this fatal flaw.
No bird is this, — it soars beyond my line:
Were it a bird, 'twould answer to my law."

EMMA LAZARUS.

ELLEN TERRY'S BEATRICE

A WIND of spring, that whirls the feignèd snows
Of blossom petals in the face, and flees;
Elusive, made of mirthful mockeries,
Yet tender with the prescience of the rose;
A strain desired, that through the memory goes,
Too subtle-slender for the voice to seize;
A flame dissembled, only lit to tease,
Whose touch were half a kiss, if one but knows.—

She shows by Leonato's dove-like daughter
A falcon by a prince to be possessed,
Gay-graced with bells that ever chiming are;
In azure of the bright Sicilian water,
A billow that has rapt into its breast
The swayed reflection of a dancing star!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

A VOLUME OF DANTE

I LIE unread alone; none heedeth me:
Day after day the cobwebs are unswept
From my dim covers. I have lain and slept
In dust and darkness for a century.
An old forgotten volume I. Yet see!
Such mighty words within my heart are kept
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept
In vain despair so impotent to be.
And once with pensive eyes and drooping head,
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,
And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-tips,
Lifted me up half absently, and read;
Then kissed the page with sudden tender lips,
And sighed, and murmured one belovèd name.

CAROLINE WILDER FELLOWES.

THE LADY POVERTY

THE Lady Poverty was fair,
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,

Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state,
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or — almost worse, if worse can be —
She scolds in parlors, dusts, and trims,
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience caroled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

Author Unknown

THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY

A LILY in my garden grew,
Amid the thyme and clover;
No fairer lily ever blew,
Search all the wide world over.
Its beauty passed into my heart:
I knew 'twas very silly,
But I was then a foolish maid,
And it — a perfect lily.

One day a learnèd man came by,
With years of knowledge laden,
And him I questioned with a sigh,
Like any foolish maiden: —
"Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies —
I know the question's silly —
The something that my art defies,
And makes a perfect lily."

He smiled, then bending plucked the flower,
Then tore it, leaf and petal,
And talked to me for full an hour,
And thought the point to settle: —
"Therein it lies," at length he cries;
And I — I know 'twas silly —
Could only weep and say, "But where —
O doctor, where's my lily?"

JOHN FRASER.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate
Tirled at the pin;
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael;
"Know'st thou thy sin?"
"It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin."
"She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird:
"Let her in! let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
"Naught save sin."
And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry,
Let her in! let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and opened Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

IN SPRINGTIDE

THIS is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! listen, laggard feet,
Brook not delay:
Love flies, youth pauses, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth while yet 'tis time, before the Spring is past.

The Summer's glories shine
From all her garden ground,
With lilies prankt around,
And roses fine;
But the pink blooms or white upon the bursting trees,
Primrose and violet sweet, what charm has June like these?

This is the time of song.
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note:
Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every sound is sweet.

Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white—
The world's a-flower.
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice:
Blossoming time is come—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

LEWIS MORRIS.

A SPRING TROUBLE

ALL the meadow-lands were gay
Once upon a morn of May;
All the tree of life was dight
With the blossoms of delight.

And my whole heart was a-tune
With the songs of long ere noon,—
Dew-bedecked and fresh and free
As the unsunned meadows be.

"Lo!" I said unto my spirit,
"Earth and sky thou dost inherit."
Forth I wandered, void of care,
In the largesse of the air.

By there came a damosel;
At a look I loved her well:
But she passed and would not stay—
And all the rest has gone away.

And now no fields are fair to see,
Nor any bud on any tree;
Nor have I share in earth or sky—
All for a maiden passing by!

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

THE SONG OF SPRING

I'll away to the garden,
For winter is over;
The Rose is awake
To the song of her lover!
I will go and discover
The passionate Nightingale singing above her.

From the boughs green and golden
That slope to the river,
A nymph gathers lemons
To give to her lover:
I will go and discover
The shy little Nightingale singing above her.

Near the vineyard, where often
I've spied out a rover,
Sits a damsel who sings
To be heard by her lover:
I will go and discover
The bold little Nightingale singing above her.

GIL VICENTE (Portuguese).

APRIL WEATHER

Oh hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white — ay, white as my love's throat —
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And Care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win:
For here is April weather.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

ASIAN BIRDS

IN THIS May-month, by grace
of Heaven, things shoot apace.
The waiting multitude
of fair boughs in the wood,—
How few days have arrayed
their beauty in green shade!

What have I seen or heard?
It was the yellow-bird
Sang in the tree: he flew
a flame against the blue;
Upward he flashed. Again,
hark! 'tis his heavenly strain.

Another! Hush! Behold,
many, like boats of gold,
From waving branch to branch
their airy bodies launch.
What music is like this,
where each note is a kiss?

The golden willows lift
their boughs the sun to sift:
Their silken streamers screen
the sky with veils of green,
To make a cage of song,
where feathered lovers throng.

How the delicious notes
come bubbling from their throats!
Full and sweet, how they are shed
like round pearls from a thread!
The motions of their flight
are wishes of delight.

Hearing their song, I trace
the secret of their grace.
Ah, could I this fair time
so fashion into rhyme,
The poem that I sing
would be the voice of spring.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE FLOWER-BIRTH

Before

FIRST VIOLET

LO HERE! how warm and dark and still it is:
Sister, lean close to me, that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising — but to where?

SECOND VIOLET

Indeed I cannot tell, nor do I care:
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark!
What strangest sound was that above the dark?

FIRST VIOLET

As if our sisters all together sang —
Seemed it not so?

SECOND VIOLET

More loud than that it rang;
And louder still it rings, and seems more near.
Oh! I am shaken through and through with fear —
Now in some deadly grip I seem confined!
Farewell, my sister! Rise, and follow, and find.

FIRST VIOLET

From how far off those last words seemed to fall!
Gone where she will not answer when I call!
How lost? how gone? Alas! this sound above me —
"Poor little violet, left with none to love thee!"
And now, it seems, I break against that sound!
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into! Where have I come?

After

A CROCUS

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home!
They call this — Garden, and the time is Spring.
Like you I have felt the pain of flowering:
But oh! the wonder and the deep delight
It was to stand here, in the broad sunlight,
And feel the wind flow round me cool and kind;
To hear the singing of the leaves the wind

Goes hurrying through; to see the mighty trees,
Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
At evening, when the shining sun goes in,
The gentler lights we see, and dews begin,
And all is still beneath the quiet sky,
Save sometimes for the wind's low lullaby.

FIRST TREE

Poor little flowers!

SECOND TREE

What would you prate of now?

FIRST TREE

They have not heard: I will keep still. Speak low.

FIRST VIOLET

The trees bend to each other lovingly.

CROCUS

Daily they talk of fairer things to be,
Great talk they make about the coming Rose,—
The very fairest flower, they say, that blows,
Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they say,
And fold her round in some divine, sweet way.

FIRST VIOLET

Would she were come, that for ourselves we might
Have pleasure in this wonder of delight!

CROCUS

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying rain;
How all the trees laugh at the wind's light strain!

FIRST VIOLET

We are so near the earth, the wind goes by
And hurts us not; but if we stood up high,
Like trees, then should we soon be blown away.

SECOND VIOLET

Nay; were it so, we should be strong as they.

CROCUS

I often think how nice to be a tree:
Why, sometimes in their boughs the stars I see.

FIRST VIOLET

Have you seen that?

CROCUS

I have, and so shall you;
But hush! I feel the coming of the dew.

[Night.]

SECOND VIOLET

How bright it is! the trees, how still they are!

CROCUS

I never saw so bright a star,
As that which stands and shines just over us.

FIRST VIOLET [*after a pause*]

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

CROCUS AND SECOND VIOLET TOGETHER

And mine, and mine!

FIRST VIOLET

O warm, kind sun, appear!

CROCUS

I would the stars were gone, and day were here!

[Just Before Dawn.]

FIRST VIOLET

Sisters! No answer, sisters? Why so still?

ONE TREE TO ANOTHER

Poor little violet, calling through the chill
Of this new frost which did her sister slay,
In which she must herself, too, pass away!
Nay, pretty violet, be not so dismayed:
Sleep only, on your sisters sweet, is laid.

FIRST VIOLET

No pleasant wind about the garden goes;
Perchance the wind has gone to bring the Rose.

O sisters! surely now your sleep is done
I would we had not looked upon the sun.
My leaves are stiff with pain, O cruel night!
And through my root some sharp thing seems to bite.
Ah me! what pain, what coming change is this?

[*She dies.*

FIRST TREE

So endeth many a violet's dream of bliss.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

EVENING SONG

THE birds have hid, the winds are low,
The brake is awake, the grass aglow:
The bat is the rover,
No bee on the clover,
The day is over,
And evening come.

The heavy beetle spreads her wings,
The toad has the road, the cricket sings:
The bat is the rover,
No bee on the clover,
The day is over,
And evening come.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

BENEDICITE

ALL Green Things on the earth, bless ye the Lord!"
So sang the choir while ice-cased branches beat
The frosty window-panes, and at our feet
The frozen, tortured sod but mocked the word,
And seemed to cry like some poor soul in pain,
"Lord, suffering and endurance fill my days;
The growing green things will their Maker praise—
The happy green things, growing in warm rain!"—
"So God lacks praise while all the fields are white!"
I said; then smiled, remembering southward far,
How pampas grass swayed green in summer light.
Nay, God hears always from this swinging star,
Decani and Cantoris, South and North,
Each answering other, praises pouring forth.

ANNA CALLENDER BRACKETT.

'TWEEN EARTH AND SKY

Seeds with wings, between earth and sky
Fluttering, flying;
Seeds of a lily with blood-red core
Breathing of myrrh and of giroflore:
Where winds drop them, there must they lie
Living or dying.

Some to the garden, some to the wall,
Fluttering, falling;
Some to the river, some to earth:
Those that reach the right soil get birth;
None of the rest have lived at all.
Whose voice is calling?—

"Here is soil for winged seeds that near,
Fluttering, fearing,
Where they shall root and bourgeon and spread.
Lacking the heart-room the song lies dead:
Half is the song that reaches the ear,
Half is the hearing."

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

SONG OF SUMMER

From 'Summer's Last Will and Testament'

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore;
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,—
Peace, plenty, pleasure suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,—
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What! shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source!
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course!
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,—
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

THOMAS NASH.

A SUMMER SONG

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

SUMMER-HUED
Is the wood,
Heath and field; debonair
Now is seen
White, brown, green,
Blue, red, yellow, everywhere.
Everything
You see spring
Joyously, in full delight;
He whose pains
Dear love deigns
With her favor to requite—
Ah, happy wight!

Whosoe'er
Knows love's care,
Free from care well may be;
Year by year
Brightness clear
Of the May shall he see.
Blithe and gay
All the play
Of glad love shall he fulfill;
Joyous living
Is in the giving
Of high love to whom she will,
Rich in joys still.

He's a churl
Whom a girl
Lovingly shall embrace,
Who'll not cry
"Blest am I"—
Let none such show his face.
This will cure you
(I assure you)
Of all sorrows, all alarms;
What alloy
In his joy
On whom white and pretty arms
Bestow their charms?

ULRICH VON LIECHTENSTEIN.

Translation of Edward T. McLaughlin.

THE BATHER

Warm from her waist her girdle she unwound,
And cast it down on the insensate turf;
Then copse and cove and deep-secluded vale
She scrutinized with keen though timid eyes,
And stood with ear intent to catch each stir
Of leaf or twig or bird-wing rustling there.
Her startled heart beat quicker even to hear
The wild bee woo the blossom with a hymn,
Or hidden insect break its lance of sound
Against the obdurate silence. Then she smiled,
At her own fears amused, and knew herself
God's only image by that hidden shore;
Out from its bonds her wondrous hair she loosed,—
Hair glittering like spun glass, and bright as though
Shot full of golden arrows. Down below
Her supple waist the soft and shimmering coils
Rolled in their bright abundance, goldener
Than was the golden wonder Jason sought.

Her fair hands then, like white doves in a net,
A moment fluttered 'mid the shining threads,
As with a dexterous touch she higher laid
The gleaming tresses on her shapely head,
Beyond the reach of rudely amorous waves.
Then from her throat her light robe she unclasped,
And dropped it downward with a blush that rose
The higher as the garment lower fell.

Then cast she off the sandals from her feet,
And paused upon the brink of that blue lake:
A sight too fair for either gods or men;
An Eve untempted in her Paradise.
The waters into which her young eyes looked
Gave back her image with so true a truth,
She blushed to look; but blushing looked again,
As maidens to their mirrors oft return
With bashful boldness, once again to gaze
Upon the crystal page that renders back
Themselves unto themselves, until their eyes
Confess their love for their own loveliness.

Her rounded cheeks, in each of which had grown,
With sudden blossoming, a fresh red rose,

She hid an instant in her dimpled hands;
Then met her pink palms up above her head,
And whelmed her white shape in the welcoming wave.

Around each lithesome limb the waters twined,
And with their lucent raiment robed her form;
And as her hesitating bosom sunk
To the caresses of bewildered waves,
The foamy pearls from their own foreheads gave
For her fair brow, and showered in her hair
The evanescent diamonds of the deep.

Thus dallying with the circumfluent tide,
Her loveliness half hidden, half revealed,
An Undine with a soul, she plunged and rose,
Whilst the white graces of her rounded arms
She braided with the blue of wandering waves,
And saw the shoulders of the billows yield
Before the even strokes of her small hands,
And laughed to see, and held her crimson mouth
Above the crest of each advancing surge
Like a red blossom pendent o'er a pool;
Till, done with the invigorating play,
Once more she gained the bank, and once again
Saw her twin image in the waters born.

From the translucent wave each beauty grew
To strange perfection. Never statue wrought
By cunning art to fullness of all grace,
And kissed to life by love, could fairer seem
Than she who stood upon that grassy slope
So fresh, so human, so immaculate!

Out from the dusky cloisters of the wood
The nun-like winds stole with a saintly step,
And dried the bright drops from her panting form,
As she with hurried hands once more let down
The golden drapery of her glorious hair,
That fell about her like some royal cloak
Dropped from the sunset's rare and radiant loom.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

THE HAYMAKERS' SONG

HERE's to him that grows it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That lays it in and mows it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To him that mows and makes it,
That scatters it and shakes it,
That turns and teds and rakes it,
Clink, jugs, clink!

Now here's to him that stacks it,
Drink, lads, drink!
That thrashes and that tacks it,
Clink, jugs, clink!
That cuts it out for eating,
When March-dropped lambs are bleating,
And the slate-blue clouds are sleeting,
Drink, lads, drink!

And here's to thane and yeoman,
Drink, lads, drink!
To horseman and to bowman,
Clink, jugs, clink!
To lofty and to low man,
Who bears a grudge to no man,
But flinches from no foeman,
Drink, lads, drink!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

SEPTEMBER

BIRDS that were gray in the green are black in the yellow.
Here where the green remains, rocks one little fellow.

Quaker in gray, do you know that the green is going?
More than that — do you know that the yellow is showing?

Singer of songs, do you know that your youth is flying?
That age will soon at the lock of your life be prying?

Lover of life, do you know that the brown is going?
More than that — do you know that the gray is showing?

S. FRANCES HARRISON ("Seranus").

INDIAN SUMMER

LINGER, O day!
Let not thy purple haze
Fade utterly away.
The Indian summer lays
Her tender touch upon the emerald hills.
Exquisite thrills
Of delicate gladness fill the blue-veined air.
More restful even than rest,
The passionate sweetness that is everywhere.
Soft splendors in the west
Touch with the charm of coming changefulness
The yielding hills.
Oh linger, day!
Let not the dear
Delicious languor of thy dreamfulness
Vanish away!
Serene and clear,
The brooding stillness of the delicate air,
Dreamier than the dreamiest depths of sleep,
Falls softly everywhere.
Still let me keep
One little hour longer tryst with thee,
O day of days!
Lean down on me,
In tender beauty of thy amethyst haze.
Upon the vine,
Rich clinging clusters of the ripening grape
Hang silent in the sun,
But in each one
Beats with full throb the quickening purple wine,
Whose pulse shall round the perfect fruit to shape.

Too dreamy even to dream,
I hear the murmuring bee and gliding stream;
The singing silence of the afternoon,
Lulling my yielding senses till they swoon
Into still deeper rest:
While soul released from sense,
Passionate and intense,
With quick exultant quiver in its wings,
Prophetic longing for diviner things,
Escapes the unthinking breast;

Pierces rejoicing through the shining mist,
But shrinks before the keen, cold ether, kissed
By burning stars; delirious foretaste
Of joys the soul — too eager in its haste
To grasp ere won by the diviner right
Of birth through death — is far too weak to bear.
Bathed in earth's lesser light,
Slipping down slowly through the shining air,
Once more it steals into the dreaming breast,
Praying again to be its patient guest.

And as my senses wake,
The beautiful glad soul again to take,
The twilight falls.
A lonely wood-thrush calls
The day away.
"Where hast thou been to-day,
O soul of mine?" I wondering question her.
She will not answer while the light winds stir
And rustle near to hear what she may say.

Thou needst not linger, day!
My soul and I
Would hold high converse of diviner things.
Unfold thy wings;
Wrap softly round thyself thy delicate haze,
And gliding down the slowly darkening ways,
Vanish away!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

INDIAN SUMMER

THESE are the days when birds come back,—
A very few, a bird or two,—
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,—
A blue-and-gold mistake.

Oh! fraud that almost cheats the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief;

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days!
Oh, last communion in the haze!
Permit a child to join—

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine.

EMILY DICKINSON.

NOVEMBER IN THE SOUTH

THIS livelong day I listen to the fall
Of hickory-nuts and acorns to the ground,
The croak of rain-crows and the blue-jay's call,
The woodman's axe that hews with muffled sound.

And like a spendthrift in a threadbare coat
That still retains a dash of crimson hue,
An old woodpecker chatters forth a note
About the better summer days he knew.

Across the road a ruined cabin stands,
With ragweeds and with thistles at its door,
While withered cypress-vines hang tattered strands
About its falling roof and rotting floor.

In yonder forest nook no sound is heard,
Save when the walnuts patter on the earth,
Or when by winds the hectic leaves are stirred
To dance like witches in their maniac mirth.

Down in the orchard hang the golden pears,
Half honeycombed by yellowhammer beaks;
Near by, a dwarfed and twisted apple bears
Its fruit, brown-red as Amazonian cheeks.

The lonesome landscape seems as if it yearned
Like our own aching hearts, when first we knew
The one love of our life was not returned,
Or first we found an old-time friend untrue.

At last the night comes, and the broad white moon
Is welcomed by the owl with frenzied glee;
The fat opossum, like a satyr, soon
Blinks at its light from yon persimmon-tree.

The raccoon starts to hear long-dreaded sounds
Amid his scattered spoils of ripened corn,
The cry of negroes and the yelp of hounds,
The wild rude pealing of a hunter's horn.

At last a gray mist covers all the land
Until we seem to wander in a cloud,
Far, far away upon some elfin strand
Where sorrow drapes us in a mildewed shroud.

No voice is heard in field or forest nigh
To break the desolation of the spell,
Save one sad mocking-bird in boughs near by,
Who sings like Tasso in his madman's cell;

While one magnolia blossom, ghostly white,
Like high-born Leonora, lingering there,
Haughty and splendid in the lonesome night,
Is pale with passion in her dumb despair.

WALTER MALONE.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf,—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.

THE FROST

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could reach its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over the pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall '*tchick!*' to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FRANCES GOULD.

THE ROOT'S DREAM

FROM the dark earth cool and fragrant,
A gnarled unlovely root.
Sent forth in the rippling sunshine
A slender gold-green shoot.

The shoot in the languid breezes
Was soon by a pale bloom bent;
A sense of its frail white beauty
The sun to the black root sent.

The root was thrilled by a vision,
A vision of peace supreme;—
The fragile star of a blossom
Was the black root's dainty dream.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WILD HONEY

WHERE hints of racy sap and gum
Out of the old dark forest come;

Where birds their beaks like hammers wield,
And pith is pierced, and bark is peeled;

Where the green walnut's outer rind
Gives precious bitterness to the wind;—

There lurks the sweet creative power,
As lurks the honey in the flower.

In winter's bud that bursts in spring,
In nut of autumn's ripening,

In acrid bulb beneath the mold,
Sleeps the elixir, strong and old,

That Rosicrucians sought in vain,—
Life that renews itself again!

What bottled perfume is so good
As fragrance of split tulip-wood?

What fabled drink of god or Muse
Was rich as purple mulberry-juice?

And what school-polished gem of thought
Is like the rune from Nature caught?

He is a poet strong and true
Who loves wild thyme and honey-dew;

And like a brown bee works and sings
With morning freshness on his wings,

And a gold burden on his thighs,—
The pollen-dust of centuries!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE WAKING OF THE LARK

O BONNIE bird that in the brake, exultant, does prepare thee—
As poets do whose thoughts are true—for wings that will upbear thee,
Oh, tell me, tell me, bonnie bird,
Canst thou not pipe of hope deferred?
Or canst thou sing of naught but spring among the golden meadows?

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to sorrow;
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow:
But thou art not a prophet, thou,
If naught but joy can touch thee now;
If, in thy heart, thou hast no vow that speaks of Nature's anguish.

Oh, I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, though poor and slighted,
The songs we love are those we hear when love is unrequited.
But thou art still the slave of dawn,
And canst not sing till night be gone,
Till o'er the pathway of the fawn the sunbeams shine and quiver.

Thou art the minion of the sun that rises in his splendor,
And canst not spare for Dian fair the songs that should attend her:
The moon, so sad and silver pale,
Is mistress of the nightingale;
And thou wilt sing on hill and dale no ditties in the darkness.

For queen and king thou wilt not spare one note of thine outpouring;
And thou'rt as free as breezes be on Nature's velvet flooring:
The daisy, with its hood undone,
The grass, the sunlight, and the sun—
These are the joys, thou holy one, that pay thee for thy singing.

Oh, hush! Oh, hush! how wild a gush of rapture in the distance—
A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assistance;
A sound that wells from happy throats,
A flood of song where beauty floats,
And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.

This is the advent of the lark,—the priest in gray apparel,—
Who doth prepare to trill in air his sinless summer carol;
This is the prelude to the lay
The birds did sing in Cæsar's day,
And will again, for aye and aye, in praise of God's creation.

O dainty thing, on wonder's wing, by life and love elated,
Oh, sing aloud from cloud to cloud, till day be consecrated;
Till from the gateways of the morn,
The sun, with all his light unshorn,
His robes of darkness round him torn, doth scale the lofty heavens!

ERIC MACKAY.

TO THE LARK

(T'R EHEDYDD)

SENTINEL of the morning light!
Reveler of the spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying:
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

Oh! wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light,
And seek with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,
My lady-love, the moonbeam of the west?

No woodland caroler art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM.
(Welsh, Fourteenth Century.)

MEADOW-LARKS

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Oh happy that I am!
(Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing!)
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies, serene and blue,
That shut the velvet pastures in, that fold the mountain's crest!
Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide, upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,—
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!

Ina D. Coolbrith.

MORNING SONG

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings.
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The plowman from the sun his season takes,
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY

A FLOCK of merry singing-birds was sporting in the grove;
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle,—
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle,—
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups!
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there,—see, see, see!"

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery;
Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curvetting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware!
"'Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes O!
But wait a week, till flowers are cheery,—wait a week, and ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mellow:
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow!
Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle, and wheel about,—
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to me, Bobolincon!—
Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me!"

Oh what a happy life they lead, over the hill and in the mead!
Now they gambol o'er the clearing—off again, and then appearing;
How they sing, and how they play! see, they fly away, away!
Poised aloft on quivering wing, now they soar, and now they sing:—
"We must all be merry and moving; we must all be happy and loving;
For when the midsummer has come, and the grain has ripened its ear,
The haymakers scatter our young, and we mourn for the rest of the year.
Then, Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, haste, haste away!"

WILSON FLAGG.

TO THE WOOD-ROBIN

THE wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossoms swell
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
Where Silence, late supreme, foregoes her wonted spell.

Ah, whence, in sylvan solitudes remote,
Hast learned the lore
That breeds delight in every echoing note
The woodlands o'er;
As when, through slanting sun, descends the quickening shower?

Thy hermitage is peopled with the dreams
That gladden sleep;
Here Fancy dallies with delirious themes
Mid shadows deep,
Till eyes unused to tears, with wild emotions weep.

We rise, alas, to find our visions fled!
But thine remain.
Night weaves of golden harmonies the thread,
And fills thy brain
With joys that overflow in Love's awakening strain.

Yet thou, from mortal influence apart,
Seek'st naught of praise;
The empty plaudits of the emptier heart
Taint not thy lays:
Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways.

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing
Thy rhapsody;
Nor borne on vain ambition's vaunting wing,
But led of thee,
To rise from earthly dreams to hymn Eternity.

JOHN B. TABB.

THE THRUSH'S SONG

(From the Gaelic)

Dear, dear, dear,
In the rocky glen,
Far away, far away, far away,
The haunts of men:
There shall we dwell in love
With the lark and the dove,
Cuckoo and corn-rail;
Feast on the bearded snail,
Worm and gilded fly;
Drink of the crystal rill
Winding adown the hill
Never to dry.
With glee, with glee, with glee,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up here;
Nothing to harm us, then sing merrily,
Sing to the loved one whose nest is near.
Qui, qui, queen, quip,
Tiurru, tiurru, chipiwi;
Too-tee, too-tęe, chin-choo,
Chirri, chirri, chooee,
Quin, qui, qui!

W. MacGillivray.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

I was on the margin of a plain,
Under a wide-spreading tree,
Hearing the song
Of the wild birds;
Listening to the language
Of the thrush cock,
Who from the wood of the valley
Composed a verse;
From the wood of the steep
He sang exquisitely.
Speckled was his breast
Amongst the green leaves,
As upon branches
Of a thousand blossoms

On the bank of a brook,
All heard
With the dawn the song,
Like a silver bell;
Performing a sacrifice
Until the hour of forenoon;
Upon the green altar
Ministering Bardism.
From the branches of the hazel
Of green broad leaves
He sings an ode
To God the Creator:
With a carol of love
From the green glade
To all in the hollow
Of the glen who love him;
Balm of the heart
To those who love.
I had from his beak
The voice of inspiration,
A song of metres
That gratified me;
Glad was I, made
By his minstrelsy.
Then respectfully
Uttered I an address
From the stream of the valley
To the bird:
I requested urgently
His undertaking a message
To the fair one
Where dwells my affection.
Gone is the bard of the leaves
From the small twigs
To the second Lunet,
The sun of the maidens!
To the streams of the plain
St. Mary prosper him,
To bring to me,
Under the green woods
The hue of the snow of one night,
Without delay.

RHYS GOCH AP RHICCART (Welsh).

THE SERVICE OF SONG

Some keep the Sabbath going to church:
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice:
I just wear my wings;
And instead of tolling the bell for church,
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, a noted clergyman,
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along!

EMILY DICKINSON.

EARLY SPRING

O trees, all a-throb and a-quiver
With the stirring pulse of the spring,
Your tops so misty against the blue,
With the buds where the green not yet looks through,
I know the beauty the days will bring,
But your cloudy tops are a wonderful thing!

Like the first faint streak of the dawning,
Which tells that the day is nigh;
Like the first dear kiss of the maiden,
So absolute, though so shy;
Like the joy divine of the mother
Before her child she sees—
So faint, so dear, and so blessed
Are your misty tops, O trees!

I can feel the delicate pulses
That stir in each restless fold
Of leaflets and bunches of blossoms—
The life that never grows old:
Yet wait, ah wait, though they woo you—
The sun, the rain-drops, the breeze;
Break not too soon into verdure,
O misty, beautiful trees!

ANNA CALLENDER BRACKETT.

TO A DAISY

AH! I'M feared thou's come too sooin,
Little daisy!
Pray whativer wor ta doin'?
Are ta crazy?
Winter winds are blowin' yet:
Tha'll be starved, mi little pet!

Did a gleam o' sunshine warm thee,
An' deceive thee?
Niver let appearance charm thee:
Yes, believe me,
Smiles tha'lt find are oft but snares
Laid to catch thee unawares.

An' yet, I think it looks a shame
To talk such stuff;
I've lost heart, an' thou'lt do t' same,
Ay, sooin enough!
An', if thou'rt happy as tha art,
Trustin' must be t' wisest part.

Come! I'll pile some bits o' stoan
Round thi dwellin';
They may cheer thee when I've goan,—
Theer's no tellin':
An' when spring's mild day draws near,
I'll release thee, niver fear!

An' if then thi pretty face
Greets me smilin',
I may come an' sit by th' place,
Time beguilin';
Glad to think I'd paar to be
Of some use, if but to thee!

JOHN HARTLEY.

BACCHUS

LISTEN to the tawny thief,
Hid behind the waxen leaf,
Growling at his fairy host,—
Bidding her with angry boast

Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled:
Stored away in golden casks
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who — who makes this mimic din
In this mimic meadow inn,
Sings in such a drowsy note,
Wears a golden-belted coat;
Loiters in the dainty room
Of this tavern of perfume;
Dares to linger at the cup
Till the yellow sun is up?

Bacchus 'tis, come back again
To the busy haunts of men;
Garlanded and gayly dressed,
Bands of gold about his breast;
Straying from his paradise,
Having pinions angel-wise,—
'Tis the honey-bee, who goes
Reveling within a rose!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

SPRING

From 'Summer's Last Will and Testament'

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country-houses gay;
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day;
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

THOMAS NASH.

THE APPLE-TREE

From 'Poems' by Julia C. R. Dorr. Copyright 1874, 1885, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

GRACEFUL and lithe and tall,
It stands by the garden wall,
In the flush of its pink-white bloom
Elate with its own perfume,
Tossing its young bright head
In the first glad joy of May,
While its singing leaves sing back
To the bird on the dancing spray.
"I'm alive! I'm abloom!" it cries
To the winds and the laughing skies.
Ho! for the gay young apple-tree
That stands by the garden wall!

Sturdy and broad and tall,
Over the garden wall
It spreads its branches wide—
A bower on either side.
For the bending boughs hang low;
And with shouts and gay turmoil
The children gather like bees
To garner the golden spoil;
While the smiling mother sings,
"Rejoice for the gift it brings!
Ho! for the laden apple-tree
That stands by our garden wall"!

The strong swift years fly past,
Each swifter than the last;
And the tree by the garden wall
Sees joy and grief befall.
Still from the spreading boughs
Some golden apples swing;
But the children come no more
For the autumn harvesting.
The tangled grass lies deep
Where the long path used to creep;
Yet ho! for the brave old apple-tree
That leans over the crumbling wall!

New generations pass,
Like shadows on the grass.

What is there that remains
For all their toil and pains?
A little hollow place
Where once a hearthstone lay;
An empty, silent space
Whence life hath gone away;
Tall brambles where the lilacs grew,
Some fennel, and a clump of rue,
And this one gnarled old apple-tree
Where once was the garden wall!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

OPE your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me — make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

IN GREEN OLD GARDENS

IN GREEN old gardens hidden away
From sight of revel and sound of strife,
Where the bird may sing out his soul ere he dies,
Nor fears for the night, so he lives his day;
Where the high red walls, which are growing gray
With their lichen and moss embroideries,
Seem sadly and sternly to shut out Life,
Because it is often as sad as they;

Where even the bee has time to glide
(Gathering gayly his honeyed store)
Right to the heart of the old-world flowers,—
China-asters and purple stocks,
Dahlias and tall red hollyhocks,
Laburnums raining their golden showers,
Columbines prim of the folded core,
And lupins, and larkspurs, and "London pride";

Where the heron is waiting amongst the reeds,
Grown tame in the silence that reigns around,
Broken only, now and then,
By shy woodpecker or noisy jay,
By the far-off watch-dog's muffled bay;
But where never the purposeless laughter of men,
Or the seething city's murmurous sound,
Will float up under the river-weeds;—

Here may I live what life I please,
Married and buried out of sight,—
Married to pleasure, and buried to pain,—
Hidden away amongst scenes like these,
Under the fans of the chestnut-trees;
Living my child-life over again,
With the further hope of a fuller delight,
Blithe as the birds and wise as the bees.

In green old gardens hidden away
From sight of revel and sound of strife,—
Here have I leisure to breathe and move,
And to do my work in a nobler way;
To sing my songs, and to say my say;

To dream my dreams, and to love my love;
To hold my faith, and to live my life,
Making the most of its shadowy day.

"VIOLET FANE" (Lady Currie).

A BENEDICTINE GARDEN

THROUGH all the wind-blown aisles of May
Faint bells of perfume swing and fall.
Within this apple-petaled wall
(A gray east flecked with rosy day)
The pink Laburnum lays her cheek
In married, matchless, lovely bliss,
Against her golden mate, to seek
His airy kiss.

Tulips, in faded splendor drest,
Brood o'er their beds, a slumbrous gloom;
Dame Peony, red and ripe with bloom,
Swells the silk housing of her breast;
The Lilac, drunk to ecstasy,
Breaks her full flagons on the air,
And drenches home the reeling bee
Who found her fair.

O cowlèd legion of the Cross,
What solemn pleasantry is thine,
Vowing to seek the life divine
Through abnegation and through loss!
Men but make monuments of sin
Who walk the earth's ambitious round;
Thou hast the richer realm within
This garden ground.

No woman's voice hath sweeter note
Than chanting of this plumèd choir;
No jewel ever wore the fire
Hung on the dewdrop's quivering throat.
A ruddier pomp and pageantry
Than world's delight o'erfleets thy sod;
And choosing this, thou hast in fee
The peace of God.

ALICE BROWN.

THE BLACKBERRY FARM

NATURE gives with freèst hands
Richest gifts to poorest lands.
When the lord has sown his last,
And his field's to desert passed,
She begins to claim her own,
And instead of harvest flown—
Sunburnt sheaves and golden ears—
Sends her hardier pioneers:
Barbarous brambles, outlawed seeds;
The first families of weeds
Fearing neither sun nor wind,
With the flowers of their kind
(Outcasts of the garden-bound),
Colonize the expended ground,
Using (none her right gainsay)
Confiscations of decay:
Thus she clothes the barren place,
Old disgrace, with newer grace.

Title-deeds, which cover lands
Ruled and reaped by buried hands,
She—disowning owners old,
Scorning their "to have and hold"—
Takes herself: the moldering fence
Hides with her munificence;
O'er the crumbled gate-post twines
Her proprietary vines;
On the doorstep of the house
Writes in moss "Anonymous,"
And, that beast and bird may see,
"This is Public Property;"
To the bramble makes the sun
Bearer of profusion;
Blossom-odors breathe in June
Promise of her later boon,
And in August's brazen heat
Grows the prophecy complete;—
Lo, her largess glistens bright,
Blackness diamonded with light!

Then, behold, she welcomes all
To her annual festival:

"Mine the fruit, but yours as well,"
Speaks the Mother Miracle;
"Rich and poor are welcome; come,
Make to-day millennium
In my garden of the sun:
Black and white to me are one.
This my freehold use content,—
Here no landlord rides for rent;
I proclaim my jubilee,
In my Black Republic, free.
Come," she beckons; "enter, through
Gates of gossamer, doors of dew
(Lit with summer's tropic fire),
My Liberia of the brier."

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

FROM A POEM ON THOREAU

IF I COULD find that little poem,
With the daintiest sort of proem,
Which the poet squirrel made
On a leaf that would not fade,
And slyly hid, one darksome night,
By the wicked glow-worm's light!
It was all about Thoreau—
How the squirrels loved him so;
Since, whenever he went walking,
He would stop to hear them talking,—
Often smiling when they chattered,
Or their brown nuts downward pattered:

Nay, could I but find that bird
Who told me once that she had heard
Robins, wrens, and others tell
How he knew their language well,
And how he turned, a thousand times,
Birdic into English rhymes!

H. A. BLOOD.

THE SOUTH

NIGHT; and beneath star-blazoned summer skies
Behold the spirit of the musky South,—
A creole, with still-burning, languid eyes,
Voluptuous limbs and incense-breathing mouth:
Swathed in spun gauze is she,
From fibres of her own anana tree.

Within these sumptuous woods she lies at ease,
By rich night-breezes, dewy cool, caressed:
'Twixt cypresses and slim palmetto-trees,
Like to the golden oriole's hanging nest,
Her airy hammock swings,
And through the dark her mocking-bird yet sings.

How beautiful she is! A tulip-wreath
Twines round her shadowy, free-floating hair:
Young, weary, passionate, and sad as death,
Dark visions haunt for her the vacant air,
While movelessly she lies
With lithe, lax, folded hands and heavy eyes.

Full well knows she how wide and fair extend
Her groves bright-flowered, her tangled everglades,
Majestic streams that indolently wend
Through lush savanna or dense forest shades,
Where the brown buzzard flies
To broad bayous 'neath hazy-golden skies.

Hers is the savage splendor of the swamp,
With pomp of scarlet and of purple bloom;
Where blow warm, furtive breezes faint and damp,
Strange insects whir, and stalking bitterns boom—
Where from stale waters dead
Oft looms the great-jawed alligator's head.

Her wealth, her beauty, and the blight on these,
Of all she is aware: luxuriant woods,
Fresh, living, sunlit, in her dream she sees;
And ever midst those verdant solitudes
The soldier's wooden cross,
O'ergrown by creeping tendrils and rank moss.

Was hers a dream of empire? was it sin?
And is it well that all was borne in vain?

She knows no more than one who slow doth win,
After fierce fever, conscious life again,
Too tired, too weak, too sad,
By the new light to be or stirred or glad.

From rich sea-islands fringing her green shore,
From broad plantations where swart freemen bend
Bronzed backs in willing labor, from her store
Of golden fruit, from stream, from town, ascend
Life-currents of pure health:
Her aims shall be subserved with boundless wealth.

Yet now how listless and how still she lies,
Like some half-savage, dusky Indian queen,
Rocked in her hammock 'neath her native skies,
With the pathetic, passive, broken mien
Of one who, sorely proved,
Great-souled, hath suffered much and much hath loved!

But look! along the wide-branched dewy glade
Glimmers the dawn: the light palmetto-trees
And cypresses reissue from the shade,
And *she* hath wakened. Through clear air she sees
The pledge, the brightening ray,
And leaps from dreams to hail the coming day.

EMMA LAZARUS.

RESPITE

SING, lark, far up the sky!
Sing, throstle, for love's sake!
Sing, sing, as if no heart might ever break!

Softly, O summer sigh
Of winds, let patter down
The blossom-rain, as if no storms had blown!

Smile, flowers, along the way,—
Your dainty presence stirs
Such blessed thoughts, ye little comforters.

O earth, for one kind day
Let me be glad again,—
Forgetting grief that is, and that has been.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

WHEN THE WORLD IS BURNING

When the world is burning,
Fired within, yet turning
Round with face unscathed;
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
Till earth fall, fire-swathed,—
Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
Gentle flames will glide,
Small and blue and golden.
Though by bard beholden
When in calm dreams folden,
Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
Shall the soft lights start;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart;
And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter,
When far down some glade
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

EBENEZER JONES.

THE TRYST OF THE NIGHT

Out of the uttermost ridge of dusk, where the dark and the day are mingled,
The voice of the Night rose cold and calm—it called through the shadow-swept air;
Through all the valleys and lone hillsides it pierced, it thrilled, it tingled—
It summoned me forth to the wild sea-shore, to meet with its mystery there.

Out of the deep ineffable blue, with palpitant swift repeating
Of gleam and glitter and opaline glow, that broke in ripples of light—
In burning glory it came and went,—I heard, I saw it beating,
Pulse by pulse, from star to star,—the passionate heart of Night!

Out of the thud of the rustling sea—the panting, yearning, throbbing
Waves that stole on the startled shore, with coo and mutter of spray—
The wail of the Night came fitful-faint,—I heard her stifled sobbing;
The cold salt drops fell slowly, slowly, gray into gulfs of gray.

There through the darkness the great world reeled, and the great tides roared, assembling—
Murmuring hidden things that are past, and secret things that shall be;
There at the limits of life we met, and touched with a rapturous trembling—
One with each other, I and the Night, and the skies, and the stars, and sea.

MARY C. GILLINGTON BYRON.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Our earth and shadow lies.

The cloud-like cliffs, the cliff-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And midway of the radiant floods
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well;
And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for me life's latest hour
Soft passes to its end,
May glory born of earth and heaven
The earth and heaven blend;

Flooded with light the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul can scarcely know.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CROWS

THE autumn afternoon is dying o'er
The quiet western valley where I lie
Beneath the maples on the river shore,
Where tinted leaves, blue waters, and fair sky
Environ all; and far above some birds are flying by

To seek their evening haven in the breast
And calm embrace of silence, while they sing
Te Deums to the night, invoking rest
For busy chirping voice and tired wing—
And in the hush of sleeping trees their sleeping-cradles swing.

In forest arms the night will soonest creep,
Where sombre pines a lullaby intone,
Where Nature's children curl themselves to sleep,
And all is still at last, save where alone
A band of black, belated crows arrive from lands unknown.

Strange sojourn has been theirs since waking day;
Strange sights and cities in their wanderings blend
With fields of yellow maize, and leagues away
With rivers where their sweeping waters wend
Past velvet banks to rocky shores, in cañons bold to end.

O'er what vast lakes that stretch superbly dead,
Till lashed to life by storm-clouds, have they flown?
In what wild lands, in laggard flight have led
Their aerial career unseen, unknown,
Till now with twilight come their cries in lonely monotone?

The flapping of their pinions in the air
Dies in the hush of distance, while they light
Within the fir tops, weirdly black and bare,
That stand with giant strength and peerless height,
To shelter fairy, bird, and beast throughout the closing night.

Strange black and princely pirates of the skies,
Would that your wind-tossed travels I could know!
Would that my soul could see, and seeing, rise
To unrestricted life where ebb and flow
Of Nature's pulse would constitute a wider life below!

Could I but live just here in Freedom's arms,
A kingly life without a sovereign's care!
Vain dreams! Day hides with closing wings her charms,
And all is cradled in repose, save where
Yon band of black, belated crows still frets the evening air.

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Hell's gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and chiliarchi;
Thou burning angel of the Pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from Hades, land of gloom,
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

Lo! Night's barbaric khans,
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans,
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!
Lo! flaming sultanas, infernal czars,
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering idols.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see the swift dragoons,
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline,
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign
Which to the streams of ocean never leaneth.*

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?

* Iliad, xviii, 489.

Chieftain Satanas! Emperor of the Furnace!
What bright centurions, what blazing earls,
In mail of hell's hot ores and burnished pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness?

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,
Follow the kings in wavering multitude;
While savage giants of the night's old brood
In pagan mirth toss high their crackling torches.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,
Ruling earth's southern zones,
Mark ye the wrathful archers of Gehenna;
How gleam, affrighted lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your prophets watch the troubled skies!
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?
Why, ye pale wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

Still o'er the silent Pole
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots, and their crimson shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

On, lords of dark despair!
Prince of the powers of air,
Bear your broad banners through the constellations!
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,
Through the black sky your swords;
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep.
Dare ye again, fierce thrones and scarlet powers,
Assail with hell's wild host those crystal towers?
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear, and Michael's circling truncheon,—
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the night's vast dungeon?

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

THE TORNADO

WHOSE eye has marked his gendering? On his throne
He dwells apart in roofless caves of air,
Born of the stagnant, blown of the glassy heat
O'er the still mere Sargasso. When the world
Has fallen voluptuous, and the isles are grown
So bold they cry, God sees not!—as a rare
Sun-flashing iceberg towers on high, and fleet
As air-ships rise, by upward currents whirled,
Even so the bane of lustful islanders
Wings him aloft. And scarce a pinion stirs.

There gathering hues, he stoopeth down again—
Down from the vault. Locks of the gold-tipped cloud
Fly o'er his head; his eyes, St. Elmo flames;
His mouth, a surf on a red coral reef.
Embroidered is his cloak of dark-blue stain
With lightning jags. Upon his pathway crowd
Dull Shudder, wan-faced Quaking, Ghastly-Dreams.
And after these, in order near their chief,
Start, Tremor, Faint-Heart, Panic, and Affray,
Horror with blanching eyes, and limp Dismay,

Unroll a gray-green carpet him before
Swathed in thick foam: thereon adventuring, bark
Need never hope to live; that yeasty pile
Bears her no longer; to the mast-head plunged
She writhes and groans, careens, and is no more.
Now, prickt by fear, the man-devourer shark,
Gale-breasting gull, and whale that dreams no guile
Till the sharp steel quite to the life has lunged,
Before his pitiless, onward-hurling form
Hurry toward land for shelter from the storm.

In vain. Tornado and his pursuivants,
Whirlwind of giant bulk, and Water-Spout,—
The grewsome, tortuous devil-fish of rain,—
O'ertake them on the shoals and leave them dead.
Doomsday has come. Now men in speechless trance
Glower unmoved upon the hideous rout,
Or shrieking, fly to holes, or yet complain
One moment to that lordly face of dread

Before he quits the mountain of his wave,
And strews for all impartially their grave.

And as in court-yard corners on the wind
Sweep the loose straws, houses and stately trees
Whirl in a vortex. His unswerving tread
Winnows the island as a thresher's floor.
His eyes are fixed; he looks not once behind,
But at his back fall silence and the breeze.
Scarce is he come, the lovely wraith is sped.
Ashamed, the lightning shuts its purple door,
And heaven still knows the robes of gold and dun,
While placid Ruin gently greets the sun.

CHARLES DE KAY.

THE RIVER CHARLES

BESIDE thee, O my river, where I wait
Through vista long of years, and drink my fill
Of beauty and of light, a steady rill
Of never-failing good, whate'er my state,—

How speechless seem these lips, my soul how dull,
Never to say, nor half to say, how dear
The washing of thy ripples, nor the full
And silent flow which speaks not to the ear!

Thou hast been unto me a gracious nurse,
Telling me many a tale in listening hours
Of those who praised thee with their ripening powers,—
Our elder poets, nourished at thy source.

O happy Cambridge meadows! where now rest
Forever the proud memories of their lives;
O happy Cambridge air! forever blest
With deathless song the bee of time still hives;—

And farther on, where many a wild flower blooms
Through a fair Sunday up and down thy banks,
Beautiful with thy blossoms, ranks on ranks,
What vanished eyes have sought thy dewy rooms!

I too have known thee, rushing, bright with foam,
Or sleeping idly, even as thou dost now,

Reflecting every wall and tower and dome,
And every vessel, clear from stern to prow,

Or in the moonlight, when the night is pale,
And the great city is still, and only thou
Givest me sign of life, and on thy brow
A beauty evanescent, flitting, frail!

O river! ever drifting toward the sea,
How common is thy fate! thus purposeless
To drift away, nor think what 'tis to be,
And sink in the vast wave of nothingness.

But ever to love's life a second life
Is given, and his narrow river of days
Shall flow through other lives, and sleep in bays
Of quiet thought and calm the heart at strife.

Fortunate river! that through the poet's thought
Hast run and washed life's burden from his sight;
O happy river! thou his song hast brought,
And thou shalt live in poetry and light.

ANNIE FIELDS.

ORARA

A TRIBUTARY OF THE CLARENCE RIVER

THE strong sob of the chafing stream,
That seaward fights its way
Down crags of glitter, dells of gleam,
Is in the hills to-day.

But far and faint a gray-winged form
Hangs where the wild lights wane—
The phantoms of a bygone storm,
A ghost of wind and rain.

The soft white feet of afternoon
Are on the shining meads;
The breeze is as a pleasant tune
Amongst the happy reeds.

The fierce, disastrous, flying fire,
That made the great caves ring,
And scarred the slope, and broke the spire,
Is a forgotten thing.

The air is full of mellow sounds;
The wet hill-heads are bright;
And down the fall of fragrant grounds
The deep ways flame with light.

A rose-red space of stream I see,
Past banks of tender fern;
A radiant brook, unknown to me,
Beyond its upper turn.

The singing silver life I hear,
Whose home is in the green
Far-folded woods of fountains clear,
Where I have never been.

Ah, brook above the upper bend,
I often long to stand
Where you in soft, cool shades descend
From the untrodden land;

But I may linger long, and look,
Till night is over all—
My eyes will never see the brook,
Or strange, sweet waterfall.

The world is round me with its heat,
And toil, and cares that tire:
I cannot with my feeble feet
Climb after my desire.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

TO SENECA LAKE

ON THY fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,

And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er!

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

SEA WITCHERY

YON headland, with the twinkling-footed sea
Beyond it, conjures shapes and stories fair
Of young Greek days: the lithe immortal air
Carries the sound of Siren-song to me;
Soon shall I mark Ulysses daringly
Swing round the cape, the sea-wind in his hair;
And look! the Argonauts go sailing there
A golden quest, shouting their godlike glee.

The vision is compact of blue and gold,
Of sky and water, and the drift of foam,
And thrill of brine-washed breezes from the west:
Wide space is in it, and the unexpressed
Great heart of Nature, and the magic old
Of legend, and the white ships coming home.

RICHARD BURTON.

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL

I SEND a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
Hold to thine ear,
And plain thou'lt hear
Tales of ships
That were lost in the rips,
Or that sunk on the shoals
Where the bell-buoy tolls,
And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

And a song of the sea
Has my shell for thee:
The melody in it
Was hummed at Wauwinet,
And caught at Coatue
By the gull that flew
Outside to the ships with its perishing crew.
But the white wings wave
Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

See, its sad heart bleeds
For the sailor's needs;
But it bleeds again
For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe,
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea in their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea?
And a tyrant is he,—
A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be;
But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

SONGS OF THE SEA

Introductory — The Old Tavern

In the North End of Boston, long ago,—
Although 'tis yet within my memory,—
There were of gabled houses many a row,
With overhanging stories two or three,
And many with half-doors over whose end,
Leaning upon her elbows, the good-wife
At eventide conversed with many a friend
Of all the little chances of their life;
Small ripples in the stream which ran full slow
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

And 'mid these houses was a Hostelrie
Frequented by the people of the sea,
Known as the Boy and Barrel, from its sign—
A jolly urchin on a cask of wine,
Bearing the words which puzzled every eye,
Orbus in Tactu Mainet, Heaven knows why.
Even there a bit of Latin made a show,
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

And many a sailor, when his cruise was o'er,
Bore straight for it soon as he touched the shore:
In many a stormy night upon the sea
He'd thought upon the Boy — and of the spree
He'd have when there, and let all trouble go,
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

There, like their vessels in a friendly port,
Met many mariners of every kind,
Spinning strange yarns of many a varied sort,
Well sheltered from the ocean and the wind:
In a long, low, dark room they lounged at ease.
Strange men there were from many a distant land,
And there above the high old chimney-piece
Were curiosities from many a strand,
Which often made strange tales and memories flow
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

And there I often sat to hear those tales,
From men who'd passed through storm and fight and fire,

Of mighty icebergs and stupendous whales,
Of shipwrecked crews and of adventures dire;
Until the thought came to me on a time,
While I was listening to that merry throng,
That I would write their stories out in rhyme,
And weave into it many a sailor's song,
That men might something of the legends know
Of the North End of Boston, long ago.

First it was said that Captain Kidd in truth
Had reveled in that tavern with his crew,
And there it was he lost the Golden Tooth
Which brought him treasure; and the gossips knew
Moll Pitcher dwelt there in the days of yore,
And Peter Rugg had stopped before the door;
Tom Walker there did with the Devil go
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

Nor had I long to wait; for at the word
Some one observed that he had seen in Spain
A captain hung — which Abner Chapin heard,
And said, "I too upon the Spanish Main
Met with a man well known unto us all,
Who nearly hung a captain-general."
He told the tale, and I did rhyme it so,
In the North End of Boston, long ago.

El Capitan-General

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news:
He was a pirate on the sea — a robber on the shore,
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam;
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home:
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,
He said, "If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on!
And I do wish I may be damned if I don't clear the score
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

He shipped a crew of seventy men — well-armèd men were they,
And sixty of them in the hold be darkly stowed away;

And sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,
And said, "*Maldito* Yankee — again your ship is seized.
How many sailors have you got?" Said Folger, "Ten — no more,"
To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine.
I do suppose, as usual, I'll have to pay a fine:
I have got some old Madeira, and we'll talk the matter o'er —
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused;
For it happened that some morphine had traveled from "the store"
To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these I hear?
It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!" —
"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf — just that and nothing more,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains;
The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains:
And when he woke the following day he could not see the shore,
For he was out on the blue water — the Don San Salvador.

"Now do you see that yard-arm — and understand the thing?"
Said Captain Folger. "For all from that yard-arm you shall swing,
Or forty thousand dollars you must pay me from your store,
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

The Capitano took a pen — the order he did sign —
"O Señor Yankee! but you charge amazing high for wine!"
But 'twas not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit;
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o'er —
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

Davy Jones

Down in the sea among sand and stones,
There lives the old fellow called Davy Jones.

When storms come up he sighs and groans,
And that is the singing of Davy Jones.

His chest is full of dead men's bones,
And that is the locker of Davy Jones.

Davy is Welsh you may hear by his tones,
For a regular Welsher is Davy Jones.

Whenever a fish gets drowned, he moans
So tender-hearted is Davy Jones.

Thousands of ships the old man owns,
But none go a-sailing for Davy Jones.

One, Two, Three

I saw three witches as the wind blew cold
In a red light to the lee;
Bold they were and over-bold
As they sailed over the sea,
Calling for One, Two, Three!
Calling for One, Two, Three!
And I think I can hear
It a-ringing in my ear,
A-howling for their One, Two, Three!

And clouds came over the sky,
And the wind it blew hard and free,
And the waves grew bold and over-bold
As we sailed over the sea—
Howling for One, Two, Three!
Howling for their One, Two, Three!
Oh I think I can hear
It a-ringing in my ear,
A-howling for their One, Two, Three!

And the storm came roaring on,
Such a storm as I never did see,
And the storm it was bold and over-bold,
And as bad as a storm could be—

A-roaring for its One, Two, Three!
A-howling for its One, Two, Three!
Oh I think I can hear
It a-howling in my ear,
A-growling for its One, Two, Three!

And a wave came over the deck,
As big as a wave could be,
And it took away the captain and the mate and a man:
It had got the One, Two, Three!
And it went with the One, Two, Three!
Oh I think I can hear
It a-rolling in my ear,
As it went with the One, Two, Three.

The Beautiful Witch

A pretty witch was bathing
By the beach one summer day:
There came a boat with pirates
Who carried her away.

The ship had a breeze behind her,
Over the waves went she!
"O signor capitano,
O captain of the sea!
I'll give you a hundred ducats
If you will set me free!"

"I will not take a hundred,—
You're worth much more, you know;
I'll sell you to the Sultan
For a thousand golden sequins:
You put yourself far too low."

"You will not take a hundred?
Very well then, let them be!
But I have a constant lover,
Who, as you may discover,
Will never abandon me."

On the deck, before the rover,
The witch began to sing—
"Oh come to me, my lover!"
And the wind as it stole over
Began to howl and ring.

Louder and ever louder
Became the tempest's roar.
The captain in a passion
Thus at the lady swore:—
"I believe that your windy lover
Is the Devil and nothing more!"

Wilder and ever wilder
The tempest raged and rang.
"There are rocks ahead, and the wind dead aft —
Thank you, my love!" the lady laughed
As unto the wind she sang.

"Oh, go with your cursed lover
To *inferno* to sing for me!"
So cried the angry captain,
And threw the lady over
To sink in the stormy sea.

But changing into a sea-gull,
Over the waves she flew.
"O captain, captain bold," sang she,
"'Tis true you've missed the gallows-tree,
But now you'll drown in the foaming sea:
O captain, forever adieu!"

Time For Us to Go

With sails let fall and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we,
We passed the bank, stood round the light, and sailed away to sea;
The wind was fair and the coast was clear, and the brig was noways slow,
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.
Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

A quick run to the west we had, and when we made the Bight,
We kept the offing all day long, and crossed the bar at night.
Six hundred niggers in the hold, and seventy we did stow;
And when we'd clapped the hatches on, 'twas time for us to go.

We hadn't been three days at sea before we saw a sail:
So we clapped on every inch she'd stand, although it blew a gale.

And we walked along full fourteen knots; for the barkie she did know,
As well as ever a soul on board, 'twas time for us to go.

We carried away the royal yards, and the stun's'l boom was gone.
Says the skipper, "They may go or stand, I'm darned if I don't crook on.
So the weather braces we'll round in, and the trys'l set also,
And we'll keep the brig three p'ints away, for it's time for us to go."

Oh, yard-arm under she did plunge in the trough of the deep seas,
And her masts they thrashed about like whips as she bowled before the breeze,
And every yard did buckle up like to a bending bow;
But her spars were tough as whalebone, and 'twas time for us to go.

We dropped the cruiser in the night, and our cargo landed we,
And ashore we went, with our pockets full of dollars, on the spree.
And when the liquor it is out, and the locker it is low,
Then to sea again, in the ebony trade, 'twill be time for us to go:
Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
Then to sea again, in the ebony trade, 'twill be time for us to go.

The Lover to the Sailor

Now tell me this, my sailor boy,
As sure as you love your wine,—
Oh, did you ever see a ship
As trim as that girl of mine?

And you who've been in many a gale,
And stood on many a deck,
Oh, did you ever see a sail
As white as my true love's neck?

And you who have been where the red rose blows
In many a Southern place,
Oh, did you ever see a rose
Like those in my sweetheart's face?

Here's a cheer for the women with jet-black curls,
Of Spain or of Portugal!
And seven for the Yankee and English girls,
The prettiest of them all!

Charles Godfrey Leland.

THE ROCK AND THE SEA

The Rock

I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea!
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud, or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will—
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage.
Scarred by frost and worn by time,
Brown with weed and green with slime,
Thou mayst drench and defile me and spit in my face,
But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!
I know thou art fair as fair can be,
With golden glitter and silver sheen,
And bosom of blue and garments of green.
Thou mayst pat my cheek with baby hands,
And lap my feet in diamond sands,
And play before me as children play;
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. Black midnight falls;
The terrible breakers rise like walls;
With curling lips and gleaming teeth
They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.
Year upon year they grind and beat
In storms of thunder and storms of sleet—
Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,
But the rock they beat on is always there!
I am the Rock!

The Sea

I am the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand.
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to its depths they crumble slow:

The earth is a helpless child to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. When I draw back
Blossom and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die—
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,
And beach-grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday;
It is but a moment of sport to me—
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendor of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me?—
I am the Sea!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THE HUNGRY SEA

THE fierce wind drove o'er hedgerow and lea,
It bowed the grasses, it broke the tree,—
It shivered the topmost branch of the tree!
And it buried my love in the deep, deep sea,

In the dark lone grave of the hungry sea,—
Woe is me!

The bonnie white daisy closed her e'e,
And bent to the blast that swept the lea.
Blossom and grass bowed low on the lea,
But white sails dipped and sank in the sea;
They dipped and sank in the pitiless sea!
Woe is me!

'Neath the mother's breast in the leafy tree
Nestled and crept her birdies wee,
Nor heeded the blast, though weak and wee.
But no mother can save on the stormy sea;
Deaf to her cry is the merciless sea!
Woe is me!

Oh, well for the fishers of Galilee,
When they left their nets by that inland sea,
To follow Him who walked on the sea;
At whose word the pitiless waves did flee—
The hungry, insatiate waves did flee,
And left them free!

Golden the light on flower and tree
In the land where my sailor waits for me,—
The country of heaven that has no sea—
No ruthless, moaning, terrible sea;
There is the haven where I would be.

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.
(Daughter of Thomas Hood.)

DRIFT

A SHIP went sailing from the shore,
And vanished in the gleaming west,
Where purple clouds a lining bore
Of gold and amethyst.

Poised in the air, a sea-gull flashed
His white wings in the sun's last ray;
A moment hung, then downward dashed
To revel in the spray.

The fishers drew their long nets in
With careful eye and steady hand,
Till olive back and silvery fin
Strewed all the tawny sand.

Again I trod the shore: again
The sea-gull circled high in air;
Again the sturdy fishermen
Drew in their nets with care.

The sunset's gold and amethyst
Shone fairly, as I paced the shore,
But back from out the gleaming west
The ship came — nevermore!

* * *

A flood of sunlight through a rift
Between two mounds of yellow sand;
Three sea-gulls on a bit of drift
Slow surging inward toward the land;

An old dumb-beacon all awry,
With drabbled seaweed round its feet;
A star-like sail against the sky,
Where sapphire heaven and ocean meet;—

This, with the waters swirling o'er
A shifting stretch of land and shell,
Will make, for him who loves the shore,
A picture that may please him well.

* * *

O cool, green waves that ebb and flow,
Reflecting calm blue skies above,
How gently now ye come and go,
Since ye have drowned my love!

* * *

The breakers come and the breakers go
Along the silvery sand,
With a changing line of feathery snow
Between the water and land.

Seaweeds gleam in the sunset light,
On the ledges of wave-worn stone;
Orange and crimson, purple and white,
In regular windrows strown.

The waves grow calm in the dusk of eve,
When the wind goes down with the sun;
So fade the smiles of those who deceive,
When the coveted heart is won.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

LONDON

ATHWART the sky a lowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried:
The sun stood still on Primrose Hill;
His light in all the city tarried:
The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smoldering lilies unconsumed.

"O sweetheart, see! how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's rearing,
Or swung in space of heaven's grace
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul's above the city rides!"

A rumor broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing abbey, tower, and palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million-peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,—
The heart of London beating warm.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

IN THE DOCKS

WHERE the bales thunder till the day is done,
And the wild sounds with wilder odors cope;
Where over crouching sail and coiling rope,
Lascar and Moor along the gangway run;
Where stifled Thames spreads in the pallid sun
A hive of anarchy from slope to slope;—
Flag of my birth, my liberty, my hope,
I see thee at the masthead, joyous one!
O thou good guest! So oft as, young and warm,

To the home-wind thy hoisted colors bound,
Away, away from this too thoughtful ground,
Sated with human trespass and despair,
Thee only, from the desert, from the storm,
A sick mind follows into Eden air.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE MOUNTAINEER

OH, AT the eagle's height
To lie i' the sweet of the sun,
While veil after veil takes flight,
And God and the world are one.

Oh, the night on the steep!
All that his eyes saw dim
Grows light in the dusky deep,
And God is alone with him.

"A. E." (GEORGE WM. RUSSELL.)

THE SETTLER

HIS echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below. . . .

His roof adorned a pleasant spot;
Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,—
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung out its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought his snow;
And still the lone one labored there,
His shout and whistle broke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roar crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed his savage growl;
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
His fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
And with its moaning cry
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race,
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,
To fight — to bleed — to die!
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a nation's banner spread,
A nation's freedom won.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE WINTER PINE

Dost think the heart of winter hard?
Her soul without its love?
Attune thine ear to yonder pine
Musing the summer song.

New England's heart is wintry cold?
Her soul without a love?
Unstop thy stranger ear; and hear
Her summer song of pines.

CHARLES WELLINGTON STONE.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

The knightliest of the knightly race
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But aye the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
«Sic semper!» 'tis the proud refrain

That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek;
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes, she burns—she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland!

JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND*

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESIDENT'S FIRST CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

TOLL, Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great Bell Roland spoke!
All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!
What meant the thunder-stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?

Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And even timid hearts grew bold
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold!
So acted men
Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

Toll, Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!
Then toll and strike the test
Through each man's breast,
Till loyal hearts shall stand confest,—
And may God's wrath smite all the rest!

Toll, Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
Not now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,—
But here, this side the sea!
Toll here, in broad, bright day!

*The famous bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people because it rang to arm them when liberty was in danger.

For not by night awaits
A noble foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Thy sound is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West
Till every hero's breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!
The sire bequeathed them to the son
When only half their work was done!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll, Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll, Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! So God hath willed!
And may his grace anoint us all!

Toll, Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent!
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content
Men shout "God save the King!"
Until the skies are rent!
So let it be!
A kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They but We
Have now such need of thee!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Nor ever may thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note

Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll, Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
Toll, Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand,
Toll, Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll, Roland, toll!

THEODORE TILTON.

THE DRAFT RIOT

IN THE UNIVERSITY TOWER: NEW YORK, JULY 1863

IS IT the wind, the many-tongued, the weird,
That cries in sharp distress about the eaves?
Is it the wind whose gathering shout is heard
With voice of peoples myriad like the leaves?
Is it the wind? Fly to the casement, quick,
And when the roar comes thick,
Fling wide the sash,
Await the crash!

Nothing. Some various solitary cries,—
Some sauntering woman's short hard laugh,
Or honester, a dog's bark,—these arise
From lamplit street up to this free flagstaff:
Nothing remains of that low threatening sound;
The wind raves not the eaves around.
Clasp casement to,—
You heard not true.

Hark there again! a roar that holds a shriek!
But not without—no, from below it comes:
What pulses up from solid earth to wreak
A vengeful word on towers and lofty domes?
What angry booming doth the trembling ear,
Glued to the stone wall, hear—
So deep, no air
Its weight can bear?

Grieve! 'tis the voice of ignorance and vice,—
The rage of slaves who fancy they are free:
Men who would keep men slaves at any price,
Too blind their own black manacles to see.
Grieve! 'tis that grisly spectre with a torch,
Riot—that bloodies every porch,
Hurls justice down
And burns the town.

CHARLES DE KAY.

CIVIL WAR

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead:
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood,—
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette!
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband— Hush, soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree;—
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite!
War is a virtue, weakness a sin:
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;—
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

AT THE BREACH

All over for me,
The struggle, and possible glory!
All swept past,
In the rush of my own brigade.
Will charges instead,
And fills up my place in the story;
Well,—'tis well,
By the merry old games we played.

There's a fellow asleep, the lout! in the shade of the hillock yonder;
What a dog it must be, to drowse in the midst of a time like this!
Why, the horses might neigh contempt at him;—what is he like, I wonder?
If the smoke would but clear away, I have strength in me yet to hiss.

Will, comrade and friend,
We parted in hurry of battle;
All I heard
Was your sonorous "Up, my men!"
Soon conquering pæans
Shall cover the cannonade's rattle;
Then, home bells,—
Will you think of me sometimes, then?

How that rascal enjoys his snooze! Would he wake to the touch of powder?
A reveillé of broken bones, or a prick of the sword, might do.
Hi, man! the general wants you;—if I could but for once call louder!
There is something infectious here, for my eyelids are drooping too.

Will, can you recall
The time we were lost on the Bright Down?
Coming home late in the day,
As Susie was kneeling to pray,
Little blue eyes and white night-gown,
Saying, "Our Father, who art—
Art what?" so she stayed with a start.
"In Heaven," your mother said softly.
And Susie sighed, "So far away!"
'Tis nearer, Will, now to us all.

'Tis strange how that fellow sleeps! stranger still that his sleep should haunt me;—
If I could but command his face, to make sure of the lesser ill!
I will crawl to his side and see, for what should there be to daunt me?
What there? what there? O Father in Heaven, not Will!

Will, dead Will!
Lying here, I could not feel you!
Will, brave Will!
Oh, alas for the noble end!
Will, dear Will!
Since no love nor remorse could heal you,
Will, good Will!
Let me die on your breast, old friend!

SARAH WILLIAMS.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted:

When on the fervid air there came
A strain—now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,

Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with «Yanks,»
And one was gray with «Rebels.»

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with 'Dixie.'

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Slipped proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And 'Yankee Doodle' was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
And silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply 'Home, Sweet Home' had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,—
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud.

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE KEARSARGE

IN THE gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless æons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles of the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;

Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

MONTEREY

WE WERE not many — we who stood
Before the iron shot that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way:
Where fell the dead the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets at Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on our turrets wave,
And there the evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW

AT DEAD of night the drummer
From out his grave awakes,
And with his drum parading,
His wonted round he takes.

His arms all bare and fleshless
In eddying circles flew,
And beat the roll with vigor,
The larum and tattoo.

Oh, strange and loud resounded
That drum amidst the gloom.
The warriors that slumbered
Awakened in their tomb;

And they who sleep congealing
'Mid northern ice and snow,
And they who lie in Italy
Where scorching summers glow,

And they whom the Nile's slime covers,
And Araby's glowing sand,
From out their graves arising
All take their arms in hand.

The trumpeter at midnight
Quits, too, his grave to blow
His blast so shrill and piercing,
And rideth to and fro.

There, coming on spectral chargers,
The ghastly dead behold!
The blood-stained ancient squadrons
With weapons manifold!

The grinning skulls so ghastly
Beneath their helmets peer;
In their bony hands uplifted
Their gleaming swords appear.

At midnight's ghostly hour
The chieftain quits his grave;
Advances, slowly riding,
Amid his chosen brave.

No plume his helm adorneth,
His garb no regal pride,
And small is the polished sabre
That's girded to his side.

The moon shines bright, illuming
The plain with silver rays;
That chief with the plumeless helmet
His warrior host surveys.

The ranks, their arms presenting,
Then shoulder arms anew,
And pass with music's clangor
Before him in review.

The generals and marshals
Round in a circle stand;
The chieftain whispers softly
To one at his right hand.

From rank to rank resounding
It fleeth o'er the plain:
"La France,"—this is their watchword;
The password, "St. Hélène!"

Thus at the midnight hour,
In the Elysian plain,
The dead and mighty Cæsar
Reviews his warrior train.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN ZEDLITZ.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

[Private Moyse, with other prisoners, having fallen into the hands of the Chinese, was ordered to perform *kotou;* and refusing, was knocked upon the head. —TIMES CORRESPONDENT.]

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,

Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's king
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

RIDING TOGETHER

FOR many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the east,
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of Our Lady's feast.

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the east wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-banked stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream.

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watched night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners streamed behind,
As we galloped on in the sunny weather,
With faces turned towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;

His eager face in the clear fresh weather
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dashed together,
It rocked to the crash of the meeting spears;
Down rained the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head;
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together:
He waited the death-stroke there in his place;
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather
Gapingly mazed at my maddened face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain,—the little Christian band
The pagans drowned, as in stormy weather
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together,
They bound his corpse to nod by my side;
Then on we rode in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and strong;
I take no heed of any weather:
The sweet saints grant I live not long.

WILLIAM WORKS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I AM dying, Egypt, dying;—
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O Queen, infold me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low:
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow;
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine:
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;—
Hark the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! quick, my falchion,—
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK

Across the eastern sky has glowed
The flicker of a blood-red dawn;
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
Once more the sword of Christ is drawn;
A million burning roof-trees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears;
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast
Is visited upon his kind:
The lust of mobs; the greed of priest,
The tyranny of kings, combined
To root his seed from earth again;
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
Against his sires and kin is known,
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
The agony of ages shown,
What oceans can the stain remove
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
The hideous tale of sin narrate,
Re-echoing in the martyr's ear:
Even he might nurse revengeful hate;
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he who faces death,
Who singly against worlds has fought,—
For what? A name he may not breathe,
For liberty of prayer and thought.
The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is — to forget.

EMMA LAZARUS.

LOYALIST LAYS

The Three Troopers

INTO the Devil tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roared for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol-locks,
Their sword-blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,
As the table they overset.
Then into their cups they stirred the crusts,
And cursed old London town;
Then waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,
The host turned pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the toping squires
Grew white at the wild men's shout.
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And showed their teeth with a frown:
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast.
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The gambler dropped his dog's-eared cards,
The waiting-women screamed,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
On the wild men's sabres gleamed.
Then into their cups they splashed the crusts
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leaped on the table, and roared a toast,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest muttered between his teeth
Hot curses — deep and coarse.
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spurred through town,

With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free;
Their scabbards clashed, each back-piece shone,—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again with a blaze of swords,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The Cavalier's Escape

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away:
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail:
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs,
Past the walls of mossy stone:
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone;
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn:
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn;

I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat—
One blow and he was down;
The second rogue fired twice and missed—
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town.

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand,
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand,
But one long bound, and I passed the gate
Safe from the canting band.

The Three Scars

This I got on the day that Goring
Fought through York, like a wild beast roaring.
The roofs were black, and the streets were full,
The doors built up with the packs of wool:
But our pikes made way through a storm of shot
Barrel to barrel till locks grew hot;
Frere fell dead, and Lucas was gone,
But the drum still beat and the flag went on.

This I caught from a swinging sabre,—
All I had from a long night's labor.
When Chester flamed, and the streets were red,
In splashing shower fell the molten lead;
The fire sprang up, and the old roof split,
The fire-ball burst in the middle of it:
With a clash and a clang the troopers they ran,
For the siege was over ere well began.

This I got from a pistol butt
(Lucky my head's not a hazel-nut).
The horse they raced and scudded and swore;
There were Leicestershire gentlemen, seventy score:
Up came the "Lobsters," covered with steel—
Down we went with a stagger and reel;
Smash at the flag, I tore it to rag,
And carried it off in my foraging bag.

The White Rose Over the Water

The old men sat with hats pulled down,
Their claret cups before them;
Broad shadows hid their sullen eyes,
The tavern lamps shone o'er them,
As a brimming bowl, with crystal filled,
Came borne by the landlord's daughter,
Who wore in her bosom the fair white rose
That grew best over the water.

Then all leaped up, and joined their hands
With hearty clasp and greeting;
The brimming cups, outstretched by all,
Over the wide bowl meeting.
"A health," they cried, "to the witching eyes
Of Kate, the landlord's daughter!
But don't forget the white, white rose
That grows best over the water."

Each other's cups they touched all round,
The last red drop outpouring;
Then with a cry that warmed the blood,
One heart-born chorus roaring—
"Let the glass go round to pretty Kate,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter;
But never forget the white, white rose
That grows best over the water."

Then hats flew up and swords sprang out,
And lusty rang the chorus:
"Never," they cried, "while Scots are Scots
And the broad Frith's before us."
A ruby ring the glasses shine
As they toast the landlord's daughter,
Because she wore the white, white rose
That grew best over the water.

A poet cried, "Our thistle's brave,
With all its stings and prickles;
The shamrock with its holy leaf
Is spared by Irish sickles:
But bumpers round,—for what are these
To Kate, the landlord's daughter,

Who wears at her bosom the rose as white
That grows best over the water?"

They dashed the glasses at the wall—
No lip might touch them after:
The toast had sanctified the cups
That smashed against the rafter.
Their chairs thrown back, they up again
To toast the landlord's daughter;
But never forgot the white, white rose
That grew best over the water.

The Jacobites' Club

One threw an orange in the air,
And caught it on his sword;
Another crunched the yellow peel
With his red heel on the board;
A third man cried, "When Jackson comes
Into his large estate,
I'll pave the old hall down in Kent
With golden bits of eight."

One, turning with a meaning wink,
Fast double-locked the door,
Then held a letter to the fire—
It was all blank before,
But now it's ruled with crimson lines,
And ciphers odd and quaint:
They cluster round, and nod, and laugh,
As one invokes a saint.

He pulls a black wig from his head—
He's shaven like a priest;
He holds his finger to his nose,
And smiles,—"The wind blows east;
The Dutch canals are frozen, sirs;—
I don't say anything,
But when you play at ombre next,
Mind that I lead a king."—

"Last night at Kensington I spent;
'Twas gay as any fair:

Lord! how they stared to find that bill
Stuck on the royal chair.
Some fools cried 'Treason!' some, 'A plot!'
I slipped behind a screen,
And when the guards came fussing in,
Sat chatting with the Queen."

"I," cried a third, "was printing songs
In a garret in St. Giles's,
When I heard the watchman at the door,
And flew up on the tiles.
The press was lowered into the vault,
The types into a drain:
I think you'll own, my trusty sirs,
I have a ready brain."

A frightened whisper at the door,
A bell rings — then a shot:
"Shift, boys, the Orangers are come!—
Pity! the punch is hot."
A clash of swords — a shout — a scream,
And all abreast in force;
The Jacobites, some twenty strong,
Break through and take to horse.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT

ENGLAND's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day:
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," — Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, — walls so dark and damp and cold, —
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh. [white,
Cromwell will not come till sunset:" and her face grew strangely
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly poisoned dart,—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour:
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I will not miss it: girl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew—Basil Underwood *must die.*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before:
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,—
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder: o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell!
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging! 'tis the hour of curfew now!
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a tiny speck below,
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell:
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er;—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted: and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after,—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now:
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light—
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell: "curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:—
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,—
The Severn is no stay,—
With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,—
Here's men as good as you!

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE SONG OF HATRED

BRAVE soldier, kiss the trusty wife
And draw the trusty blade!
Then turn ye to the reddening east,
In freedom's cause arrayed.
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate:
We've practiced loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

To right us and to rescue us
Hath Love essayed in vain;
O Hate! proclaim thy judgment-day,
And break our bonds in twain.
As long as ever tyrants last,
Our task shall not abate:
We've practiced loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

Henceforth let every heart that beats
With hate alone be beating;—
Look round! what piles of rotten sticks
Will keep the flame a-heating!
As many as are free and dare,
From street to street go say 't:
We've practiced loving long enough,
And come at length to hate!

Fight tyranny, while tyranny
The trampled earth above is;
And holier will our hatred be,
Far holier than our love is.
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate:
We've practiced loving long enough,
Let's come at last to hate!

GEORGE HERWEGH.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too should adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

«IF DOUGHTY DEEDS»

IF DOUGHTY deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,—
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;

Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you:
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,—
Oh, tell me how to woo!
Tell me how to woo thee, Love;
Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Though ne'er another trow me.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

A SPINNING SONG

MY LOVE to fight the Saxon goes,
And bravely shines his sword of steel;
A heron's feather decks his brows,
And a spur on either heel;
His steed is blacker than a sloe,
And fleeter than the falling star:
Amid the surging ranks he'll go
And shout for joy of war.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle, let the white wool drift and dwindle;
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle, crooning soft old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown, round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;
My love would die for Ireland's weal,
To win her back her ancient right,
And make her foemen reel.
Oh, close I'll clasp him to my breast
When homeward from the war he comes;
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
The valley peal with drums.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle, let the white wool drift and dwindle;
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle, crooning soft old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown, round wheel.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

LOVE'S WITHOUT REASON

'Tis not my lady's face that makes me love her,—
Though beauty there doth rest,
Enough to inflame the breast
Of one that never did discover
The glories of a face before;
But I that have seen thousands more,
See naught in hers but what in others are;—
Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

'Tis not her virtues, nor those vast perfections
That crowd together in her,
Engage my soul to win her,
For those are only brief collections
Of what's in man in folio writ;
Which by their imitation wit,
Women, like apes and children, strive to do:
But we that have the substance slight the show.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
My freeborn soul can hold;
For chains are chains, though gold:
Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me:
For that's no love, but gratitude; and all
Loves that from fortunes rise with fortunes fall.

If friends or birth created love within me,
Then princes I'd adore,
And only scorn the poor;
If virtue or good parts could win me,
I'd turn platonic and ne'er vex
My soul with difference of sex;
And he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.

Reason and wisdom are to love high treason;
Nor can he truly love,
Whose flame's not far above
And far beyond his wit or reason.
Then ask no reason for my fires,
For infinite are my desires:
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how nor why.

ALEXANDER BROME.

TO ALTHEA

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

AMYNTA

MY SHEEP I neglected, I broke my sheep-crook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh! give me my sheep, and my sheep-crook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!—
Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

VISION OF A FAIR WOMAN

(AISLING AIR DHREACH MNA)

TELL us some of the charms of the stars!—
Close and well set were her ivory teeth;
White as the canna upon the moor
Was her bosom the tartan bright beneath.

Her well-rounded forehead shone
Soft and fair as the mountain-snow:
Her two breasts were heaving full;
To them did the hearts of heroes flow.

Her lips were ruddier than the rose;
Tender and tunefully sweet her tongue;
White as the foam adown her side
Her delicate fingers extended hung.

Smooth as the dusky down of the elk,
Appeared her shady eyebrows to me;
Lovely her cheeks were, like berries red.
From every guile she was wholly free.

Her countenance looked like the gentle buds
Unfolding their beauty in early spring;
Her yellow locks like the gold-browed hills;
And her eyes like the radiance the sunbeams bring.

Ancient Erse.

THE SONG OF ETHLENN STUART

His face was glad as dawn to me,
His breath was sweet as dusk to me,
His eyes were burning flames to me,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agràh!

The broad noonday was night to me,
The full-moon night was dark to me,
The stars whirled and the Poles span,
The hour God took him far from me.

Perhaps he dreams in heaven now,
Perhaps he doth in worship bow,
A white flame round his foam-white brow,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agràh!

I laugh to think of him like this,
Who once found all his joy and bliss
Against my heart, against my kiss,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agràh!

Star of my joy, art still the same
Now thou hast gotten a new name,
Pulse of my heart, my Blood, my Flame,
Shule, Shule, Shule, agràh?

FIONA MACLEOD.

UNNUMBERED

How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unraveled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love, again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

MOLLY ASTHORE

O Mary dear! O Mary fair!
O branch of generous stem!
White blossom of the banks of Nair,
Though lilies grow on them,—
You've left me sick at heart for love,
So faint I cannot see;
The candle swims the board above,
I'm drunk for love of thee!
O stately stem of maiden pride,
My woe it is and pain
That I thus severed from thy side
The long night must remain.

Through all the towns of Innisfail
I've wandered far and wide:
But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
From Carlow to Kilbride,—
Many lords and dames of high degree,—
Where'er my feet have gone,
My Mary, one to equal thee
I never looked upon.
I live in darkness and in doubt
Whene'er my love's away;
But were the gracious sun put out,
Her shadow would make day.

'Tis she, indeed, young bud of bliss,
As gentle as she's fair.
Though lily-white her bosom is,
And sunny bright her hair,
And dewy azure her blue eye,
And rosy red her cheek,
Yet brighter she in modesty,
Most beautifully meek.
The world's wise men from north to south
Can never cure my pain;
But one kiss from her honey mouth
Would make me well again.

Sir Samuel Ferguson.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,—
Kathleen mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen mavourneen?

Kathleen mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen mavourneen?

LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD.

WAVE-WON

TO-NIGHT I hunger so,
Belovèd one, to know
If you recall and crave again the dream
That haunted our canoe,
And wove its witchcraft through
Our hearts as 'neath the northern night we sailed the northern stream.

Ah! dear, if only we
As yesternight could be
Afloat within that light and lonely shell,
To drift in silence till
Heart-hushed, and lulled and still
The moonlight through the melting air flung forth its fatal spell.

The dusky summer night,
The path of gold and white
The moon had cast across the river's breast,

The shores in shadows clad,
The far-away, half-sad
Sweet singing of the whippoorwill, all soothed our souls to rest.

You trusted I could feel
My arm as strong as steel,
So still your upturned face, so calm your breath,
While circling eddies curled,
While laughing rapids whirled
From bowlder unto bowlder, till they dashed themselves to death.

Your splendid eyes aflame
Put heaven's stars to shame;
Your god-like head so near my lap was laid
My hand is burning where
It touched your wind-blown hair,
As sweeping to the rapids' verge I changed my paddle blade.

The boat obeyed my hand,
Till wearied with its grand
Wild anger, all the river lay aswoon;
And as my paddle dipped,
Through pools of pearl it slipped
And swept beneath a shore of shade, beneath a velvet moon.

To-night, again dream you
Our spirit-winged canoe
Is listening to the rapids purling past?
Where in delirium reeled
Our maddened hearts that kneeled
To idolize the perfect world, to taste of love at last.

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

WHEN DID WE MEET?

When did I know thee and not love thee?
How could I live and know thee not?
The look of thine that first did move me
I have forgot.

Canst thou recall thy life's beginning?
Will childhood's conscious wonder last?
Each glance from thee, so worth the winning,
Blots all the past.

Elaine Goodale.

SONG TO AITHNE

Thy dark eyes to mine, Aithne,
Lamps of desire!
Oh how my soul leaps,
Leaps to their fire!

Sure now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but the whisper,
But the lost echo even,
Of one such kiss,

All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar;
If that called me to thee,
Aye, I would leap afar,
A falling star!

Ian Cameron ("Ian Mòr").

GRACIE OG MACHREE

Song of the "Wild Geese"

I placed the silver in her palm
By Inny's smiling tide,
And vowed, ere summer-time came on,
To claim her as a bride.
But when the summer-time came on,
I dwelt beyond the sea;
Yet still my heart is ever true
To Gracie og machree.

Oh, bonnie are the woods of Targ,
And green thy hills, Rathmore,
And soft the sunlight ever falls
On Darre's sloping shore;
And there the eyes I love, in tears
Shine ever mournfully,
While I am far and far away
From Gracie og machree.

When battle-steeds were neighing loud,
With bright blades in the air,

Next to my inmost heart I wore
A bright tress of her hair.
When stirrup-cups were lifted up
To lips, with soldier glee,
One toast I always fondly pledged,—
'Twas Gracie og machree.

JOHN K. CASEY.

ROBIN ADAIR

WELCOME on shore again,
Robin Adair!
Welcome once more again,
Robin Adair!
I feel thy trembling hand;
Tears in thy eyelids stand,
To greet thy native land,
Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
Robin Adair!
Still I prayed for thee, love,
Robin Adair!
When thou wert far at sea
Many made love to me,
But still I thought on thee,
Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair!
Never to part again,
Robin Adair!
And if you still are true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!

LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Faith stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie,—

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,—

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest;

. . . . . .

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers,—
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers;

. . . . . .

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night;

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

. . . . . .

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions — but her story.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

AMATURUS

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,—
These quivering heart-strings prove it,—
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul to move it:
Some one that hides her sweetness
From neighbors whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
Nor give her heart its rights;
Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner:
A lady, not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land,—
Noble, but not too proud;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed,
And throat by Muses molded;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
Though stirred by every breeze;

Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster arches floating,
With sudden turns, when love
Gets overnear to doting;
Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
Of things one may not know;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill
Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
Spirit and flesh to sunder;
Light foot to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance till finches chirrup
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden:
Speak, Love, be not afraid,
But plead as thou art bidden;
And say that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

WILLIAM JOHNSON-CORY.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice than hers can hear;
No other wit but hers approve;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,—
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

FAIR HELEN

I WISH I were where Helen lies;—
Night and day on me she cries:
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot—
And in my hands burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea,—

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise—
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies;—
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

Author Unknown.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely:
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;

But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money:
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally;
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not in our alley.

HENRY CAREY.

SHEPHERD'S SONG

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.

The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-crooks for our use desire;
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition.

We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend us from the rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestained in scarlet dye.

The shepherd with his homespun lass
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly decked in gold and pearls.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

A MADRIGAL

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For these may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why;
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

JOHN WILBYE.

METEMPSYCHOSIS

Thou wert a shepherdess with fawn-like eyes;
I but a linnet swinging on a spray,
Who sang to thee of love the livelong day,
'Neath the deep azure of Ionian skies:
And thou didst throw me crumbs, and smile upon
The rustic wooing of some Corydon.

Thou wert a princess in Provençal towers;
I but a hunchback minstrel of her train,
Whose beauty tuned my lute's divinest strain
To sing its master's love to pitying flowers:
Yet once, led forth a monarch's bride to be,
Thou kissed the dead lips that had sung of thee.

And now again I see thee as of yore;
In charms mysterious, fadeless, and supreme.
Still must I chant the love-slain minstrel's dream,
Still weave in song the linnet's passion lore.
And thou?—hast thou yet nothing more to give?
Wilt thou not love me, sweet, while now I live?

Duffield Osborne.

AN OPAL

A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow,
An April gleam athwart a misted sky:
A jewel—a soul! gaze deep if thou wouldst know
The flame-wrought spell of its pale witchery;
And now each tremulous beauty lies revealed,
And now the drifted snow doth beauty shield.

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white,
Holdeth the glamour of the East in fee;
Warm Puritan—who fears her own delight,
Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me.
And now her lips her heart's rich flame have told;
And now they pale that they have been so bold.

Ednah Procter Clarke.

HOLD, POETS!

HOLD, poets! Hear *me* tell
Where Beauty's queen doth dwell!
'Tis in no foreign land,
'Tis by no storied strand,
But here her sweet renown
Haunts an old fishing-town.

Not alone Beauty's queen,—
Virtue were proud, I ween,
Could she be known to fame
By this dear maiden's name,
Or could her ways so win
Followers to walk therein.

Wit's arrow on her lips
First into honey dips;
Lips at whose magic spell
Shamed Music breaks her shell.
All to bless, naught to blame,—
Blanche is her sweetest name.

Now, poets, spend your days
Piping in her pure praise;
Wake, when fond love inspires,
To her your happy lyres:
Not to my halting songs
Such a charmed theme belongs!

RICHARD S. SPOFFORD.

PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG

LOVE is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows;
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak,
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appease:
He burns the fishes in the seas;

Not all the skill his wounds can stanch;
Not all the sea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love that sing and play;
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me—
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

See! see the flowers that below
Now freshly as the morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows—
How they all unleavèd die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born, and now they fade:
Everything doth pass away;
There is danger in delay.
Come, come, gather then the rose;
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus's shore
In my bosom casts its ore;
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train, have bowed;
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine.
Only bend thy knee to me—
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

GILES FLETCHER.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

UNDER yonder beech-tree standing on the greensward,
Couched with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her,
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow!
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me—
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when athwart the western flood
Circleting the surface he meets his mirrored winglets,—
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales,
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eve-tide,
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she faltered—
Fluttered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care."
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, "Were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls."

Clambering roses peep into her chamber,
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet;
White-necked swallows twittering of summer,
Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
Will the autumn garners see her still ungathered,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question — should a strange hand pluck her!
Oh what an anguish smites me at the thought,
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels! —
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth;
They see as I see, mine is the fairest!
Would she were older, and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens if she will deny me?
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,
Chattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me —
Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids
From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
Out on the weather through the window-panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river-plains.
When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle
In her long nightgown, sweet as boughs of May,
Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,
And the gold sun wakes, and weds her in the blue.
Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
She the only star that dies not with the dark!
Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,
I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts,
Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
Take the honeyed meaning — wear the bridal veil?
Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?
Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!
With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee;
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures:
And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!
Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
Come, weeping Loveliness, in all thy blue delight!
Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

SING AGAIN

You sang me a song:
'Twas the close of the year—
Sing again!
I cannot remember the name
Or the words:
'Tis the same
We listen to hear
When the windows are open in spring,
And the air's full of birds;
One calls from the branch some sweet thing,
And one sings on the wing
The refrain.

You sang me a song
My heart thrilled to hear.
The refrain
Has run like a filet of gold
Through the woof
Of the cold
Dark days of a year.
To-night there's a year at its start,
All the birds are aloof,
Your eyes hold the sun for my part,
And the Spring's in your heart—
Sing again!

MARIE LOUISE VAN VORST.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume;
And I tried to pass, but he made no room—
Oh I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,

And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

HOMER G. GREENE.

TWO DREAMS

HIS

IF A Rose could sing
In just one song
All it dreamed of spring
Through the winter long,
Would it pray the zephyr to lend its tone,
Or the brook, that maketh a mimic moan
Over some cruel hard-hearted stone?
Or the mating bird, who sings his best
On the bough that shadows his covert nest?
Ah, no, my Beautiful! thine alone
Of all the music to Echo known,
Thy sweet soprano, with silvery ring,
Would be the voice
Of its loving choice,
If a Rose could sing!

HERS

Could I be a Rose for a sweet, swift hour,—
A passionate, purple, perfect flower,—
Not a breath would I spare to the vagrant air,
For the woodland warbler I would not care:

But oh! if my human lover came,
Then would I blush like a heart of flame,—
Like a heart of flame I would send a sigh,
A note of perfume, when he drew nigh,
That should make him take me ere bees could sip,
That should woo him to me with bloomy lip;
Till, his kisses culling the flower of me,
My petals close on his lips would close,
And—once more a Woman I think I'd be
Could I be a Rose!

HENRY W. AUSTIN.

JUNE IN LONDON

(WITH PUPILS)

Books and heat, the dullard mind
Reeling under Cicero;
London landscape, roof and blind
Blacker e'en than London snow;
Pupils coming all day long,
All my pause the thought that she,
She I love, my joy and song,
Dreams by day and night of me.
Ah, might I gather a rose with its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning!

Doric of the roughest mold
Planned to make a Master sour;
Thirty lines of Virgil's gold
Slowly melting in an hour!
Ovid's ingots and the gems
Horace polished for our eyes
In a maze of roots and stems,
Hurdy-gurdies, cabmen's cries!
Ah, might I gather a rose in its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning!

Envious twigs in leafy nook
Catch my love's long tresses fair,
E'en as Grecian branches shook
Down Diana's crown of hair!
While on Cæsar's bridge I stand,
Fancy brings (but could they speak!)

THE TOWER OF LONDON TO-DAY

From a Painting by Édouard Detaille

Laura's lips, and, faintly tanned,
Peachy glimpses of her cheek!
Ah, might I gather a rose in its dew
For her heart on this bright June morning!

NORMAN R. GALE.

TO PHILLIS

TO ABANDON THE COURT

FIE on this courtly life, full of displeasure!
Where neither frowns nor smiles keep any measure,
But every passion governs in extreme:
Free love and faith from hence falsehood doth banish,
And vows of friendship here like vapors vanish;
Loyalty's counted but a dream;
Inconstant favors like rivers gliding;
Truth is despised
Whilst flattery's prized;
Poor virtue here hath no certain abiding.

Then let's no longer stay, my fairest Phillis;
But let us fly from hence, where so much ill is,
Into some desert place there to abide;—
True love shall go with us, and faith unfeigned,
Pure thoughts, embraces chaste, and vows unstained.
Virtue herself shall ever be our guide;—
In cottage poor, where neither frowning fortune
Nor change of fate
Can once abate
Our sweet content, or peace at all importune.

There will we drive our flocks from hill and valley,
And whilst they feeding are, we'll sit and dally;
And thy sweet voice to sing birds shall invite;
Whilst I with roses, violets, and lilies
Will flowery garlands make to crown my Phillis,
Or numbered verses to thy praise indite.
And when the sun is westwardly declining,
Our flocks and we
Will homeward flee
And rest ourselves until the sun's next shining.

Author Unknown.

WINIFREDA

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing—
Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous title grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from Fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess?
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Author Unknown.

PRISCILLA

PRISCILLA hath come back to town
A little bandit queen;
Her cheek hath robbed the berry's brown,
Her eye the dewdrop's sheen.
Upon her lips there brightly glows
The poppy's crimson hue;
With autumn music in her toes
She charms the avenue.

Alas! how wildly hearts will beat
That late kept slowest time;
Alas! how many a snowy sheet
Will meet its fate in rhyme!
Laugh, Cupid, laugh, with saucy glee
At all the pangs in store;
But never point thy dart at me,—
My heart was hers before.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

PEPITA

UP IN her balcony where
Vines through the lattices run,
Spilling a scent on the air,
Setting a screen to the sun,
Fair as the morning is fair,
Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
Dwells in her rosy retreat
Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face,
When the wind rustles the vine,
Parting the leaves for a space,
Gladdens this window of mine:
Pink in its leafy embrace,
Pink as a roseleaf is pink,
Sweet as a blossom I think
Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
Watch where Pepita is hid,
Safe from the glare of the day
Like an eye under its lid:

Over and over I say—
Name like the song of a bird,
Melody shut in a word—
"Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
Look, the green curtains are drawn!
There in a blossomy blur
Breaks a diminutive dawn—
Dawn and the pink face of her;
Name like the lisp of the South,
Fit for a rose's small mouth,—
Pepita!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE WITCH

CHILD! attend to what I say:
Do not turn nor look away.
Roguish eye! you must not wink—
I shall tell you all I think.
Here! Hallo! Don't look away.
Child! attend to what I say!

You're not homely, that is true!
You've an eye that's clear and blue;
Cunning mouth and little nose
Have their merits, I suppose.
Charming is the word to fit it,—
Yes, you're charming; I admit it.

Charming here and charming there,
But no *empress* anywhere.
No! I cannot quite allow
Beauty's crown would suit your brow.
Charming there and charming here
Do not make a queen, my dear.

For I know a hundred girls,
Brown as berries, fair as pearls,
Each of whom might claim the prize
Given to loveliest lips and eyes—
Yes, a hundred might go in,
Challenge you, sweet child, and win.

A hundred beauties, did I say?
Why, what a number! Yet there may
A hundred thousand girls combine
To drive thee from this heart of mine;
May try together, try alone,—
My empress they cannot dethrone.

Whence, then, this imperial right
Over me, your own true knight?
Like an empress is your reign
In my heart for joy or pain;
Death or life, your royal right,
He accepts—your own true knight.

Roguish lip and roguish eye,
Look at me and make reply.
Witch! I wish to understand
How I came into your hand.
Look at me and make reply:
Tell me, roguish lip and eye.

Up and down I search to see
The meaning of this mystery.
Tied so tight by *nothing*, dear?
Ah! there must be magic here!
Up and down, sweet sorceress, tell!
Where's your wand, and what's your spell?

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

Translation of James Freeman Clarke.

I WONDER

I WONDER, in those dear old days departed,
Whose was the foot that wore this tiny shoe;—
A slipper just as small as Cinderella's,
But not of glass—of faded satin blue.

I'll say it was a princess, tall and stately,
And rather haughty, but not overmuch.
I see her walking through her garden alleys:
How rose-hearts beat to feel that light foot's touch!

I see her treading through her row of pages,
That small foot lifted high with haughty grace;

A knight beside her, whispering tender speeches,—
She hears them all, with silent, downcast face.

I see her in the dazzling ball-room stepping
Through stately minuet or swifter dance,
Her small foot slipping through her rich robes sweeping,
Or even not perceived — divined, perchance.

How many knights adored you, little slipper,
And knelt before you — fine and fair and blue!
How many you have fled from — too bold suitors!
How many hearts you've trod on, tiny shoe!

CORA FABBRI.

A TWELFTH-CENTURY LYRIC

WILL ye attend me, while I sing
A song of love,—a pretty thing,
Not made on farms:
Nay, by a gentle knight 'twas made,
Who lay beneath an olive's shade
In his love's arms.

A linen undergown she wore,
And a white ermine mantle, o'er
A silken coat;
With flowers of May to keep her feet,
And round her ankles leggings neat,
From lands remote.

Her girdle was of leafage green,—
Spring foliage, with a fringing sheen
Of gold above;
And underneath a love-purse hung,
By bloomy pendants featly strung,
A gift of love.

Upon a mule the lady rode,
The which with silver shoes was shod;
Saddle gold-red;
And behind rose-bushes three
She had set up a canopy
To shield her head.

As so she passed adown the meads,
A gentle childe in knightly weeds
Cried, "Fair one, wait!
What region is thy heritance?"
And she replied: "I am of France,
Of high estate.

"My father is the nightingale,
Who high within the bosky pale,
On branches sings;
My mother's the canary; she
Sings on the high banks where the sea
Its salt spray flings."

"Fair lady, excellent thy birth;
Thou comest from the chief of earth,
Of high estate:
Ah, God our Father, that to me
Thou hadst been given, fair ladye,
My wedded mate!"

Arthor Unknown.

Translation of Edward T. McLaughlin.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY LYRIC

COULD I answer love like thine,
All earth to me were heaven anew;
But were thy heart, dear child, as mine,
What place for love between us two?
Bright things for tired eyes vainly shine:
A grief the pure heaven's simple blue.
Alas, for lips past joy of wine.
That find no blessing in God's dew!
From dawning summits crystalline
Thou lookest down; thou makest sign
Toward this bleak vale I wander through.
I cannot answer: that pure shrine
Of childhood, though my love be true,
Is hidden from my dim confine;
I must not hope for clearer view.
The sky, the earth, the wrinkled brine,
Would wear to me a fresher hue,
And all once more be half divine,
Could I answer love like thine.

Author Unknown.

A MODERN PSYCHE

She Speaks

But do not go—I like to have you near me;
Not quite so near—sit there, sir, if you please.
The orchestra is silent; you can hear me:
And distance puts us both more at our ease.

I missed you yesterday past all expression,
Though winged with song and mirth the bright hours flew;
Because I think—pray mark my frank confession—
That no one loves me quite so well as you.

It may be as you say, that I am taking
A false step that I never can retrace;
Perhaps some day will come a bitter waking
When love has fled with youth and youth's sweet grace.

Listen! there's some one singing 'Traviata':
"Gayly through life"—ah, yes! 'tis apropos!
Your arm, *mon ami*. A swift waltz will scatter
And turn to blissful breath those sighs of woe.

'Tis strange! I do not care to take your heart, sir,
In fair exchange; and yet, strong jealous wrath
Would kindle all my soul should you depart, sir,
To lay it in some other woman's path.

"Selfish," am I, and "void of feelings tender"?
Perhaps; but then, I'm sure you can but own
That for a foot so finely arched and slender
A heart is just the fittest stepping-stone.

And if you bade me cease my idle playing
On the tired chords my hands have swept for years,
I think the moonlight o'er my pillow straying
Would find it slightly wet with "idle tears."

And yet I love you not. Nay, do not start!
The reason, sir, you never could discover:
Another mystery of a woman's heart,—
I love the love, but cannot love the lover.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME

OH WHAT a plague is love!
I cannot bear it.
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind
That my heart faileth.
She wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way:
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say
That she loved posies:
In the last month of May
I gave her roses,
Cowslips and gilliflowers,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly;
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
Like any shadow:
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
Phillida flouts me.

Author Unknown.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges's side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow:
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest—
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turned to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ALL ON ONE SIDE

SHE is like Nature: and I love
Her ever-changing, wayward moods,
As I adore the sky above;
The far blue hills; the dark, green woods;

The noisy brook; the torrent's roar;
The glamour of a moonlight night;
The never-ending ocean's shore;
The fleecy cloud-heads, soft and white.

She is like Nature. Much she cares,
Though I should love a thousand years!
If I am sad when sunlight glares,
Will cloudless skies weep scalding tears?
And will my gladness dry the rain?
Will Nature smile and join my glee?
Will Nature love me back again?
I think not—and no more will She!

HARRY ROMAINE.

DELAY

TASTE the sweetness of delaying,
Till the hour shall come for saying
That I love you with my soul:
Have you never thought your heart
Finds a something in the part,
It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,
Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven
That in Fancy's garden blows:
Wake it not by touch or sound,
Lest perchance 'twere lost, not found,
In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection,
Of a fair and far perfection,
Shining through a veil undrawn:
Ask no question then of fate;
Yet a little longer wait
In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and tender,
Shines a day of golden splendor,
Never yet fulfilled by day:
Ah! if love be made complete,
Will it, can it, be so sweet
As this ever sweet delay?

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

SONG WRITTEN AT SEA

IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, JUNE 2D, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT

To all you ladies now on land,
We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,—
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la. . . .

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la. . . .

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away:
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la. . . .

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,

When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,—
We have too much of that at sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

CHARLES SACKVILLE (Earl of Dorset).

GLEE

A BLOSSOM wreath of rich perfume
I for my fairest wove:
She to her beauty gave its bloom,
Its transience to her love.

I sent her then a pearl to prize:
With much she soon did part,
But kept its brilliance in her eyes,
Its hardness in her heart.

T. M. DOVASTON.

THE WHITE ROSE

SENT BY A YORKSHIRE LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN MISTRESS

IF THIS fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkshire turn again.

Author Unknown.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOTH SHEW HER WIT

My Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Aurthor Unknown.

WHENAS IN SILKS MY JULIA GOES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free—
O how that glittering taketh me!

Robert Herrick.

THE TIME O' DAY

If I should look for the time o' day
On the rose's dial red,
I should think it was just the sunrise hour,
From the flush of its petals spread.

And if I would tell by the lily-bell,
I should think it was calm, white noon;
And the violet's blue would tell by its hue
Of the evening coming soon.

But when I would know by my lady's face,
I am all perplexed the while;
For it's always starlight by her eyes,
And sunlight by her smile.

Albion Fellows Bacon.

DEFIANCE

CLOTHO, Lachesis, Atropos!
All your gain is not my loss.
Spin your black threads if you will;
Twist them, turn, with all your skill.
Hold! there s one you cannot sever!
One bright thread shall last forever.

You are defied, you, Atropos!
Draw your glittering shears across,—
One still mocks your cruel art!
From the fibres of my heart
Did I spin the shining thread
That will live when you are dead.

Fate, but hark! one thing I'll teach:
There are wonders past your reach,
Of the heart and of the soul,—
Woman's love's past your control!
These are not threads of your spinning,
No, nor shall be of your winning.

ANNIE FIELDS.

IF LOVE WERE NOT

IF LOVE were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume.

By mossy bank in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume.

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar, how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says, A word unto the wise.

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flowers that bloom in spring.

Juan Ruiz de Hita (Spanish).

THE HEART OF A SONG

Dear love, let this my song fly to you;
Perchance forget it came from me.
It shall not vex you, shall not woo you,
But in your breast lie quietly.

Only beware — when once it tarries,
I cannot coax it from you then:
This little song my whole heart carries,
And ne'er will bear it back again.

For if its silent passion grieve you,
My heart would then too heavy grow;—
And it can never, never leave you,
If joy of yours must with it go!

George Parsons Lathrop.

«BRING ME WORD HOW TALL SHE IS»

WOMAN IN 1873

«How tall is your Rosalind?» — «Just as high as my heart.»
— 'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

WITHIN a garden shade,
A garden sweet and dim,
Two happy children played
Together he was made
For God, and she for him.

Beyond the garden's shade,
In deserts drear and dim,
Two outcast children strayed
Together — he betrayed
By her, and she by him.

Together, girl and boy,
They wandered, ne'er apart;
Each wrought to each annoy,
Yet each knew never joy
Save in the other's heart.

By her so oft deceived,
By him so sore opprest,
They each the other grieved;
Yet each of each was best
Beloved, and still caressed.

And she was in his sight
Found fairest — still his prize,
His constant chief delight;
She raised to him her eyes
That led her not aright,

And ever by his side
A patient huntress ran
Through forests dark and wide,
And still the Woman's pride
And glory was the Man.

When her he would despise,
She kept him captive bound;

Forbidding her to rise,
By many cords and ties
She held him to the ground.

At length, in stature grown,
He stands erect and free;
Yet stands he not alone,
For his beloved would be
Like him she loveth, wise, like him she loveth, free.

So wins she her desire;
Yet stand they not apart:
For as *she* doth aspire
He grows; nor stands she higher
Than her Belovèd's heart.

DORA GREENWELL.

UNDER THE KING

LOVE with the deep eyes and soft hair,
Love with the lily throat and hands,
Is done to death, and free as air
Am I of all my King's commands.

How shall I celebrate my joy?
Or dance with feet that once were fleet
In his adorable employ?
Or laugh with lips that felt his sweet?

How can I at his lifeless face
Aim any sharp or bitter jest,
Since roguish destiny did place
That tender target in my breast?

Nay, let me be sincere and strong:
I cannot rid me of my chains,
I cannot to myself belong:
My King is dead—his soul still reigns.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

LIGHT

THE night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

«A THOUSAND YEARS IN THY SIGHT ARE BUT AS ONE DAY»

NEITHER joy nor sorrow move
The figure at the feet of Love;
Light of breathing life is she,
Spirit of immortality.

Lead me up thy stony stair,
O Spirit, into thy great air!
For his day of pain and tears
Is to man a thousand years.

ANNIE FIELDS.

FOR A NOVEMBER BIRTHDAY

WHEN first our rose of love disclosed its heart,
Thy natal day (I thought) comes with the spring,
When from the sky the doubting clouds depart,
And rare, rathe blossoms o'er the woodland fling

A mystic sense of joy,
Yet bitter tears
Will start unbidden at the touch of May.
Love's ecstasy begets love's longing and love's fears,
And naught of these may mar thy natal day.

When I had learned the richness of thy gift,
Surely the happy month (I thought) is June,
When full and strong the waves of life uplift
The heart upon their surges.
Yet too soon

The ebbing tide will leave the lonely shore;
Full soon the rose must let her beauty fall;
Love's torch will burn to ashes. But no more
May any change our changeless love befall.

Lo! spring and summer faded, and the year
In all their sunny round brought not the morn;
But now, 'mid autumn's melancholy cheer,
'Mid soughing boughs and pallid light, 'tis born.

So drear, thou sayest?
—Love may the clouds dispel.
So brief?
—With eve our passion shall not cease.
So still?
—Oh let the day this message tell:
Not rapture is love's crowning gift, but peace.

GEORGE M. WHICHER.

THE SURFACE AND THE DEPTHS

LOVE took my life and thrilled it
Through all its strings,
Played round my mind and filled it
With sound of wings;
But to my heart he never came
To touch it with his golden flame.

Therefore it is that singing
I do rejoice,
Nor heed the slow years bringing
A harsher voice;
Because the songs which he has sung
Still leave the untouched singer young.

But whom in fuller fashion
The Master sways,

For him, swift-winged with passion,
Fleet the brief days.
Betimes the enforced accents come,
And leave him ever after dumb.

LEWIS MORRIS.

LOVE BRINGETH LIFE

FOND hands laid sweet Ophelia softly low
In that small straitened grave beneath the yew;
Thenceforth the world a little sadder grew,
Seeing one lover's footsteps come and go,
And wander in a sudden drear amaze
Through all the winter days.

In darkness lies white-robèd Juliet,
With slender hands close folded on her breast,
On the quick-throbbing heart at length at rest
In the forsaken tomb of Capulet;
And earth hath one more mourning for a bride,
One other grief to hide.

And what of thee, O tender Marguerite?
Long dead thou art, and thy lone grave is deep,
But scant to hide from us thy maiden sleep
Loose held within a moldered winding-sheet;
Thou still awakest, and canst not forget,
And pray'st assoilment yet.

And thou, Francesca? On the open page
Of thy dark history a rose-spray lies,
As though to hide thee from unrighteous eyes,
Whose evil looks are all thy heritage.
Thou art love's victim. On thy pensive face
Grief finds abiding place.

These died for love's sake. Many such there be:
Yet best for thee, O little maid, whose vows
Were made last eve 'neath blossomed cherry-boughs,
Were love, though death shall follow. Best for thee!
Love bringeth sorrow, yet unto our need
Love bringeth life indeed.

CAROLINE WILDER FELLOWES.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

THOU needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in,
Nor, forth afield at morn,
At eve bring home the corn,
Nor on a winter's night
Make blaze the fagots bright.

So lithe and delicate,
So slender is thy state,
So pale and pure thy face,
So deer-like in their grace
Thy limbs, that all do vie
To take and charm the eye.

Thus, toiling where thou'rt not
Is but the common lot:
Three men mayhap alone
By strength may move a stone—
But, toiling near to thee,
One man may work as three,

If thou but bend a smile
To fall on him the while;
Or if one tender glance—
Though coy and shot askance—
His eyes discover, then
One man may work as ten.

Men commonly but ask,
"When shall I end my task?"
But seeing thee come in,
'Tis, "When may I begin?"
Such power does beauty bring
To take from toil its sting.

If then thou'lt do but this,—
Fling o'er the work a bliss
From thy mere presence,—none
Shall think thou'st nothing done:
Thou needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

A DANCER

In the lamplight's glare she stood,—
The dancer, the octoroon,—
On a space of polished wood
With glittering sand-grains strewn;
And a rapid rhythmic tune
From the strings of a mandolin [din.
Leaped up through the air in viewless flight and passed in a strident

Her eyes like a fawn's were dark,
But her hair was black as night,
And a diamond's bluish spark
From its masses darted bright,
While around her figure slight
Clung a web of lace she wore,
In curving lines of unhidden grace as she paused on the sanded floor.

Then the clashing music sprang
From the frets of the mandolin,
While the shadowy arches rang
With insistent echoes thin;
And there, as the spiders spin
Dim threads in a ring complete,
A labyrinthine wheel she wove with the touch of her flying feet.

To the right she swayed,—to the left,—
Then swung in a circle round,
Fast weaving a changing weft
To the changing music's sound,
As light as a leaf unbound
From the grasp of its parent tree,
That falls and dips with the thistle-down afloat on a windy sea.

And wilder the music spell
Swept on in jarring sound,—
Advanced and rose and fell,
By gathering echoes crowned;
And the lights whirled round and round
O'er the woman dancing there,
With her Circe grace and passionate face and a diamond in her hair.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

THE LONGING OF CIRCE

THE rapid years drag by, and bring not here
The man for whom I wait;
All things pall on me: in my heart grows fear
Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease
Which all my isle enfold;
The fountain's sleepy plash, the summer breeze
That bears not heat nor cold.

With dull, unvaried mien, my maid and I
Plod through our daily tasks:
Gather strange herbs, weave purple tapestry,
Distill in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men who yield
So quickly to my spell,—
The beastly rout now wandering afield,
With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah, when, in place of tigers and of swine,
Shall he confront me whom
My song cannot enslave, nor that bright wine
Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I cast
My sorceries away,
And kneel to him, my lord revealed at last,
And serve him night and day!

CAMERON MANN.

CIRCE

WHAT fate is mine, who, far apart from pains
And fears and turmoils of the cross-grained world,
Dwell, like a lonely god, in a charmed isle
Where I am first and only, and like one
Who should love poisonous savors more than mead,
Long for a tempest on me, and grow sick
Of resting and divine free carelessness!
O me! I am a woman, not a god;
Yea, those who tend me even are more than I,—

My nymphs who have the souls of flowers and birds
Singing and blossoming immortally.

Ah me! these love a day and laugh again,
And loving, laughing, find a full content;
But I know naught of peace, and have not loved.

Where is my love? Does some one cry for me,
Not knowing whom he calls? does his soul cry
For mine to grow beside it, grow in it?
Does he beseech the gods to give him me,—
The yet unknown rare woman by whose side
No other woman, thrice as beautiful,
Should once seem fair to him; to whose voice heard
In any common tones no sweeter sound
Of love made melody on silver lutes,
Or singing like Apollo's when the gods
Grow pale with happy listening, might be peered
For making music to him; whom once found
There will be no more seeking anything?

O love, O love, O love, art not yet come
Out of the waiting shadows into life?
Art not yet come after so many years
That I have longed for thee? Come! I am here. . . .

Nay, but he *will* come. Why am I so fair,
And marvelously minded, and with sight
Which flashes suddenly on hidden things,
As the gods see who do not need to look?
Why wear I in my eyes that stronger power
Than basilisks, whose gaze can only kill,
To draw men's souls to me to live or die
As I would have them? Why am I given pride
Which yet longs to be broken, and this scorn
Cruel and vengeful for the lesser men
Who meet the smiles I waste for lack of him,
And grow too glad? Why am I who I am,
But for the sake of him whom fate will send
One day to be my master utterly,
That he should take me, the desire of all,
Whom only he in all the world could bow to him?
O sunlike glory of pale glittering hairs,
Bright as the filmy wires my weavers take
To make me golden gauzes; O deep eyes,

Darker and softer than the bluest dusk
Of August violets, darker and deep
Like crystal fathomless lakes in summer moons;
O sad sweet longing smile; O lips that tempt
My very self to kisses; O round cheeks,
Tenderly radiant with the even flush
Of pale smoothed coral; perfect lovely face
Answering my gaze from out this fleckless pool;
Wonder of glossy shoulders, chiseled limbs,—
Should I be so your lover as I am,
Drinking an exquisite joy to watch you thus
In all a hundred changes through the day,
But that I love you for him till he comes,
But that my beauty means his loving it? . . .

Too cruel am I? And the silly beasts,
Crowding around me when I pass their way,
Glower on me, and although they love me still
(With their poor sorts of love such as they could),
Call wrath and vengeance to their humid eyes
To scare me into mercy, or creep near
With piteous fawnings, supplicating bleats.
Too cruel? Did I choose them what they are?
Or change them from themselves by poisonous charms?
But any draught — pure water, natural wine —
Out of my cup, revealed them to themselves
And to each other. Change? There was no change;
Only disguise gone from them unawares:
And had there been one right true man of them,
He would have drunk the draught as I had drunk,
And stood unchanged, and looked me in the eyes,
Abashing me before him. But these things —
Why, which of them has ever shown the kind
Of some one nobler beast? Pah! yapping wolves
And pitiless stealthy wild-cats, curs and apes
And gorging swine and stinking venomous snakes,—
All false and ravenous and sensual brutes
That shame the earth that bore them,— these they are.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A FORECAST

WHAT days await this woman, whose strange feet
Breathe spells; whose presence makes men dream like wine;
Tall, free, and slender as the forest pine;
Whose form is molded music; through whose sweet
Frank eyes I feel the very heart's least beat,
Keen, passionate, and full of dreams and fire:
How in the end, and to what man's desire,
Shall all this yield — whose lips shall these lips meet?
One thing I know: if he be great and pure,
This love, this fire, this beauty, shall endure;
Triumph and hope shall lead him by the palm:
But if not this, some differing thing he be,
That dream shall break in terror; he shall see
The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

CROSS OF GOLD

THE fifth from the north wall;
Row innermost; and the pall
Plain black — all black — except
The cross on which she wept,
Ere she lay down and slept.

This one is hers, and this —
The marble next it — his:
So lie in brave accord
The lady and her lord,
Her cross and his red sword.

And now, what seek'st thou here,
Having no care nor fear
To vex with thy hot tread
These halls of the long dead, —
To flash the torch's light
Upon their utter night?
What word hast thou to thrust
Into her ear of dust?

Spake then the haggard priest: —
In lands of the far East

I dreamed of finding rest—
What time my lips had prest
The cross on this dead breast.

And if my sin be shriven,
And mercy live in heaven,
Surely this hour, and here,
My long woe's end is near—
Is near—and I am brought
To peace, and painless thought
Of her who lies at rest,
This cross upon her breast,—

Whose passionate heart is cold
Beneath this cross of gold;
Who lieth, still and mute,
In sleep so absolute.
Yea, by the precious sign
Shall sleep most sweet be mine;
And I at last am blest,
Knowing she went to rest
This cross upon her breast.

DAVID GRAY.

THE WEB

O MOONLIGHT spider-web,
Filmy and fine and fair!
A cloud of dewdrops blown
From rose-hearts overgrown—
Transfixed upon the bosom of the air.

O moonlight-colored web,
That some rude hand has torn!
Each broken, lifeless thread
Hangs downward, gray and dead,
Caught on the sharp edge of a red-rose thorn.

O frail, fine web of Life,
Woven 'mid stars above,
Shattered on earth one day!
Mine lieth dead and gray,
Caught on the sharp edge of the Thorn of Love.

CORA FABBRI.

DOUBT

THOUGH that which made my life is fled,
I still could live and still could smile,
Were I but sure thy love now dead
Once lived a little while.

The future I can bear to lose,
But not the past—oh, not the past!
Ah, love! do not this prayer refuse,
And it shall be my last.

Ah, love! when 'neath the oak we stood,
The moon pale-gleaming through her tears
Showed your stern face and altered mood,
Which first awoke my fears.

As grows the storm-cloud on the blast,
My darkening fears have grown and grown;
But let, oh, let me keep the past,
Though hope and love have flown.

Again in dreams I silent stand,
As that pale night, black leaves beneath;
Against your side you press my hand,
I feel each throbbing breath.

The night wind moans in the long grass;
By it, or thee, was the tale told
Which made the ghost of true love pass
Wringing her white hands cold?

Though side by side, arm linked in arm,
It swept between us bitter chill;
And now in blinding sunshine warm
I shiver with it still.

Here in the same long grass I lie,
The selfsame branches overhead;
I watch the pitiless blue sky;
Would it shone o'er me dead!

Author Unknown.

TWO ROBBERS

WHEN Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep, save her, the grace
That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty, year by year,
For her slow-fading grace
Who sheds, save her, a tear?

And Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress;
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
Fades all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
And honor crafty Time.

F. W. BOURDILLON

LOVE AND DEATH

ALAS! that men must see
Love, before Death!
Else they content might be
With their short breath;
Aye, glad when the pale sun
Showed restless Day was done,
And endless Rest begun!

Glad when with strong, cool hand
Death clasped their own,
And with a strange command
Hushed every moan;
Glad to have finished pain
And labor wrought in vain,
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice
Bids Self to flee:—
"Live that I may rejoice;
Live on for me!"

So, for Love's cruel mind,
Men fear this Rest to find,
Nor know great Death is kind!

MARGARET DELAND.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

OH, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits in Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing:
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he passed — an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing.—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MADRIGAL TRISTE

I

If we should meet,
You and I,
My sweet,
In some fair land where under the blue sky
The scents of the fresh violets never die,
And Spring is deathless under deathless feet,
Should we clasp hands and kiss,
My sweet,
With the old bliss?
Would our eyes meet
With the same passionate frankness as of old,
When the fresh Spring was in the Summer's gold?
Ah, no, my dear!
Woe's me! our kisses are but frore;
The blossoms of our early love are sere,
And will be fresh no more.

II

If we should stand,
You and I,
My sweet,
On that bright strand
Where day fades never, and the golden street
Rings to the music of the angels' feet,
Would our rent hearts find solace in the sky?
Should we lose heed,
My dear,
Of the sad years?
Would our souls cease to bleed
For the past anguish, and our eyes grow clear
In heaven from all the furrows of the tears?
Ah, no, my dear!
Needs must we sigh and stand aloof!
Once riven,
God could not heal our love,
Even in heaven.

JOHN PAYNE.

PARTING OF GODFRID AND OLYMPIA

From 'Madonna's Child'

So once again they fled without delay,
On wings of wind through leagues of dim-seen land.
Night and the stars accompanying their way,
And roar and blackness close on either hand:
Until the dark drew off, and with the day
They saw the sparkling bay and joyous strand,
White sails, brown oars, huge coils of briny ropes,
And fair proud city throned on regal slopes.

And soon the road they came by, which doth run
'Twixt hill and sea, now smooth as woodland pond,
Saw them once more, with all their dreams unspun,
Facing farewell. A little way beyond,
A big brown mule stood blinking in the sun,
For a long march rudely caparisoned;
And at its side a gentle mountaineer,
Who to their grief lent neither eye nor ear.

"Hear me once more, Olympia! Must we part?
Is Heaven so stern, and can a gentle breast
Inflict and aye endure so keen a smart,
When pity's voice could lull our pain to rest?
Is there no common Eden of the heart,
Where each fond bosom is a welcome guest?
No comprehensive paradise to hold
All loving souls in one celestial fold?

"For Love is older far than all the gods,
And will survive both gods and men, and be
The sovereign ruler still, when Nature nods,
And the scared stars through misty chaos flee.
Take love away, and we are brutish clods,
Blind, spelling out our fate without the key;
Love, love is our immortal part, and they
Who own it not are only walking clay.

"But they who in this cold contentious sphere
Deep in their heart cherish love's sacred fire,
Can smile at pain, and all that mortals fear,
And tranquil keep when time and death conspire.

Though fickle winds should vex, they do not veer;
No threats can daunt them, weary waitings tire:
Their feet are planted on the clouds; their eyes
Glare cannot blind, scan the eternal skies.

"This is my creed, and that the heaven I seek;
Which even here, Olympia! may be ours,
Unless my lips, or else thine ears, be weak,
Or we have outraged the supernal powers.
Oh, but that cannot be! Would Nature wreak
Her wrath on thee, most precious of her flowers?
The sin, if sin there be, is mine, is mine;—
Wrong never was, can pain be ever, thine?

"Here 'twixt the mountains and the sea I swear
That I thy faith will reverence as thy soul;
And as on that bright morning when thy fair
Entrancing form upon my senses stole,
Still every dewy dawn fresh gifts will bear
Unto Madonna's shrine,—that happy goal
Where our first journey ended, and I fain
Would have this end—not snapped, as now, in pain!"

The foam-fringe at their feet was not more white
Than her pale cheeks, as downcast she replied:—
"No, Godfrid! no. Farewell, farewell! You might
Have been my star;—a star once fell by pride;—
But since you furl your wings, and veil your light,
I cling to Mary and Christ crucified.
Leave me, nay, leave me, ere it be too late!
Better part here than part at heaven's gate!"

Thereat he kissed her forehead, she his hand,
And on the mule he mounted her, and then,
Along the road that skirts the devious strand,
Watched her, until she vanished from his ken.
Tears all in vain as water upon sand,
Or words of grace to hearts of hardened men,
Coursed down her cheeks, whilst, half her grief divined,
The mountain guide walked sad and mute behind.

But never more as in the simple days
When prayer was all her thought, her heart shall be;
For she is burdened with the grief that stays,
And by a shadow vexed that will not flee.

Pure, but not spared, she passes from our gaze,—
Victim, not vanquisher, of love. And he?
Once more a traveler o'er land and main;—
Ah! life is sad and scarcely worth the pain!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LADY BLANCHE

THE Lady Blanche was saintly fair;
Not proud, but meek, her look;
In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear
As pebbles in a brook.

Her father's veins ran noble blood,
His hall rose 'mid the trees;
Like a sunbeam she came and went
'Mong the white cottages.

The peasants thanked her with their tears
When food and clothes were given:
"This is a joy," the lady said,
"Saints cannot taste in heaven."

They met: the poet told his love,
His hopes, despairs, and pains;
The lady with her calm eyes mocked
The tumult in his veins.

He passed away;—a fierce song leapt
From cloud of his despair,
As lightning like a bright wild beast
Leaps from its thunder-lair.

He poured his frenzy forth in song,—
Bright heirs of tears and praises!
Now resteth that unquiet heart
Beneath the quiet daisies.

The world is old,—oh! very old,—
The wild winds weep and rave;
The world is old, and gray, and cold,—
Let it drop into its grave.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

WORD was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need.
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone:
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled:
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn:
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride:
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:—
"O steed — that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.

Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons;—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

EILY CONSIDINE

AT THE barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;
Now she dozes, now she knits,
While the sunshine, through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine,
Warms old Eily Considine—
Warms her heart that long ago
Set the Regiment aglow!
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

I remember your first beau,
Eily Considine;
That was years ago, I know.
Do you ever think of Stowe—
Stowe, lieutenant in the line—
Shot by Sioux in '59?
Do you sometimes think of Gray?
I can almost hear him say:—
"Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—"
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

First came Fairfax of the Staff,
Eily Considine:
You forgave him with a laugh—
You're too generous by half.
Years ago he died—'twas wine
Killed him, Eily Considine—
Killed him—'twas a death of shame,
Yet in death he cried your name!
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips of flame, like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

If you wept when Fairfax left,
Eily Considine,
Surely Donaldson was deft
To console a soul bereft
In so very brief a time—
Lonely Eily Considine.
After Donaldson came Hurse;
He it was who wrote this verse:—
"Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;

Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—"
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

Santa Anna settled Hurse,
Eily Considine;
Then it went from bad to worse.
Yet if loving was your curse,
Bless me with this curse divine,—
Bless me, Eily Considine!
Phantom dim of long ago,
Misty, faint, and sweet—I know
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

At the barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;
Now she dozes, now she knits,
And the sunshine through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine
Falls on Eily Considine,
On her thin hair, silver-bright;—
God may wash her soul as white.
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Peace to you
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine!

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA

"RISE up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpets' lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air:
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face;
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace:
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquivir
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa? what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say on many a day — and sure you said the truth —
Andalla rides without a peer 'mong all Granada's youth;
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go,
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow.
Then rise — oh rise, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down:
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove:
One bonny rosebud she had traced before the noise drew nigh,—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
"No — no," she sighs: "bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town!" —

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate; — why sit ye still — oh why?" —

"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate: in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was
my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town!"

Spanish: Author Unknown.

Translation of John Gibson Lockhart.

RIVALS

GRAY in the east,
Gray in the west, and a moon.
Dim gleam the lamps of the ended feast
Through the misty dawn of June;
And I turn to watch her go
Swift as the swallows flee,
Side by side with Joaquin Castro,
Heart by heart with me.

Jasmine star afloat
In her soft hair's dusky strands;
Jasmine white is her swelling throat,
And jasmine white her hands.
Ah, the plea of that clinging hand
Through the whirl of that wild waltz tune!
Lost—lost for a league of land,
Lying dark 'neath the sinking moon!

Over yon stream
The casa rests on its hard clay floor,
Its red tiles dim in the misty gleam;
Old Pedro Vidal at the door,
And his small eye ranges keen
Over vistas of goodly land—
Brown hills, with wild-oat sweeps between,
Bought with his daughter's hand.

Tangled and wreathed,
The wild boughs over the wild streams meet;
And over the swamp flowers musky-breathed,
And the cresses at their feet;
And over the dimpled springs,
Where the deep brown shadows flaunt,

And the heron folds his ivory wings
And waits in his ferny haunt.

Side-scarred peaks
Where the gray sage hangs like a smoke,
And the vultures wipe their bloody beaks,
From the feast in the crotchèd oak,—
You are Castro's, hemming his acres in;
And I his vaquero, who o'er you rove,
Hold wealth he would barter you all to win,—
The wealth of her broad sweet love.

Joaquin Castro
Rides up from her home where the stream-mists hang,
And the cañon sides toss to and fro
The tread of his black mustang—
Half wild, a haughty beast,
Scarce held by the taut-drawn rein;
And a madness leaps into my breast,
And that wild waltz whirls in my brain.

By his mountain streams
We meet, and the waves glint through the shades;
And we light the morn with long thin gleams,
And wake it with clash of blades.
From some pale crag is borne
The owl's derisive laugh;
And the gray deer flies, like a shadow of dawn,
From the tide it fain would quaff.

A sudden wheel,
Then away, away, and the far hush rings
With hoof-beat, and chime of spurrèd heel;
And the blue air winds and sings
In the coils from each round gathering strength,
Ere I rise in my saddle for truer throw,
That the rope may spring its serpent length,
And drag from his seat my foe.

Was it an owl
Speedily flitting the trail across,
Or a twisted bough in its monk-like cowl
And robe of the long gray moss?
Or the race has frenzied the black's wild brain?
He rears, to the stout rein gives no heed,

Then backward, backward — curls and mane
Intermingled, necks broken, rider and steed.

Ah, señor,
She is mine. It was all long years ago:
And at eve, when we sit in our vine-hung door,
She speaks of Joaquin Castro,
How they found him there; and sweet drops start
From sweeter eyes. And who shall know
That the brand of Cain burns red on my heart,
Since the scar was spared my brow?

VIRGINIA PEYTON FAUNTLEROY.

CARMEN

LA GITANILLA! Tall dragoons,
In Andalusian afternoons,
With ogling eye and compliment
Smiled on you, as along you went
Some sleepy street of old Seville —
Twirled with military skill
Mustaches; buttoned uniforms
Of Spanish yellow bowed your charms.

Proud, wicked head, and hair blue-black!
Whence your mantilla, half thrown back,
Discovered shoulders and bold breast
Bohemian brown! And you were dressed
In some short skirt of gipsy red
Of smuggled stuff; thence stockings dead
White silk, exposed with many a hole,
Through which your plump legs roguish stole
A fleshly look; and tiny toes
In red morocco shoes with bows
Of scarlet ribbons. Daintily
You walked by me, and I did see
Your oblique eyes, your sensuous lip,
That gnawed the rose you once did flip
At bashful José's nose, while loud
Laughed the gaunt guards among the crowd.
And in your brazen chemise thrust,
Heaved with the swelling of your bust,

The bunch of white acacia blooms
Whiffed past my nostrils hot perfumes.
As in a cool *neveria*
I ate an ice with Mérimée,
Dark Carmencita, you passed gay,
All holiday-bedizenèd,
A new mantilla on your head;
A crimson dress bespangled fierce;
And crescent gold hung in your ears,
Shone, wrought morisco; and each shoe,
Cordovan leather spangled blue,
Glanced merriment; and from large arms
To well-turned ankles all your charms
Blew flutterings and glitterings
Of satin bands and beaded strings;
And round each arm's fair thigh one fold,
And graceful wrists, a twisted gold
Coiled serpents' tails fixed in each head,
Convulsive-jeweled glossy red.
In flowers and trimmings, to the jar
Of mandolin and low guitar,
You in the grated *patio*
Danced: the curled coxcombs' flirting row
Rang pleased applause. I saw you dance,
With wily motion and glad glance
Voluptuous, the wild *romalis*,
Where every movement was a kiss
Of elegance delicious, wound
In your Basque tambourine's dull sound;
Or as the ebon castanets
Clucked out dry time in unctuous jets,
Saw angry José through the grate
Glare on us a pale face of hate,
When some indecent colonel there
Presumed too lewdly for his ear.

Some still night in Seville, the street
Candilejo, two shadows meet—
Flash sabres crossed within the moon—
Clash rapidly—a dead dragoon.

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

À OUTRANCE

(France, Seventeenth Century)

Heigho! Why the plague did you wake me?
It's barely a half after four;
My head, too, is — ah! I remember
That little affair at the shore.
Well, I had forgotten completely!
I must have been drinking last night.—
Rapiers, West Sands, and sunrise;—
But whom, by the way, do I fight?

De Genlis! Ah, now I recall it!—
He started it all, did he not?
I drank to his wife — but, the devil!
He needn't have gotten so hot.
Just see what a ruffler that man is,
To give me a challenge to fight,
And only for pledging milady
A half-dozen times in a night.

Ah, well! it's a beautiful morning,—
The sun just beginning to rise,—
A glorious day for one's spirit
To pilgrimage off to the skies—
God keep mine from any such notion;—
This dual's *à outrance*, you see.—
I haven't confessed for a month back,
And haven't had breakfast, *tant pis!*

Well, here we are, first at the West Sands!
The tide is well out; and how red
The sunrise is painting the ocean;—
Is that a sea-gull overhead?
And here come De Genlis and Virron:
Messieurs, we were waiting for you
To complete, with the sea and the sunrise,
The charming effect of the view.

Are we ready? Indeed we were waiting
Your orders, Marigny and I.
On guard then it is,—we must hasten:
The sun is already quite high.

Where now would you like me to pink you?
I've no choice at all, don't you see;
And any spot you may desire
Will be *convenable* for me.

From this hand-shake I judge I was drinking
Last night, with the thirst of a fish;
I've vigor enough though to kill you,
Mon ami, and that's all I wish.
Keep cool, keep your temper, I beg you,—
Don't fret yourself — Now by your leave
I'll finish you off — Help, Marigny!
His sword's in my heart, I believe.

God! God! What a mortification!
The Amontillado last night —
Was drinking, you know, and my hand shook;—
My head, too, was dizzy and light.
And I the best swordsman in Paris!
No priest, please, for such as I am —
I'm going — Good-by, my Marigny;
De Genlis, my love to Madame.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

A CONQUEST

I FOUND him openly wearing her token;
I knew that her troth could never be broken:
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,—
He did the same, and he spoke no word.
I faced him with his villainy;
He laughed, and said, "She gave it me."
We searched for seconds, they soon were found:
They measured our swords; they measured the ground:
They held to the deadly work too fast —
They thought to gain our place at last.
We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood;
The fair white snow was red with his blood:
But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

BALLAD OF A BRIDAL

"OH, FILL me flagons full and fair
Of red wine and of white,
And, maidens mine, my bower prepare:
It is my wedding night!

"Braid up my hair with gem and flower,
And make me fair and fine:
The day has dawned that brings the hour
When my desire is mine!"

They decked her bower with roses blown,
With rushes strewed the floor;
And sewed more jewels on her gown
Than ever she wore before.

She wore two roses in her face,
Two jewels in her e'en;
Her hair was crowned with sunset rays,
Her brows shone white between.

"Tapers at the bed's foot," she saith,
"Two tapers at the head!"
(It seemed more like the bed of death
Than like a bridal bed.)

He came. He took her hands in his;
He kissed her on the face:
"There is more heaven in thy kiss
Than in Our Lady's grace!"

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
He kissed her three times o'er,
He kissed her brow, he kissed her eyes,
He kissed her mouth's red flower.

"O love! What is it ails thy knight?
I sicken and I pine:
Is it the red wine or the white,
Or that sweet kiss of thine?"

"No kiss, no wine or white or red
Can make such sickness be:
Lie down and die on thy bride-bed,
For I have poisoned thee!

"And though the curse of saints and men
Be for the deed on me,
I would it were to do again,
Since thou wert false to me!

"Thou shouldst have loved or one or none,—
Nor *she* nor I loved twain;
But we are twain thou hast undone
And therefore art thou slain.

"And when before my God I stand,
With no base flesh between,
I shall hold up my guilty hand,
And he shall judge it clean!"

He fell across the bridal bed,
Between the tapers pale.
"I first shall see our God," he said,
"And *I* will tell thy tale:

"And if God judge thee as I do,
Then art thou justified;
I love thee, and I was not true,
And that was why I died.

"If I might judge thee, thou shouldst be
First of the saints on high;
But ah, I fear God loveth thee
Not half so dear as I!"

EDITH (NESBIT) BLAND.

HER CREED

She stood before a chosen few,
With modest air and eyes of blue;
A gentle creature, in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

"You wish to join our fold," they said:
"Do you believe in all that's read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need?"

A troubled look was in her eyes;
She answered, as in vague surprise,
As though the sense to her were dim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

They knew her life; how, oft she stood,
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Oft had her voice in prayer been heard,
Sweet as the voice of singing bird;
Her hand been open in distress;
Her joy to brighten and to bless.

Yet still she answered, when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
"I only strive to follow Him."

Creeds change as ages come and go;
We see by faith, but little know:
Perchance the sense was not so dim
To her who "strove to follow Him."

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON.

A SAINT OF YORE

IN MEM., E. V.

WHO brings it, now, her sweet accord
To every precept of her Lord?
In quaintly fashioned bonnet
With simplest ribbons on it,
The older folk remember well
How prompt she was at Sabbath bell.

I see her yet; her decent shawl,
Her sober gown, silk mitts, and all.
The deacons courtly meet her,
The pastor turns to greet her,
And maid and matron quit their place
To find her fan or smooth her lace.

I see her yet, with saintly smile,
Pass slowly up the quiet aisle:
Her mien, her every motion,
Is melody, devotion;
Contagious grace spreads round her way,
The prayer that words can never pray.

Old Groveland Church! the good folk fill
It yet, up on the windy hill:
The grass is round it growing
For nearest neighbors' mowing;
The weathered, battered sheds, behind,
Still rattle, rattle, with the wind.

All is the same; but in yon ground
Have thickened fast the slab and mound.
Hark! Shall I join the praises?
Rather, among the daisies,
Let me, in peaceful thought, once more
Be silent with the saint of yore.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WITHIN

TO FAIL in finding gifts, and still to give;
To count all trouble ease, all loss as gain;
To learn in dying as a self to live—.
This dost thou do, and seek thy joy in pain?
Rejoice that not unworthy thou art found
For Love to touch thee with his hand divine.
Put off thy shoes,—thou art on holy ground;
Thou standest on the threshold of his shrine.
But canst thou wait in patience, make no sign,
And where in power thou fail'st,—oh, not in will!—
See sore need served by other hands than thine,
And other hands the dear desires fulfill,
Hear others gain the thanks that thou wouldst win,
Yet be all joy? Then hast thou entered in.

ANNA CALLENDER BRACKETT.

DORIS: A PASTORAL

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd-maiden—
Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers;
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer-roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed and hearkened,
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger;
She said, "We linger,—we must not stay:
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling:
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day:
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home;
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;
But if they love me, it's none so fervent,—
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:—
"Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die."

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine:
But I did brave them; I told her plainly
She doubted vainly,—she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,—
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY

A TRAGEDY

I

AMONG his books he sits all day
To think and read and write;
He does not smell the new-mown hay,
The roses red and white.

I walk among them all alone,—
His silly, stupid wife;
The world seems tasteless, dead and done—
An empty thing is life.

At night his window casts a square
Of light upon the lawn;
I sometimes walk and watch it there
Until the chill of dawn.

I have no brain to understand
The books he loves to read;
I only have a heart and hand
He does not seem to need.

He calls me "Child"—lays on my hair
Thin fingers, cold and mild;
O God of love, who answers prayer,
I wish I were a child!

And no one sees and no one knows
(He least would know or see)

That ere love gathers next year's rose,
Death will have gathered me;

And on my grave will bindweed pink
And round-faced daisies grow:
He still will read and write and think,
And never, never know!

II

It's lonely in my study here alone,
Now you are gone:
I loved to see your white gown 'mid the flowers,
While hours on hours
I studied—toiled to weave a crown of fame
About your name.

I liked to hear your sweet, low laughter ring;
To hear you sing
About the house while I sat reading here,
My child, my dear;
To know you glad with all the life-joys fair
I dared not share.

I thought there would be time enough to show
My love, you know,
When I could lay with laurels at your feet
Love's roses sweet;
I thought I could taste love when fame was won—
Now both are done!

Thank God, your child-heart knew not how to miss
The passionate kiss
Which I dared never give, lest love should rise
Mighty, unwise,
And bind me, with my life-work incomplete,
Beside your feet.

You never knew, you lived and were content:
My one chance went;
You died, my little one, and are at rest—
And I, unblest,
Look at these broken fragments of my life,
My child, my wife.

EDITH (NESBIT) BLAND.

HERMIONE

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has published a book with a dreary name:
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal,
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me, and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine wise name), but she
Stooped in her wisdom and married *me*.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrashed into me at school
The world and its fights have thrashed away:
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in city circles I say my say.
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the Times,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy-chair;
Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.
A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over
A filigree tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me?
And Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?

Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue about:
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife with the serious eyes
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learnèd lips that the learnèd praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days;
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men:
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs and blushes, and kisses again;
And presto! fly! goes her wisdom then!
For boy claps hands, and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me;
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out:
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learnèd face!

This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why,
For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT

From 'Farm Ballads.' Copyright 1882, by Harper & Brothers

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;—
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime:
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart:
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed:
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea;
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow:
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say:
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why then I won't live at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree:
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine:
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph,—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead;—a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay—
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at:
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon:

Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I'm dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

WILL CARLETON.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP

From 'Farm Ballads.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay:
Don't cut down your figures,—make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd have tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road:
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to have held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

«But,» says I, «we're too far along to take another track;
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two:»
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hilltop I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper 's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir,—I didn't come to inquire,—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross, the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

WILL CARLETON.

WHEN MY COUSIN COMES TO TOWN

CHERRY VALLEY'S finest raiment —
Quaint, yet beautiful to see —
Rightly decks its fairest claimant
To sweet femininity.

Miss New York, *au fait* in fashion,
Smiles at Cherry Valley's gown —
Smile half envy, half compassion —
When my cousin comes to town.

Miles on miles of streets of shopping;
How she revels in the sights!
Every window finds her stopping
To examine its delights.

And I join in her inspection,
For two sparkling eyes of brown
Show in the plate-glass reflection
When my cousin comes to town.

If she warms about the city
In her healthy, happy way,
Miss New York politely witty
Is about her *naïveté*.

But to men, such girlish rapture
Is a far from common noun,
And each day shows some fresh capture
When my cousin comes to town.

Goes the maid to Seidl's, Sousa's,
Horse Show, Metropolitan —
Over each one she enthuses
As but Cherry Valley can.

Is it strange when breezes waft her
Homeward, sorrow weighs me down?
I am "broke" for six weeks after,
When my cousin comes to town.

W. P. BOURKE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY

From 'Nothing to Wear'

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather:
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall,—
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store:
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,—
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Argo
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,—
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest that they invested

Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert — this you know is between us —
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove:
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love —
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;
It was one of the quietest business transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,—
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like,—now stop, don't you speak,—
And you must not come here more than twice in a week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball;
But always be ready to come when I call:
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,—
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be,
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free:
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey, and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say I caught—her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied: "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust; for 'tis now nine and more:
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your Ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon — " I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn-up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade." —
"Your blue silk — " "That's too heavy." — "Your pink — "
"That's too light." —
"Wear tulle over satin." "I can't endure white." —
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch — "
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match." —
"Your brown moire-antique — " "Yes, and look like a
Quaker." —
"The pearl-colored — " "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week." — "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation." —
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* — " "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it;
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen." —
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine,
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine — "
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted,"

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash—
Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you!—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher):
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief:
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say:
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry,—I hardly knew how,—
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,—
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

A THRENODY

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."—London Papers of January 22d, 1878

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,—
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.

Dead, dead, dead:
Sorrow, Swats!
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats wham he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water:
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,

But laid 'mid worms to rot,—
His mortal part alone;—his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround,
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned:
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

OLD GRIMES

OLD GRIMES is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned:
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er:
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view:
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances:
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran:
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

NARCISSUS IN CAMDEN (1882)

[«In the course of his lecture, Mr. —— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met —— ——. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. . . . On the table was a simple cruse of water.»]

PAUMANOKIDES

WHO may this be?
This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing,
Toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eyeballs uprolling,
As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl, the mallard, in the thundering of the storm,
By the weedy shore of Paumanok my fish-shaped island.

Sit down, young man!
I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity,
I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,
Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucous-throated, monotonous-chanting,
Loves the Elevated Railroad employé of Mannahatta, my city;
I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,
Sit down *élève*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS

O clarion, from whose brazen throat
Strange sounds across the sea are blown,
Where England, girt as with a moat,
A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,
What joy, large flower of Western land!
To seek thy democratic door,
With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES

Right you are!
Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my comrade!
I do not doubt you are the one I was waiting for, as I loafed here enjoying my soul,
Let us two under all and any circumstances stick together from this out!

NARCISSUS

Seeing that isle of which I spake but late
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy
Beckoned me thence to this ideal State,
Where maiden fields of life Hellenic wait
For one who in clear culture walks apart
(Avoiding all rude clamors of the mart
That mar his calm) to sow the seeds of great
Growths yet to be — the love of sacred Art,
And Beauty, of this breast queen consecrate,
Whose throne mean Science seeks to violate;
The flawless artist's lunacy serene,
His purely passionate and perfect hate
And noble scorn of all things Philistine.

PAUMANOKIDES

Hold up there, Camerado!
Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, and Art, the perpetuator of Beauty, is all very good as far as it goes, but you can tell your folks,
Your folks in London, or in Dublin, or in Rome, or where the Arno flows, or where Seine flows,
Your folks in the picture-galleries, admiring the Raphaels, the Tintorettos, the Rubenses, Vandykes, Correggios, Murillos, Angelicos of the world,
(I know them all, they have effused to me, I have wrung them out, I have abandoned them, I have got beyond them) —

NARCISSUS

[*aside, with tenderness*]

Ah, Burne-Jones!

PAUMANOKIDES

Tell them that I am considerably more than Beauty!
I, representing the bone and muscle and cartilage and adipose tissue and pluck of the Sierras, of California, of the double Carolinas, of the Granite State, and the Narragansett Bay State, and the Wooden Nutmeg State!
I, screaming with the scream of the bald-headed bird the eagle in the primitive woods of America my country, in the hundred and sixth year of these States!

Dear son, I have learned the secret of the Universe,
I learned it from my original *bonne*, the white-capped ocean,
I learned it from the Ninth-Month Equinoctial, from the redwood tree, and the Civil War, and the hermit-thrush, and the telephone, and the Corliss engine,
The secret of the Universe is not Beauty, dear son, nor is it Art the perpetuator of Beauty,
The secret of the Universe is to admire one's self.
Camerado, you hear me!

NARCISSUS

Ah, I too, loitering on an eve of June
Where one wan narciss leaned above a pool,
While overhead Queen Dian rose too soon,
And through the Tyrian clematis the cool
Night airs came wandering wearily,—I too,
Beholding that pale flower, beheld life's key at last, and knew

That love of one's fair self were but indeed
Just worship of pure Beauty; and I gave
One sweet, sad sigh, then bade my fond eyes feed
Upon the mirrored treasure of the wave,
Like that lithe beauteous boy in Tempe's vale,
Whom hapless Echo loved—thou knowest the Heliconian tale!

And while heaven's harmony in lake and gold
Changed to a faint nocturne of silvern-gray,
Like rising sea-mists from my spirit rolled
The grievous vapors of this Age of Clay,
Beholding Beauty's re-arisen shrine,
And the white glory of this precious loveliness of mine!

PAUMANOKIDES

I catch on, my Comrade!—
You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done.
Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.
Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Mannahatta, my city,
Formless, reckless,
Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,
Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped, the goat,
Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow hand-bill, the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and varicolored circus poster:

Mine too, for reasons, such arrays;
Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatesse of dilettantes.
Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS

[*gracefully waiving the point*]

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,
Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words:

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,
Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,
Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES

Do not be deceived, dear son;
Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer.
Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,
Dante the *I*-talian was a cute man in his way,
But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer,
I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer!
And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,
To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americanos!

NARCISSUS

What more is left to say or do?
Our minds have met; our hands must part.
I go to plant in pastures new
The love of Beauty and of Art.
I'll shortly start.
One town is rather small for two
Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES

So long!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

RHYME OF THE RAIL

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles grow thicker,—
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,—
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to a stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-à-vis:
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking.
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE SEA

She was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she:
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock;—
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she:
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band;—
Not a sign of water to be seen,
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she:
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

Eva L. Ogden.

FROM 'CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS'

Go 'way fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin';
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn,—
Fur Noah tuk de Herald, an' he read de ribber column;—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all the wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin',

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' what wuz gwine to happen;
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot of ebry sort of beas'es:
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon 's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, and busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled,—tell whut wid all de fussin'
You c'u'd'nt hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stand de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twas berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it:
An' den de mighty question riz—how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit for banjo-stringin':
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder.
Some went to pattin', some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways—his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger, dar's de banjo an' de 'possum.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE V-A-S-E

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
*Sinistra quum Bostonia.**

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

*It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

THE POSTER KNIGHT TO HIS LADY

O H PRITHEE, swing thy casement wide
And listen, gentle maid,
While I, thy poster knight, twang forth
A poster serenade.

The dark-mauve sun has sunk to rest
Behind the square red hill;
No more the orange ostrich struts
Beside the yellow rill.

The pale-blue cows with coral eyes
Have left the sable lawn;
And all the dainty purple sheep,
They too, beloved, have gone.

Cavorting through the chocolate hedge,
No ramphorhyncus comes;
From yonder plum-tree none essay
To pluck the curly plums.

Then haste, I pray thee, loved one, haste!
Bind up that Nile-green tress;
Enhance thy beauteous angles by
Thy most composite dress.

Then forth into the Beardsley night
We'll issue hand in hand,
To plight our fin-de-siècle vows
In dreaming Poster Land.

SCHUYLER KING.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY

H ANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blayin':
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I vent dere, you'll pe pound.
I valzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash seven kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer,
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse;
Ven de sopper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house.
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.
We all cot troonk as bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE PROTEST

As long as I'm a Protestant,
I'm bounden to protest:
Come, every German musiciant,
And fiddle me his best!
You're singing of "the free old Rhine";
But I say, No, good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest.
And since that time I've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped;
And blessed be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest,—
That who's a Protestant indeed
For ever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me?
For from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
What always was confessed,
As long as we are Protestants,
We sternly must protest.
And when they sing "the free old Rhine,"
Answer them "No," good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that you shall protest.

George Herwegh.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin':
You's pawful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out:
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll w'ar dis line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up:
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,—
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks, dey would 'a' beat him:
Now dat would only heat him;
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger;
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,—
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de Debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?

Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'!
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

OLD ASSYRIAN

IN THE Black Whale at Ascalon
A man drank day by day,
Till, stiff as any broom-handle,
Upon the floor he lay.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The landlord said, "I say,
He's drinking of my date-juice wine
Much more than he can pay!"

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The waiters brought the bill,
In arrow-heads on six broad tiles,
To him who thus did swill.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The guest cried out, "O woe!
I spent in the Lamb at Nineveh
My money long ago!"

In the Black Whale at Ascalon,
The clock struck half-past four,
When the Nubian porter he did pitch
The stranger from the door.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
No prophet hath renown;
And he who there would drink in peace
Must pay the money down.

JOSEF VIKTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

Translation of C. G. Leland.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those who dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the revolution.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,

My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir:
And this preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I nevermore will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Author Unknown.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES

ST. ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the Devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature:
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set;
All the sermon forget:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

Author Unknown.

THE THREE WARNINGS

A Tale

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years,—
So much that in our later stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess but few perceive,—
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round and all were gay,
On Neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room:
And looking grave — "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go:
This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard:
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,

In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when again I call this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell:
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined:
"To spare the aged would be kind.
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings,

But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cried Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."
"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast:
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unwarrantable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along; no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

HESTER THRALE PIOZZI

THE LADYE LOVE

From 'The Yearn of the Romantic'

SHE was hardened not with knowledge of the boarding-school or college;
She was sung at oft in language that she did not understand;
But was learned in all romancing, and in dancing, and in glancing—
Stately, fair, and tender-hearted was the Ladye of the Land.

Though she dressed in shocking fashion, she inspired the deepest passion,
And a tune upon her lutelet was a very dangerous thing;
For her smiles, were all imploring, and her sigh set all adoring,
And she strung the hearts around her like the beads upon a string.

Now, at tourneys gayly quartered, she would see her lieges slaughtered,
Till the solitary relic crawled to crown her "Beauty's Queen";
Then, from tops of balustradings, she would sigh to serenadings,
Or, with hawk or hound and suitors, she would gallop o'er the green.

Any summer morn awaking, full of sentiment and quaking
At the ditties and the clatter of her lovers keeping guard,
She'd behold with charming satisfaction — peeping through her lattice —
Scores of guitars and of gallants shattered all about her yard!

Any day she'd feel neglected if not forcibly selected
As the booty of some Baron, who would make her will his law;
Any night she'd slumber hoping to be wakened by eloping
On the pommel of the saddle of a Knight she never saw.

Then, how charmingly exciting! setting twenty knights to fighting,
And be forced to wed the victor, who would come to claim her glove!
Or to have to sit for hours in the tallest kind of towers,
On the thinnest sort of diet, till her heart should learn to love!

They would call her cold and cruel: yet they'd fight the daily duel,
And lay vows of love eternal and despairing at her shrine;
When at last some one would win her, they would oft neglect their dinner,
And would talk for days of dying, or of far-off Palestine!

When her Liege would go crusading, or his neighbors' lands invading,
Then from highest turret windows would she wave her lily hands:
Or, perchance, ere seeking Vandals, he would lock her safe from scandals,
And she'd pine, from quiet convents, for her lord in Paynim lands.

Thus, a-smiling and a-sighing, and a-laughing and a-crying,
With her eyes as stars or diamonds, and her hair as silk or gold —
Never maid so sentimental, never matron half so gentle,
Never love so true and tender, as the Ladye Love of old!

GEORGE M. DAVIE.

CAGES AND RHYMES

BLESS your hearts, ye little birds,
That you woke me with your singing!
Balmily the vernal air
Greets me, from my pillow springing!

And the little birds sang on,
Undisturbed by my appearing;
True and trustful, there they sat,
With their hymns the morning cheering.

For the darlings noticed not
Snares I slyly spread around them,
Till their little feet were caught
In the threads that closely bound them.

Every morn (I thought) their songs
Would a thrill of joy send through me;
And of happiness the deep
Secret they would whisper to me.

Ah! my error soon I found;—
Say, what stillness has come o'er you?
In a golden palace lodged,
Plenteous food and drink before you!

But no answer did they give,
Pecking wildly at the wire;
And no morning serenade
Can I win for love or hire. . . .

Many a grand and stately thought
Round my musing mind will flutter,
Which, with sweat of brow and brain
Caught in rhyme, I fain would utter.

But so stiff and dead they seemed,
With these fetters round them clinging,
Never they, you would have deemed,
From a human heart came singing.

KARL KNORTZ.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

LARKS AND NIGHTINGALES

ALONE I sit at eventide:
The twilight glory pales,
And o'er the meadows far and wide
Chant pensive bobolinks.
(One might say nightingales!)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,
I hear the purling brook,
And from the old "manse o'er the lea"
Flies slow the cawing crow.
(In England 'twere a rook!)

The last faint golden beams of day
Still glow on cottage panes,
And on their lingering homeward way
Walk weary laboring men.
(Oh, would that we had swains!)

From farm-yards, down fair rural glades
Come sounds of tinkling bells,
And songs of merry brown milkmaids,
Sweeter than oriole's.
(Yes, thank you — Philomel's!)

I could sit here till morning came,
All through the night hours dark,
Until I saw the sun's bright flame
And heard the chickadee.
(Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,
No swains, no nightingales,
No singing milkmaids (save in books):
The poet does his best —
It is the rhyme that fails!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

LAPSUS CALAMI

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse;
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass;

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens:
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore,—
When the Rudyards cease from kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more?

James Kenneth Stephen.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

Conversation between an Anxious Mother and a Policeman at the World's Exhibition

"Good policeman, tell me, pray,
Has my daughter passed this way?
You may know her by her bonnet,
Yellow shawl, and brooch upon it:
Far and near I've sought the girl;
I have lost her in the whirl.
Do you think she yonder goes,
Where the Crystal Fountain flows?"

"Ma'am," says he, "on this here ground,
Whatsomdever's lost is found:
Rest quite heasy in your mind,—
I your daughter soon will find!
Though she's got to forrin lands,
Hicy-burgs or Hegypt's sands,
Still, depend on 't, soon she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Perhaps Italian h'art attracts
Her, or them there flowers in wax.
May be she has got hup-stairs
In among they heasy-chairs,
And like Gulliver is sleeping
Where them Lillipushums 's creeping:
But she'll wake, and then she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Yet, good ma'am, I should explain,
She may stop a bit in Spain,
Smelling of them Porto snuffs,
Looking at the Turkish stuffs;
Or if warm, a Chiny fan,
Offered by the Tartar man,
Will refresh her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"She may see the silver things,—
Little watches, chains, and rings;
Or mayhap, ma'am, she may stray
Where the monster horgans play;
Or the music of all sorts,
Great and small pianny-forts,
May detain her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Or she may have gone in hope
Of a patent henvelope
To take home,—and if she's able,
Try to see the Roman table;
Or insist on one peep more
At the sparkling Koh-hi-nore:
Then, the chance is, on she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Well, policeman, certainly
You're the man to have an eye
Over such a place as this,
And to find a straying Miss!
Pray, good man, my daughter tell,
When she hears them ring the bell,
I shall find her, if she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

From Punch.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK

MANY and many a year ago—
To say how many I scarcely dare—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old and touched with gold
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous Clock.

Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear:
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
From the coffin shape with its brooding face
That stands on the stair (you know the place),
Saying, "Click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,
To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 'twas young.
And we saw St. Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,

As the crowd beneath in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul
What a touch of genius was in the whole:
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;
And much I pondered, if he whose brain
Had builded this clock with labor and pain
Did only think, Twelve months there are,
And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair;
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
Well-beloved John is the sign of June,
And changeful Peter hath April hours,
And Paul the stately, October bowers,
And sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,
Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works?

Author Unknown.

TO «PROWL,» MY CAT

You are life's true philosopher,
An epicure of air and sun,
An egoist in sable fur,
To whom all moralists are one.

You hold your race-traditions fast,—
While others toil, you simply live;
And, based upon a stable past,
Remain a sound conservative!

You see the beauty of the world
Through eyes of unalloyed content,
And in my study chair upcurled,
Move me to pensive wonderment!

I wish I knew your trick of thought,
The perfect balance of your ways;
They seem an inspiration caught
From other laws in older days.

Your padded footsteps prowl my room
Half in delight and half disdain;
You like this air of studious gloom
When streets without are cold with rain!

Some day, alas! you'll come to die,
And I shall lose a constant friend;
You'll take your last look at the sky,
And be a puzzle to the end!

"C. K. B." in London Spectator.

FOHI'S RETRIBUTION

FOHI the righteous, after journeyings wide,
A wealthy woman's house at night espied,
And faint from hunger, weary, and foot-sore,
Asked if he might not rest within her door.

But she was stern: "Vagrant, your way pursue;
My house was not designed for such as you:"
And, crowding him aside with cold disdain,
"No roving vagabonds I entertain."

Oppressed in heart, he turned his heavy feet
Where a poor woman lived across the street;
But ere he could his simple speech begin,
She met him at the gate and led him in.

Mixing some goat's milk with her crumbs of bread,
"This is my only food," the woman said;
"But if Fohi the humble fare should bless,
There will be full enough for both, I guess."

Then she prepared for him a couch of straw,
And when he fell asleep, with grief she saw
He had no under-robe — a plight so sad,
She made him one from all the cloth she had.

When from their breakfast guest and hostess rise,
She begged him not her simple gift despise,
And journeying with him for a little way,
He said, "May your first work last all the day."

Arriving home, she took the linen weft,
To fold and lay aside the pieces left,

When lo! it grew, till she, by working hard,
Filled up with cloth by night her house and yard!

When her rich neighbor saw this wondrous pelf,
Deeply annoyed, and vexed within herself,
She thought, although her lips could not complain,
"No such good fortune shall escape again."

Months after, Fohi came along once more,
When the rich woman met him at the door,
And pressed him in, and made him take a seat,
And cooked her very best for him to eat.

Then in the morning, sleep and breakfast done,
Of her fine garments gave she Fohi one,
And journeying with him for a little way,
He said, "May your first work last all the day."

So, turning back, but thinking all the while
Her cloth would turn into a mountainous pile,
She heard her cows, thirsting for water, low,
And said, "To fetch you drink, poor beasts, I go."

But as she poured into the trough her pail,
It emptied not, nor ever seemed to fail;
She kept on pouring, but it ran all day,
And drowned her cows, and swept her house away.

Her neighbors thought the highest heavens had rained,
And of the ruin to their lands complained—
Yet never ceased the source of all her ills
Until the sun sank down behind the hills.

JOEL BENTON.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's right,
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought:
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought,

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne,—
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thoughts he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed:
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still:
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last—
The hero hailed the sign!—
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender silken line!
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even he who runs may read,—
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE WANTS OF MAN

«Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.»
— GOLDSMITH.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so—
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine;—
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And cashmere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck;
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high for wholesome air,—
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround;
A thousand acres (bless the mark),
With walls encompassed round,

Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls
For comfort and for ease;—
But here, as space is somewhat scant
And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms—
Correggio's 'Magdalen' and 'Night,'
The 'Matron of the Chair,'
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing-press for private use
Of fifty thousand *ems;*
And plants and minerals and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight
With sculpture's richest mold;
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes all the same;
And porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sèvres or Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors,

My walls, with tapestry bedecked,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetic for the skin require
And artificial blooms.

The civet, fragrance shall dispense
And treasured sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel
To bear divine chastisement's rod;
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye;
An ever listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need.
In Heaven's sublimest strain:
And lips, the cause of man to plead.
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never-failing wealth
To scatter far and near,

The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill;
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will
And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land:
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human-kind:
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,

My soul, in humble hope unscared,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

AFTER THE PLAY

MID the tawdry purple and tinsel bright,
With a mimic crowd bowing low at his feet.
In crown and sceptre of gilt bedight,
And a poor robe falling in fold and pleat,
He stalks on the stage and takes a seat.
Ah well, let him prosper while he may:
The curtain's soon down, for the hours are fleet,
And the king's but a beggar after the play.
In his borrowed plumage, poor shallow cheat,
He struts the stage with a strange conceit;
But let him prosper while he may,
The king's but a beggar after the play.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

THE CLOWN'S SONG

"HERE I am!"—and the house rejoices;
Forth I tumble from out the slips;
"Here I am!"—and a hundred voices
Welcome me on with laughing lips.
The master, with easy pride,
Treads the sawdust down;
Or quickens the horse's stride,
And calls for his jesting clown.

"What, ho, Mr. Merriman!—Dick,
Here's a lady that wants your place."
I throw them a somerset, quick,
And grin in some beauty's face.
I tumble and jump and chaff,
And fill them with wild delights;
Whatever my sorrow, I laugh
Through the summer and winter nights.

I joke with the men, if I dare;
Do they strike, why I cringe and stoop;
And I ride like a bird in air,
And I jump through the blazing hoop.
Whatever they say or do,
I am ready with joke and gibe;
And whenever the jests are new,
I follow, like all my tribe.

But life is not all a jest,
Whatever the wise ones say;
For when I steal home to rest
(And I seek it at dawn of day),
If winter, there is no fire;
If summer, there is no air:
My welcome's a hungry choir
Of children, and scanty fare.

My wife is as lean a scold
As famine can make man's wife;
We are both of us sour and old
With drinking the dregs of life.
Yet why do I sigh? I wonder,
Would the Pit or the Boxes sigh,
Should I wash off my paint, and, under,
Show how a fool must die?

Author Unknown.

THE FOOLS' WALTZ

NEARER and clearer than monarch and minister,
Rabble and gabble, and hypocrites sinister,
Warriors and sages of far-away ages,
Are the Fools that flit through the historical pages.

They gazed somewhat dazed through their patches and powder,
They wondered and blundered and ever laughed louder;
While crown tumbled down, and while creed flew to pieces,
Their range was the change of their daily caprices.

While savage did ravage and bigotry tortured,
They rambled or gambled, or planted an orchard.
They clicked the light heel in the strathspey and reel,
Built castles, held wassails, chased moths, and played tennis;
Broke the lance for fair France, and went masked in gay Venice,

They spent as they went, and were reckless of rules,
Bade defiance to science, and scoffed at the schools,
Had their flings at their kings, and were pert to the proudest;
Must joke if they spoke, and themselves laughed the loudest;

Winking and wooing, whatever was doing,
Though storms of reforms and rebellions were brewing,
Talking and mocking the age that they grew in,
They quaffed the gay draught round the red fires of ruin.

Smiling and sneering, they flit out of hearing,
They bow themselves airily out of our pages;
No sound underground of their jesting and jeering,
The dear little Fools of the far-away ages!

Can marble rest heavy on all that gay bevy,
Who parted light-hearted, and knew no returning?
Are there ghosts full of laughter that haunt the hereafter,
Too mocking for bliss and too merry for burning?

Remember—forget them—it never will fret them,
Who gibed at misfortune whenever she met them;
At joust and at revel cast care to the devil,
And lived all their lives on whoever would let them.

Concede them the meed that is due the departed!
Slight thinker, deep drinker, lax friend and light lover;
A tear not too tender, for they were light-hearted;
A laugh not too loud, for their laughter is over;

A prayer light as air for the dead and gone Fools,
Too light and too slight to be tyrants or tools!
Who with jest and with zest took the world as they found it;—
Perhaps they did best just by dancing around it!

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME

QUIET as are the quiet skies,
He watches where the city lies
Floating in vision clear or dim
Through sun or rain beneath his eyes;
Her songs, her laughter, and her cries
Hour after hour drift up to him.

Her days of glory or disgrace
He watches with unchanging face;
  He knows what midnight crimes are done;
  What horrors under summer sun;
And souls that pass in holy death
Sweep by him on the morning's breath.

Alike to holiness and sin
He feels nor alien nor akin;
  Five hundred creeping mortal years
  He smiles on human joy and tears,
Man-made, immortal, scorning man;
Serene, grotesque Olympian.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

AFTER WINGS

THIS was your butterfly, you see.
  His fine wings made him vain?—
The caterpillars crawl, but he
  Passed them in rich disdain?—
My pretty boy says: «Let him be
  Only a worm again»?

O child, when things have learned to wear
  Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
  Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
  To be a worm again!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

CONTRASTS

STRANGE, that we creatures of the petty ways,
  Poor prisoners behind these fleshly bars,
Can sometimes think us thoughts with God ablaze,
  Touching the fringes of the outer stars.

And stranger still that, having flown so high,
  And stood unshamed in shining presences,
We can resume our smallness, nor imply
  In mien or gesture what that memory is.

RICHARD BURTON.

DREAM-PEDDLERY

IF THERE were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing-bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?—

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.—

But there were dreams to sell,
Ill didst thou buy:
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking to die.—
Dreaming a dream to prize
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?—

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?—
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways:
Vain is the call.—

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.—

Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

ALIEN

WHOM the great goddess once has kissed
Between the brows,
His heart shall find no dwelling-place
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof,
Where mountains loom,
And swirling winds about his face
With words of doom;

The valleys when he walks therein
Are kind and warm,
Yet ever drift across his soul
Strange gusts of storm.

If, weary, he shall stop beside
An opened door,
Dreaming, "This hearthstone is my goal,
To wend no more,"

A tumult as of snows adrift
Shall fill his ears,
His heart-strings feel the old-time lure
Adown the years,

And he shall turn from that warm light
With still regret
That dreams were made not to endure—
Nor to forget.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

CINDERELLA

HERE by the kitchen fire I sit
Until the generous loaves be brown:
The firelight flickers up and down;
I, waiting, ponder over it.

The cat comes purring to my knee,
And, springing in my lap, she lies,
The firelight darting in her eyes,
And old traditions come to me.

"The black cat," so the legends say,
"The witches ride by night," forsooth!
The fancy-witchery of youth
Has touched the room with mystery!

The clock ticks slow, the fire burns down.
I see strange faces in the grate—
A hooded monk, a Muse, a Fate,
An ancient knight with armor on!

I see a mask: I know it hides
The smile of one I know by day—
The face behind it drops away
And leaves a pair of burning eyes!

I wait—the firelight glimmers red—
Where is my fairy coach-and-four
To take me from the narrow door,
By eager longing fancy-led?

The cat is restless where she lies:
The soul of one who lived below
A thousand years and more ago
Looks through me from her narrow eyes!

The clock strikes slowly from the wall—
I count the heavy strokes to eight;
The fire burns lower in the grate;
A mouse is stirring in the wall!

I rouse me from my revery—
I strike a match—I kneel before
And open wide the oven door—
King Alfred fared as ill as I!

DORA READ GOODALE.

A WOMAN'S WISH

WOULD I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds on deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry,
In eager haste, from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast;—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing,—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long:

And I am tired,—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through

Aye, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed,—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

OUT OF DOORS

IN THE urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still:
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

LONGING

O TROUBLED sea, that longest evermore
From out thy cold and sunless depths to rise
To the bright orb that draws thee toward the skies,
And beat'st thy breast against the unyielding shore,
In the vain struggle to unloose the bands
That bind thee down to earth; in thy despair,
With sullen roar now leaping high in air,
Now moaning, sobbing on the insatiate sands,—
Type of the soul art thou: she strives like thee,
By time and circumstance and law bound down;
She beats against the shores of the unknown,
Wrestles with unseen force, doubt, mystery,
And longs forever for the goal afar,
That shines and still retreats, like a receding star.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

AN ANTIQUE INTAGLIO

SO INFINITELY small we scarce may trace
The magic touches of the graver's hand;
And yet so great that Time himself doth stand
With envious gaze, all powerless to efface.
Here lie the power and skill and wondrous grace
That might the stateliest palaces have planned;
And one soul's lifelong toil perchance is spanned
Within this little circle's narrow space.
Was he content, the artist? Did he burn
With ardent pride and sweet creative bliss
O'er thy perfected loveliness, nor yearn
For wider spheres and mightier work than this?
Or from thy beauty would he sadly turn,
And sigh, and gaze on the Acropolis?

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old; I'm sixty years:
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And, to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind:
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend:

One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan:
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

* * *

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) half-way on
The old man died upon the road:
He never gazed on Carcassonne.—
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

Translation of John R. Thompson.

A RADICAL

HE NEVER feared to pry the stable stone
That loving lichens clad with silvery gray;
Torn ivies trembled as they slipped away,
Their empty arms now loose and listless blown.
Then turning, with that ardor all his own,
"Behold my better building!" he would say.
"I rear as well as raze: nor by decay
Nor foe nor fire can this be overthrown!"

What was it? Had he keener sight than we?
We saw the ruin, more we could not see;
His blocks were jasper air, a dream his plan.
We called him Stormer: ever he replied,
"Unbroken calm within my breast I hide."
Now God be judge betwixt us and this man!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

FROM 'DUNSTAN; OR THE POLITICIAN'

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold,
Our shop is duller:
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost its old
Red-republican color.
Though he was sickly and thin,
'Twas a sight to see his face,
While, sick of the country's sin,
With a bang of the fist, and chin
Thrust out, he argued the case!
He prophesied men should be free,
And the money-bags be bled!
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching full fine and fleet,
While old Moses on his seat
Sat greasily grinning;
And here Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death;
And the tallow burned all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath.
Weary, weary were we,
Our hearts as heavy as lead;
But "Patience! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here
The rest allowed to us,
The paper came, and the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us:
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jests about;—
The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and the gay!
How he turned 'em inside out!

And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said—
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter, "Master!
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step *here*
A little faster!"
Then, 'twas fine to see Tom flame,
And argue, and prove, and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame,
Or a fit of coughing came
O' sudden, to spoil Tom's speech.
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see
When Tyranny should be sped—
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,—
The hard hours shook him;
Hollower grew his cheek;
And when he began to speak
The coughing took him:
Ere long the cheery sound
Of his chat among us ceased,
And we made a purse, all round,
That he might not starve, at least.
His pain was sorry to see,
Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
"She's coming, in spite of me!
Courage, and wait!" cried he:
"*Freedom's* ahead!"

A little before he died,
To see his passion!
"Bring me a paper," he cried,
And then to study it tried,
In his old sharp fashion;
And with eyeballs glittering,
His look on me he bent,

And said that savage thing
Of the lords o' the Parliament.
Then, dying, smiling on me,
"What matter if *one* be dead?
She's coming at last!" said he:
"Courage, boy! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
The shop feels duller:
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost the old
Red-republican color.
But we see a figure gray,
And we hear a voice of death,
And the tallow burns all day,
And we stitch and stitch away
In the thick smoke of our breath;
Ay, while in the dark sit we,
Tom seems to call from the dead—
"She's coming! she's coming!" says he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord! how long
Must thy handmaid linger—
She who shall right the wrong,
Make the poor sufferer strong?
Sweet morrow, bring her!
Hasten her over the sea,
O Lord! ere hope be fled!
Bring her to men and to me!—
O slave, pray still on thy knee,
FREEDOM'S ahead!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DUTY

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

A DISCOVERY

THE languid world went by me as I found
A jewel on the ground,
Under a silent weed,
A nameless glory set for none to heed.
"Stoop, see, and wonder!" was my joyful cry,
But still the languid world went only by.

I drew it forth, and set it on a hill:
They passed it still.
Some turned to look,
And said it was a pebble from the brook;
A dewdrop, only made to melt away;
A worthless mirror, with a bordered ray.

Then on my knees I shouted forth its praise
For nights and days.
"See with your eyes
A diamond shining only for the wise!
How is it that you love not at first sight
This unfamiliar treasure of pure light?"

I set it on my breast. Then, with a sneer,
The world drew near.
They knew the sign
And secret of my praise: the thing was mine.
They left it to me with a bland disdain,
And hugged their tinsel to their hearts again.

I showed it to the dearest soul I had:—
"*You* are not mad;
Let them go by:
We *know* it is a diamond, you and I."
Coldly he answered, "If you love it so,
You need not me to praise it. Let me go."

"It is my sin," I cried with bitter tears,
"That no man hears.
I'll fling it down:
Some nobler hand shall set it in a crown.
I shall behold it honored ere I die;
But no one could have loved it more than I!"

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

COMBATANTS

He seemed to call me, and I shrank dismayed,
Deeming he threatened all I held most dear;
But when at last his summons I obeyed,
Perplexed and full of fear,
I found upon his face no angry frown—
Only a visor down.

Indignant that his voice, so calm and sweet,
In my despite unto my soul appealed,
I cried, "If thou hast courage, turn and meet
A foeman full revealed!"
And with determined zeal that made me strong,
Contended with him long.

But oh, the armor he so meekly bore
Was wrought for him in other worlds than ours!
In firm defense of what he battled for
Were leagued eternal powers!
I fell; yet overwhelmed by my disgrace,
At last I saw his face!

And in its matchless beauty I forgot
The constant service to my pledges due;
And with adoring love that sorrowed not,
Entreated, "Tell me who
Hath so o'erthrown my will and pride of youth?"
He answered, "I am Truth."

Florence Earle Coates.

TO-DAY

Voice, with what emulous fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English scorners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way:
Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
Of man for man in the mean populous streets of To-day!

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring hot-sanded,
Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay:
Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild-beast Want, bare-handed!
Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day!

Helen Gray Cone.

UNKNOWN IDEAL

WHOSE is the voice that will not let me rest?
I hear it speak.
Where is the shore will gratify my quest,
Show what I seek?
Not yours, weak Muse, to mimic that far voice,
With halting tongue;
No peace, sweet land, to bid my heart rejoice
Your groves among.

Whose is the loveliness I know is by,
Yet cannot place?
Is it perfection of the sea or sky,
Or human face?
Not yours, my pencil, to delineate
The splendid smile!
Blind in the sun, we struggle on with fate
That glows the while.

Whose are the feet that pass me, echoing
On unknown ways?
Whose are the lips that only part to sing
Through all my days?
Not yours, fond youth, to fill mine eager eyes
That still adore
Beauty that tarries not, nor satisfies
For evermore.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE SILENCE

From 'Les Villages Illusoires'

EVER since ending of the summer weather,
When last the thunder and the lightning broke,
Shattering themselves upon it at one stroke,
The Silence has not stirred there in the heather.

All round about stand steeples straight as stakes,
And each its bell between its fingers shakes;
All round about with their three-storied loads,
The teams prowl down the roads;
All round about where'er the pine woods end,
The wheel creaks on along its rutty bed,

But not a sound is strong enough to rend
That space intense and dead.

Since summer, thunder laden, last was heard,
The Silence has not stirred;
And the broad heath-land where the nights sink down,
Beyond the sand-hills brown,
Beyond the endless thickets closely set,
To the far borders of the far-away,
Prolongs It yet.

Even the winds disturb not as they go
The boughs of those long larches, bending low
Where the marsh-water lies,
In which Its vacant eyes
Gaze at themselves unceasing, stubbornly;
Only sometimes, as on their way they move,
The noiseless shadows of the clouds above,
Or of some great bird's hovering flight on high,
Brush It in passing by.
Since the last bolt that scored the earth aslant,
Nothing has pierced the Silence dominant.
Of those who cross Its vast immensity,
Whether at twilight or at dawn it be,
There is not one but feels
The dread of the Unknown that It instills;
An ample force supreme, It holds Its sway,
Uninterruptedly the same for aye.
Dark walls of blackest fir-trees bar from sight
The outlook towards the paths of hope and light;
Great pensive junipers
Affright from far the passing travelers;
Long narrow paths stretch their straight lines unbent,
Till they fork off in curves malevolent;
And the sun, ever shifting, ceaseless lends
Fresh aspects to the mirage whither tends
Bewilderment.

Since the last bolt was forged amid the storm,
The polar Silence at the corners four
Of the wide heather-land has stirred no more.
Old shepherds, whom their hundred years have worn
To things all dislocate and out of gear,
And their old dogs, ragged, tired-out, and torn,
Oft watch It, on the soundless lowlands near,

Or downs of gold beflecked with shadows' flight,
Sit down immensely there beside the night.

Then, at the curves and corners of the mere,
The waters creep with fear;
The heather veils itself, grows wan and white;
All the leaves listen upon all the bushes,
And the incendiary sunset hushes
Before Its face his cries of brandished light.
And in the hamlets that about It lie,
Beneath the thatches of their hovels small,
The terror dwells of feeling It is nigh;
And though It stirs not, dominating all,
Broken with dull despair and helplessness,
Beneath Its presence they crouch motionless,
As though upon the watch—and dread to see,
Through rifts of vapor, open suddenly
At evening, in the noon, the argent eyes
Of Its mute mysteries.

EMÉLE VERHÄEREN.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

THE HELMSMAM.

WHAT shall I ask for the voyage I must sail to the end alone?
Summer and calms and rest from never a labor done?
Nay, blow ye life-winds all; curb not for me your blast:
Strain ye my quivering ropes, bend ye my trembling mast,
Then there can be no drifting, thank God! for boat or me,—
Strenuous, swift, our course over a living sea.
Mine is a man's right arm to steer through fog and foam;
Beacons are shining still to guide each farer home.
Give me your worst, O winds! others have met the stress:
E'en if it be to sink, give me no less, no less.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

SEALED ORDERS

From 'Poems' by Julia C. R. Dorr. Copyright, 1874, 1885, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"OH, WHITHER bound, my captain?
The wind is blowing free,
And overhead the white sails spread
As we go out to sea."

He looked to north, he looked to south,
Or ever a word he spake;—
"With orders sealed my sails I set—
Due east my course I take."—

"But to what port?"—"Nay, nay," he cried,
"This only do I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever wind may blow."

For many a day we sailèd east;—
"O captain, tell me true,
When will our good ship come to port?"—
"I cannot answer you!"—

"Then, prithee, gallant captain,
Let us but drift awhile!
The current setteth southward
Past many a sunny isle,

"Where cocoas grow, and mangoes,
And groves of feathery palm,
And nightingales sing all night long
To roses breathing balm."—

"Nay, tempt me not," he answered:
"This only do I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever winds may blow!"

Then sailed we on, and sailed we east
Into the whirlwind's track;
Wild was the tempest overhead,
The sea was strewn with wrack.

"Oh, turn thee, turn thee, captain—
Thou'rt rushing on to death!"
But back he answer shouted,
With unabated breath:—

"Turn back who will, I turn not!
For this one thing I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
However winds may blow!"—

"Oh, art thou fool or madman?
Thy port is but a dream,
And never on the horizon's rim
Will its fair turrets gleam."

Then smiled the captain wisely,
And slowly answered he,
The while his keen glance widened
Over the lonely sea:—

"I carry sealèd orders.
This only thing I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever winds may blow!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE STAR TO ITS LIGHT

"GO," SAID the star to its light:
"Follow your fathomless flight!
Into the dreams of space
Carry the joy of my face.
Go," said the star to its light:
"Tell me the tale of your flight."

As the mandate rang
The heavens through,
Quick the ray sprang,
Unheard it flew,
Sped by the touch of an unseen spur.
It crumbled the dusk of the deep
That folds the worlds in sleep,
And shot through night with noiseless stir.

Then came the day;
And all that swift array
Of diamond-sparkles died.
And lo! the far star cried,
"My light has lost its way!"
Ages on ages passed:
The light returned at last.

"What have you seen,
What have you heard—
O ray serene,
O flame-winged bird,
I loosed on endless air?
Why do you look so faint and white?"
Said the star to its light.

"O star," said the tremulous ray,
"Grief and struggle I found;
Horror impeded my way.
Many a star and sun
I passed and touched on my round.
Many a life undone
I lit with a tender gleam;
I shone in the lover's eyes,
And soothed the maiden's dream.
But alas for the stifling mist of lies!
Alas, for the wrath of the battle-field
Where my glance was mixed with blood!
And woe for the hearts by hate congealed,
And the crime that rolls like a flood!
Too vast is the world for me,—
Too vast for the sparkling dew
Of a force like yours to renew.
Hopeless the world's immensity!
The suns go on without end;
The universe holds no friend:
And so I come back to you."

"Go," said the star to its light:
"You have not told me aright.
This you have taught: I am one
In a million of million others—
Stars, or planets, or men;
And all of these are my brothers.
Carry that message, and then
My guerdon of praise you have won!
Say that I serve in my place;
Say I will hide my own face
Ere the sorrows of others I shun.
So, then, my trust you'll requite.
Go!"—said the star to its light.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE GUIDE-POST

D'YE know the road to th' barrel o' flour?
At break o' day let down the bars,
And plow y'r wheat-field, hour by hour,
Till sundown,—yes, till shine o' stars.

You peg away the livelong day,
Nor loaf about, nor gape around;
And that's the road to the thrashin'-floor,
And into the kitchen, I'll be bound!

D'ye know the road where dollars lay?
Follow the red cents, here and there;
For if a man leaves them, I guess
He won't find dollars anywhere.

D'ye know the road to Sunday's rest?
Jist don't o' week-days be afeard;
In field and workshop do y'r best,
And Sunday comes itself, I've heerd.

On Saturdays it's not fur off,
And brings a basketful o' cheer,—
A roast, and lots o' garden-stuff,
And, like as not, a jug o' beer!

D'ye know the road to poverty?
Turn in at every tavern-sign;
Turn in,—'tis temptin' as can be:
There's bran'-new cards and liquor fine.

In the last tavern there's a sack;
And when the cash y'r pocket quits,
Jist hang the wallet on y'r back—
You vagabond! see how it fits!

D'ye know what road to honor leads,
And good old age? a lovely sight!
By ways o' temperance, honest deeds,
And tryin' to do y'r dooty right.

And when the road forks, ary side,
And you're in doubt which one it is,
Stand still, and let y'r conscience guide:
Thank God, it can't lead much amiss!

And now, the road to church-yard gate
You needn't ask! Go anywhere!
For, whether roundabout or straight,
All roads, at last, 'll bring you there.

Go, fearin' God, but lovin' more!
I've tried to be an honest guide;—
You'll find the grave has got a door,
And somethin' for you t'other side.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL.

Translation of Bayard Taylor.

IF WE HAD THE TIME

IF I HAD the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so,—
It might be then I should see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal.
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whippoorwill,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained,—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

RICHARD BURTON.

THE ROSEMARY

My sweet maid Rosemary—
(Her gown it is so plain
E'en Vanity,
Dressed thus, could not be vain!)—
Doth preach to me,
When this my life doth seem
All small and mean,
And full of briers to be;

For in the rain or sun,
Cloaked all in modest gray,
This garden nun
Doth stand as though to pray!

Content, she never heeds
If flaunting Poppy scorns,
Nor marks that weeds
Do tear her gown with thorns;
She tells her beads,
And lives her life with joy,
Her one employ
To fill some small, sweet needs!

Margaret Deland.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US

The time for toil has passed, and night has come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

MOODS OF THE SOUL

I—IN TIME OF VICTORY

AS SOLDIERS after fight confess
The fear their valor would not own
When, ere the battle's thunder-stress,
The silence made its mightier moan:

Though now the victory be mine,
'Tis of the conflict I must speak,
Still wondering how the Hand Divine
Confounds the mighty with the weak.

To-morrow I may flaunt the foe—
Not now; for in the echoing beat
Of fleeing heart-throbs well I know
The bitterness of near defeat.

O friends! who see but steadfast deeds,
Have grace of pity with your praise.
Crown if you must, but crown with weeds,—
The conquered more deserve your bays.

No, praise the dead!—the ancestral roll
That down their line new courage send,

For moments when against the soul
All hell and half of heaven contend.

II — In Time of Defeat

Yes, here is undisguised defeat;
You say, "No further fight to lose":
With colors in the dust, 'tis meet
That tears should flow and looks accuse.

I echo every word of ruth
Or blame; yet have I lost the right
To praise with you the unfaltering truth,
Whose power — save in me — has might?

Another day, another man;
I am not *now* what I have been:
Each grain that through the hour-glass ran
Rescued the sinner from his sin.

The future is my constant friend;
Above all children born to her
Alike her rich affections bend —
She, the unchiding comforter.

Perhaps on her unsullied scroll,
(Who knows?) there may be writ at last
A fairer record of the soul
For this dark blot upon the past.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

ROYALTY

I am a princess royal, — child of a royal line;
All the broad moorlands I look on — lea, strand, and meadow — are mine!

Oh, I may wander at will over shores by the breakers kissed;
I may look seaward, skyward, though sunbeams fall as they list.

Mine is a race anointed, — mighty the name I bear;
Mine is the glory of giving, mine is the purple to wear.

Ay, mine to send, if I will it, ships to the end of the sea!
Mine to await their home-coming, the eyes of the people on me.

Sometimes the wind from the northlands, scourging the surf too bold,
Blows the hair back from my forehead: purple seems all too cold.

Sometimes my brows are wearied,—crown-gold seems woven with rue;
Chanceth it then I remember purple is dark of hue.

O ye, my people, ye wist not that shadows, forgetting the throne,
E'en as they fall upon your lives, darken the path of my own.

Nay, but to shrink from the thorn-sting,—turn, if a shadow be seen,—
Maketh a princess less royal, maketh a queen not a queen.

Royalty? Nay, O my sisters! What doth it mean but to smile,—
Ay, and walk on, face unshadowed,—out of the sunlight the while!

Crown? Yea, there is one of fire: best it beseemeth a head
Bowed not to dark nor to tempest whither the way hath led.

Thorns spring low in the wayside,—and should a queen look down?
Yet—O thou King, my Father, help me to wear my crown!

JOSEPHINE PEABODY.

THE RICHEST PRINCE

ALL their wealth and vast possessions
Vaunting high in choicest terms,
Sat the German princes feasting
In the knightly hall of Worms.

«Mighty,» cried the Saxon ruler,
«Are the wealth and power I wield:
In my country's mountain gorges
Sparkling silver lies concealed.»

«See my land with plenty glowing,»
Quoth the Palgrave of the Rhine:
«Bounteous harvests in the valleys,
On the mountains noble wine.»

"Spacious towns and wealthy convents,"
Louis spake, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Würtemberg's beloved monarch,
Eberard the Bearded, cried:—
"See, my land hath little cities;
Among my hills no metals bide:

"Yet one treasure it hath borne me!
Sleeping in the woodland free,
I may lay my head in safety
On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utterance,
Cried aloud those princes three:—
"Bearded count, thy land hath jewels!
Thou art wealthier far than we!"

JUSTINUS KERNER.

Translation of H. W. Dulcken.

LOUIS XV.

THE King with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused;
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale-green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe:
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he;

For truth to say, he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed,
Before him now most plainly came:
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

«Why, who art thou?» exclaimed the King,
«And what is that I see thee bear?»—
«I am a laborer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil.»

The laborer ne'er had seen the King,
And this he thought was but a man;
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:—
«I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

«Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?»—
«Oh! nothing more than usual, sir:
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabel and tax,
And feed his children, so he died.»

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
«It is, you know, a common thing:
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and King.»
The King looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour
How came it that the peasants died.

JOHN STERLING.

THE PEOPLE'S PETITION

O LORDS! O rulers of the nation!
O softly clothed! O richly fed!
O men of wealth and noble station!
Give us our daily bread.

For you we are content to toil,
For you our blood like rain is shed;
Then, lords and rulers of the soil,
Give us our daily bread.

Your silken robes, with endless care,
Still weave we; still unclothed, unfed,
We make the raiment that ye wear:
Give us our daily bread.

In the red forge-light do we stand;
We early leave, late seek, our bed,
Tempering the steel for your right hand:
Give us our daily bread.

Throughout old England's pleasant fields,
There is no spot where we may tread;
No house to us sweet shelter yields:
Give us our daily bread.

Fathers are we; we see our sons,
We see our fair young daughters, dead:
Then hear us, O ye mighty ones!
Give us our daily bread.

'Tis vain,—with cold, unfeeling eye
Ye gaze on us, unclothed, unfed;
'Tis vain,—ye will not hear our cry,
Nor give us daily bread.

We turn from you, our lords by birth,
To him who is our Lord above;
We all are made of the same earth,
Are children of one love.

Then, Father of this world of wonders!
Judge of the living and the dead!
Lord of the lightnings and the thunders!
Give us our daily bread.

WATHEN MARK WILKS CALL.

THE SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES

WE PLOW and sow — we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know — we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet:
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go — we're so very, very low —
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines.
And whenever he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay:
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low — we're low — mere rabble, we know;
But at our plastic power,
The mold at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower;
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door:
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, — we're very, very low, —
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get, and what we give,
We know, and we know our share:
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear!

We're low — we're low — we're very, very low;
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low — we're low — our place we know,
We're only the rank and file:
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

ERNEST CHARLES JONES.

THE BALLAD OF THE COMMON FOLK

From 'Gringoire'

KINGS, in your turn that will be judged some day,
Think upon those that lack of all delight;
Have pity on the folk that love and pray,
That know no joy, that weary day and night,
That delve the soil, that die for you in fight.
Their life is like the damnèd souls' in fire,
That never know the taste of their desire.
The luckiest barefoot and anhungered go;
The scorching sun, the rain, the frost, the mire—
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

Like beasts that wear their lives in toil away,
Within his hovel is the wretched wight.
Will he for once make merry and be gay,
For harvest reaped or for a bridal night,
Thinking at least to mark one day with white,
Down swoops his lord upon the luckless sire,
With outstretched hand, and greed that yet more dire
From satisfaction of its lust doth grow,
And like a vulture empties barn and byre.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

Have pity on the wretched fool whose play
Unknits your brow; the fisher that for fright
Starts, when the levin leaps athwart his way;
The dreamy blue-eyed maiden, humbly dight,
That spins before her door in the sunlight;
Have pity on the mother's void desire,
Clasping her starving infant nigh and nigher,
(Ah God! that little children should die so!)
To warm its frozen limbs for lack of fire.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

ENVOI

For all poor folk I crave your pity, sire:
The peasant lying in the frozen mire,
The nun that telling o'er her beads doth go,
And for all those that lack their heart's desire.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

Translation of John Payne.

SONG OF THE FORGE

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring—
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky
The mighty blows still multiply:
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?—

Clang, clang! we forge the colter now—
The colter of the kindly plow:
Sweet Mary, mother, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang—our colter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amidst the song of the morning birds,
Amidst the low of the sauntering herds,
Amidst soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land;
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled
A ruddy sky of living gold,
We bless—we bless the plow.—

Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?—
Clink, clank—we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive back before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;

Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.—

Say on what sand these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep:
By Afric's pestilential shore,
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,
By many a palmy western isle
Basking in spring's perpetual smile,
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crushing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah! Cling, clang! once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?—

Clang, clang—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or, mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps and Tyrol's hills;
Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—

Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is liberty,—when men do stand
For justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the sword.

Author Unknown.

THE COWBOY

"WHAT care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know!
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cow-boy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth, as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-bush dry
In the hot white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.
With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood's days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him heedless off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the goblet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and twine
The lasso that often brings him down.
With his soaked sombrero,
His rent chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He staggers back
On the homeward track,
And shouts to the plains — who cares, who cares!

'Tis over late at the ranchman's gate —
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun —
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,

He dashes past
With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat — who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers;
But a trail on the wind keeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind,
Through the hum of the solemn noon he hears.
With his dark sombrero,
His stained chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He sidles down
Where the grasses brown
May hide his face while he sobs — who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he?
This is the strain, common at least:
He is free and vain of his bridle-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull gray plain;
He is ever vain of his broncho beast!
With his gray sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

JOHN ANTROBUS.

THE SONG OF THE SONS OF ESAU

YE SMOOTH-FACED sons of Jacob, hug close your ingleside;
Guard well the market in its wealth, the palace in its pride!
Oh, blithe it is to wander, and the world is wide!

Hard straining at their cables, the captive vessels ride:
Haul up the prisoning anchor, swing out upon the tide!
Oh, grandly fills the canvas, and the sea is wide!

Mysterious spreads the forest, where strange shy creatures bide:
Within its dim remoteness, who knows what wonders hide?
Oh, softly step the wild things, and the jungle's wide!

Across the stretching desert the tireless camels stride,
The scorching sun above them, the scorching sands beside.
Oh, steady swing the camels, and the plain is wide!

Through leagues on leagues of ice-fields, the time-old glaciers slide
Across the drifted valley, from drifted mountain-side.
Oh, keenly stings the Northwind, and the snow is wide!

We cannot help but wander, whatever fate betide;
We seek the vast far places, nor trail nor chart to guide.
The restlessness is on us, and the world is wide!

Oh, canny sons of Jacob, to fret and toiling tied,
We grudge you not the birthright for which your father lied!
We own the right of roaming, and the world is wide!

For you the pomp and power, prosperity and pride:
For us the happy wilderness, and not a care to chide.
To give us room to wander was the world made wide!

BERTHA BROOKS RUNKLE.

STROLLERS

WE HAVE no castles,
We have no vassals,
We have no riches, no gems and no gold;
Nothing to ponder,
Nothing to squander:
Let us go wander
As minstrels of old.

You with your lute, love,
I with my flute, love,
Let us make music by mountain and sea;
You with your glances,
I with my dances,
Singing romances
Of old chivalry.

«Derry down derry!
Good folk, be merry!
Hither, and hearken where happiness is!—
Never go borrow
Care of to-morrow,
Never go sorrow
While life hath a kiss.»

Let the day gladden
Or the night sadden,
We will be merry in sunshine or snow;
You with your rhyme, love,
I with my chime, love,
We will make time, love,
Dance as we go.

Nothing is ours,
Only the flowers,
Meadows, and stars, and the heavens above;
Nothing to lie for,
Nothing to sigh for,
Nothing to die for
While still we have love.

«Derry down derry!
Good folk be merry!
Hither, and hearken a word that is sooth:—
Care ye not any
If ye have many
Or not a penny,
If still ye have youth!»

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

A LOAFER

I HANG about the streets all day,
At night I hang about;
I sleep a little when I may,
But rise betimes the morning's scout;
For through the year I always hear
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops;
My skin shows here and there;
About my face like seaweed droops
My tangled beard, my tangled hair;
From cavernous and shaggy brows
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from Eastern wretchedness
Through Fleet Street and the Strand;

And as the pleasant people press,
I touch them softly with my hand,
Perhaps to know that still I go
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven:
I hear the ghostly cry,
As if a still voice fell from heaven
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folk lie
In sepulchres no tempest stirs,
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass:
Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow!
Oh, strength and comeliness! Alas,
The lustrous health is earth, I know
From shrinking eyes that recognize
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate;
For I have chosen the better part,
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.
With placid breath, on pain and death—
My certain alms—alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,
The pale unechoing note,
The faint "Aha!" sent from the wall
Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat
Of human breed or seraph's seed,—
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THRESHED OUT

I HEARD the sudden Binder roar;
I heard the Reaper shout:
God flung me on his threshing-floor—
His oxen trod me out!—

And here I lie, all bruised and brown,
Beneath the trampling feet—
The Ragweed and the Thistledown,
The Cockle and the Wheat!

ROBERT K. KERNIGHAN.

THE VAGABONDS

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog;—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen);
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir, I never drink:
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!—

That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy—thank you—there, it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story: you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir: they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now: that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot:
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:—
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone,—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man:
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a "gemman" to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die:
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; not let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE MAKING OF MEN

As the insect from the rock
Takes the color of its wing;
As the bowlder from the shock
Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
Makes itself a perfect form,
Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enameled warm
With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
Whatsoe'er its lot may be,—
Building, as the heavens roll,
Something large and strong and free,—
Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
Friendlier than the smiling days.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

THE LARGER PRAYER

At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Ednah Dean Cheney.

GIFTS

"O World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street;
His priests were gods; his spice-balmed kings enshrined
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day, and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame;

Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

«O World-God, give me power!» the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride;
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home:
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

«O Godhead, give me truth!» the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted: he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him; and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land;
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour:
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

EMMA LAZARUS.

A POET'S HOPE

LADY, there is a hope that all men have,—
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn, gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our race,—
That when that fearful bourn's forever past,
They may find rest—and rest *so* long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever:
My path is onward to the farthest shores.
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,

Motionless not until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited
That tessellate the unseen unthought star;
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam!

Ah, caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly see:
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed dæmons of my ancestry!
Your son though blinded hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,—
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay:
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE LAST POET

"WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

"Is it not long since empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,

And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—"How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

Translation of N. L. Frothingham.

WE ARE THE MUSIC-MAKERS

WE ARE the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

ACCORDANCE

He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ-keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music, vault and nave and aisle,
Though on his ear falls but a thundrous roar,—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, and hymn
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on these changing chords of life,
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of truth, and love, and duty, evermore,
Knows too that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

Anne C. L. Botta.

CHOPIN

I

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen, fairy woof
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof.
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow
Of necks unkerchieft, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs.
So yearns, though all the dancing waves rejoice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus's miracles? This subtle strain
Above our prose world's sordid loss and gain
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,

The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The Polish poet who sleeps silenced long,
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again
Eternal eloquence, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,
Slowly consuming with its inward flame—
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.

III

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine
As the sad spirit of the evening breeze,
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine
As the wild bird's untutored melodies.
A voice for him 'neath twilight heavens dim,
Who mourneth for his dead, while round him fall
The wan and noiseless leaves. A voice for him
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the call
Of the first robin on the first spring day.
A voice for all whom Fate hath set apart,
Who, still misprized, must perish by the way,
Longing with love, for that they lack the art
Of their own soul's expression. For all these
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reveries.

IV

Then Nature shaped a poet's heart,—a lyre
From out whose chords the slightest breeze that blows
Drew trembling music, wakening sweet desire.
How shall she cherish him? Behold! she throws
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl
Of seething passions: he is scourged and stung;
Must dive in storm-vext seas, if but one pearl
Of art or beauty therefrom may be wrung.
No pure-browed pensive nymph his Muse shall be:
An Amazon of thought with sovereign eyes,
Whose kiss was poison, man-brained, worldly-wise,
Inspired that elfin, delicate harmony.
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well?—
The poet who must sound earth, heaven, and hell!

EMMA LAZARUS.

WHAT THE SONNET IS

Fourteen small broidered berries on the hem
Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold;
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that rolled
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
With which Medea human fate foretold;
Fourteen small drops which Faustus, growing old,
Craved of the Fiend, to water life's dry stem.
It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;
The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;
The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE BOOK-STALL

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade:
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maple's breezy shade,
Than the book-stall old and gray.
Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sear.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain:

And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep
In the book-stall old and gray.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A BOOK-LOVER'S APOLOGIA

TEMPTATION lurks in every leaf
Of printed page or cover,
Whene'er I haunt the book-shops old,
Their treasures rare discover;
Or when, in choicest catalogues,
Among which I'm a rover,
My heart leaps up their names to see,—
For am I not their lover?

I linger o'er each dainty page
With loving touch and tender;
But find their sweet, seductive charms
Soon call me to surrender.
Brave fight, 'twixt heart and my lean purse,
My loved books' strong defender!
More precious for the valiant strife
That love is called to render!

But when in Bibliopolis
Their dear forms round me cluster,
While rank on rank and file on file
In gathering numbers muster,
Think you I mind the sordid tongues
That soulless talk and bluster,
Or weigh, against their priceless worth,
The golden dollar's lustre?

Ah, no! since there are drink and food
For which the soul has longings,
And in its daily, upward strife,
Finds both in such belongings,—

Dear books! loved friends, full meet ye are
To greet the earliest dawnings
Of all the happiest days in life,
Of all its brightest mornings!

HARRIETTE C. S. BUCKHAM.

THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOKWORM

I READ, O friend, no pages of old lore,
Which I loved well — and yet the flying days,
That softly passed as wind through green spring ways
And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore;
Though in clear Plato's stream I look no more,
Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,
Nor with bold Dante wander in amaze,
Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.
I read a book to which old books are new,
And new books old. A living book is mine —
In age, three years: in it I read no lies,
In it to myriad truths I find the clue —
A tender little child; but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON

THE Muse's fairest light in no dark time,
The wonder of a learnèd age; the line
Which none can pass! the most proportioned wit,—
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own;
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

GIVE ME THE OLD

«Old Wine to drink, Old Wood to burn, Old Books to read, Old Friends to converse with.»

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whisky hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter:
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet:
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,—
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence, lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,

Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie:
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found:
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will:
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs, and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise,
Brought charmèd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
He, like sad Jaques, found a music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he:
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified,
And lost his gods in deep Christ-given rest.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THEOCRITUS

AH! UNTO thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus,—
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine the blood-red revels,
Thine the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North:
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire,
Of mariners rocked asleep
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train:
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,—
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring,—
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And Autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall,—
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,

The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

ANNIE FIELDS.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON

A BALE-FIRE kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke all England woke,—
It climbed so high, it roared so loud:

While over Massachusetts's pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched,—
It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
And mariners are glad for these,—
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

THE AMERICAN PANTHEON

LINES ON GRISWOLD'S 'POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA'

WHEN Rufus Griswold built his pantheon wide,
And set a hundred poets round its walls,
Did he suppose their statues would abide
The tests of time, upon their pedestals?

A hundred poets,—some in Parian stone
Perchance, and some in brittle plaster cast,
And some mere shades, whose names are scarcely known,
Dii minores of a voiceless past.

Time was when many there so neatly niched
Held each within his court a sovereign sway;
Each in his turn his little world enriched,—
The ephemeral poet-laureate of his day.

Ah, what is fame! Star after star goes out,
Lost Pleiads in the firmament of Truth;
Our kings discrowned ere dies the distant shout
That hailed the coronation of their youth.

Few are the world's great singers. Far apart,
Thrilling with love, yet wrapped in solitude,
They sit communing with the common Heart
That binds the race in common brotherhood.

A wind of heaven o'er their musing breathes,
And wakes them into verse,—as April turns
The roadside banks to violets, and unsheaths
The forest flowers amid the leaves and ferns.

And we, who dare not wear the immortal crown
Or singing robes, at least may hear and dream
While strains from prophet lips come floating down,
Inspired by them to sing some humbler theme.

Nay, nothing can be lost whose living stems,
Rooted in truth, spring up to beauty's flower.
The spangles of the stage may flout the gems
On queenly breasts—but only for an hour.

The fashion of the time shall stamp its own.
The heart, the radiant soul, the eternal truth
And beauty born of harmony, alone
Can claim the garlands of perennial youth.

Oh, not for fame the poet of to-day
Should hunger. Though the world his music scorn,
The after-time may hear, as mountains gray
Echo from depths unseen the Alpine horn.

So, while around this pantheon wide I stray,
Where poets from Freneau to Fay are set,
I doubt not each in turn has sung a lay
Some hearts are not quite willing to forget.

For who in barren rhyme and rhythm could spend
The costly hours the Muse alone should claim,
Did not some finer thought, some nobler end,
Breathe ardors sweeter than poetic fame?

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE BOY VAN DYCK

A. D. 1608

In the gray old Flemish city
Sat a comely, fair-haired dame,
At a window's deep embrasure,
Bending o'er her broidery-frame.
Round her played her merry children,
As they wound about their heads
Fillets, pilfered in their mischief,
From her skeins of arras-threads.

Oft she turned her glance upon them,
Softly smiling at their play,
All the while her busy needle
Pricking in and out its way;
From the open casement gazing,
Where the landscape lay in view,
Striving from her silken treasures
To portray each varied hue.

"Nay, I cannot," sighed she sadly,
As the threads dropped from her hold,
"Cannot match that steely sapphire,
Or that line of burnished gold.
How it sparkles as it stretches
Straight as any lance across!
Never hint of such a lustre
Lives within my brightest floss!

"Ah, that blaze of splendid color!
I could kneel with folded hands,
As I watch it slowly dying
Off the emerald pasture-lands.
How my crimson pales to ashen
In this flood of sunset hue,
Mocking all my poor endeavor,
Foiling all my skill can do!"

As they heard her sigh, the children
Pressed around their mother's knees:
"Nay"—they clamored—"where in Antwerp
Are there broideries such as these?
Why, the famous master, Rubens,
Craves the piece we think so rare,—

Asks our father's leave to paint it
Flung across the Emperor's chair!"

"How ye talk!"—she smiled. "Yet often,
As I draw my needle through,
Gloating o'er my tints, I fancy
I might be a painter too:
I, a woman, wife, and mother,
What have I to do with Art!
Are not ye my noblest pictures?
Portraits painted from my heart!

"Yet I think, if midst my seven
One should show the master's bent,—
One should do the things I dream of,—
All my soul would rest content."
Straight the four-year-old Antonio
Answered, sobbing half aloud:—
"I will be your painter, painting
Pictures that shall make you proud!"

Quick she snatched this youngest darling,
Smoothing down his golden hair,
Kissing with a crazy rapture
Mouth and cheek and forehead fair—
Saying mid her sobbing laughter,
"So! my baby! *you* would like
To be named with Flemish Masters,
Rembrandt, Rubens, and—Van Dyck!"*

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HELENA

I AM Helen of Argos,
I am Helen of Sparta,
I, the daughter of Egypt,
I, the inflamer of Troy:
See me, Helen, still shining,
There where shines great Achilles:
Blossoms of summer I bring ye
Born not of shadows or dreams.

*The mother of Van Dyck was celebrated for her beautiful tapestry work. From her, her distinguished son inherited that taste for lucid color which has given him the name of "The Silvery Van Dyck."

Early from Argos he bore me,
Theseus, inconstant of lovers:
Early in Argos he bound me,
He, Menelaus the King;
Queen of the court and of feasting,
Queen of the heart and the temple,
Goddess and priestess and mother,
Holding Hermione's hand.

There in the chambers of purple,
Fair as the statue he gathered
Worshiped by great Menelaus,
I, his Helen, remained;
Pure as when Theseus snatched me
First from the temple of Dian,
Dancing the dances of childhood,
Bare to her ivory floors.

Theseus snatched me and held me,
Hiding me far in Aphidnai;
Quickly I slipped from his covert,
I, no longer enslaved.
Ah! Menelaus the gentle,
Gently but strongly he bound me:
Lo! with the ships I departed,—
Ships that were sailing for Troy.

Paris had beckoned me hither;—
Waves were leaping around me,
Whispering of freedom and gladness,
Paris whispered of love:
Thus in the meshes entangled
Woven by hard Aphrodite,
Lost was I, slave to her service,
She, the compeller of men.

There on the turrets of Troia,
Watching the combat of heroes,
There in the eye of the noble,
Sent she a woman to me;
Calling me hence to serve Paris,
He, the lascivious, the perfumed,—
She, the compeller, she drove me
Hence in the faces of all.

Slave was I, bound was I, Helen!
Once the queen of the hearth-side:

Bond was I, scorned, yet the mother,
Queen of Hermione's heart:
Gazing on Hector the princely,—
Dead, and Andromache weeping,
Tears were not mine! Alas, deeper
Lay my smart and my pain.

Hector, my brother beloved!
Dear to me, far above others,
Here on thy body lamenting
I too echo thy praise!
Listen, Andromache, listen!
Out of the deepness of silence
Calleth a voice unto thee:—

"Calm, O beloved, O dear one,
Calm are the valleys of Orcus,
Restful the streams and dim alleys
Shut from the clamor of men;
Restful to him who has labored,
Labored and loved and is waiting,—
Waiting to hold in his bosom
Child and mother again."

Hear me, Andromache, listen!
This is for thee; but for Helen
All is voiceless and barren,
Silent the valley of shades;
Faded her joy with the blossoms,
Dead on the heart of the summer!
Kypris, goddess, ah! free me,
Slave and child of thy will.

Long through the ages I suffered,
Suffered the calling of lovers;
Down through the ages I followed,
Won by the bidding of Faust:
Strong, unsubdued, and immortal,
I, the young mother of Sparta,
Stand here and bring ye these blossoms,
Fresh as the children of spring.

Down to the ships went the captives,
Unwilling procession of sorrow,
Cassandra behind Agamemnon,
Andromache bound with the rest:

I, Helen, walked with my husband;
Level my glance of pure azure,
Rosy my cheeks, lest the Spartans
Think less well of their king.

Helen, that years could not alter,
Nor bees that deflower the lilies,—
Helen, child of immortals,
Holding the reins of his steed:
Thus through the gateway of Sparta,
When the fires of Troy were extinguished,
Proud in his gladness and glory,
Proudly I brought them their king.

One sang, «Base was their Helen!»—
I, standing far above splendor,
Calm in the circle of godhead,
Moved not by striving of men,
Heard thus Stesichorus the singer,—
Mad raver, a poet, a mortal,—
While the gods and the heroes immortal
Struck the perjurer blind with their glance.

No longer he seeth where beauty
Abideth untouched of the earth-stained;
No more shall he mark in her coming
Persephone's noiseless feet;
No more, when Helen approacheth,
Shall he know the star of her forehead,
And Helen the false shall decoy him
With wiles and tales of her own.

Lovers, ah, lovers inconstant!
Ye have slain but the form and the semblance.
Know ye your Helen has vanished
And sleeps on a hero's breast.
Hers is the fire undying,
The light and the flame of the singer,
The mariner's lamp and his beacon,
His harbor of home and his rest.

ANNIE FIELDS.

AFTER CONSTRUING

LORD CÆSAR, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns,
And watched the ragged smoke-wreath float
Above the burning plains,

Amid the impenetrable wood,
Amid the camp's incessant hum,
At eve, beside the tumbling flood
In high Avaricum,

You little recked, imperious head,
When shrilled your shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed English boys.

Ah, me! who penetrates to-day
The secret of your deep designs,
Your sovereign visions, as you lay
Amid the sleeping lines?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands;
From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
No smile upon your haggard face;
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beside the statue's base.

I marvel: that Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page;
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revelers stumbling out
Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue,—
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

THE MODERN ROMANS

Under the slanting light of the yellow sun of October, [track.
A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the car-
Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents,—
Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musical *lingua Romana.*

Then came the thought, Why! these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;
These are the sons of the men who founded the empire of Cæsar.
These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule. [ures
The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes, and profiles, and fig-
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
"Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam."
See: Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;
Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar,—
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
Further along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;
And the next has precisely the bust of Cneius Pompeius.
Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;
Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription,
Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the market of Rome to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
And as I loitered, the Celt cried out, "Worruk, ye Dagos!
Full up your shovel, Paythro', ye haythen,—I'll dock yees a quarther!"
This he said to the one who resembled the great imperator.
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations.
Surely the ups and downs of this world are past calculation.
How the races troop o'er the stage in endless procession!
Persian and Arab and Greek, and Hun and Roman and Saxon,
Master the world in turn, and then disappear in the darkness,
Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.
"Possibly" (this I thought to myself) "the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top; but time may bring his revenges,
Turning the Fenian down once more to be 'bossed by a Dago.'"

Charles Frederick Johnson.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune.
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop — if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen —

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange mutations:
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

A KING IN EGYPT

I THINK I lie by the lingering Nile;
I think I am one that has lain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast;

Lying muffled in fold on fold,
With the gum and the gold and the spice enrolled,
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone;
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown,
And the lean, lithe lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head,
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead,
With my days all done, and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

IF THE sudden tidings came
That on some far, foreign coast,
Buried ages long from fame,
Had been found a remnant lost
Of that hoary race who dwelt
By the golden Nile divine,
Spake the Pharaohs' tongue, and knelt
At the moon-crowned Isis's shrine,—
How at reverend Egypt's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

If the sudden news were known,
That anigh the desert place
Where once blossomed Babylon,
Scions of a mighty race
Still survived, of giant build,—
Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage,
Whose ancestral fame had filled,
Trumpet-tongued, the earlier age,—
How at old Assyria's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

Yet when Egypt's self was young,
And Assyria's bloom unworn,
Ere the mythic Homer sung,
Ere the gods of Greece were born,
Lived the nation of one God,
Priests of freedom, sons of Shem,
Never quelled by yoke or rod,
Founders of Jerusalem;—
Is there one abides to-day?
Seeker of dead cities, say!

Answer, now as then, *they are:*
Scattered broadcast o'er the lands,
Knit in spirit nigh and far,
With indissoluble bands.
Half the world adores their God,
They the living law proclaim,
And their guerdon is—the rod,
Stripes and scourgings, death and shame:
Still on Israel's head forlorn,
Every nation heaps its scorn.

EMMA LAZARUS.

MOSES

Michael Angelo's Statue. Vatican, Rome

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;—
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest;
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — oh, wondrous thought!—
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

A DANISH BARROW

On the East Devon Coast

Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!
A sturdy-back and sturdy-limb,
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browses and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane! This restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep:
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And — vain memento of the spot —
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still! Thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again: no more
The raven from the northern shore
Hails the bold crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughtered kings,
'Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou — thy very name is lost!
The peasant only knows that here
Bold Alfred scooped thy flinty bier,
And prayed a foeman's prayer, and tost
His auburn head, and said, "One more
Of England's foes guards England's shore;" —

And turned and passed to other feats,
And left thee in thine iron robe,
To circle with the circling globe;
While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie; and let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they, —
By hurrying years urged on to rest,
As thou within the Mother's breast.

Francis Turner Palgrave

BONAVENTURA

The Old Burying-Place of Savannah

The broad white road flows by this place of tombs,
Set in the inlet's curving lines of blue.
Through the low arch, wide spreading tender glooms,
Stand the gray trees, light-veiled by those strange looms
That weave their palest thread of air and dew.

Gray moss, it seems the mist of tears once shed;
Dim ghost of prayers, whose longing once it spoke:
For still its fairy floating flags, o'erhead,
By every wind of morning visited,
Sigh in a silence that were else unbroke.

Silence, how deep! The Southern day half done
Is pierced by sudden thrills of autumn chill;
From the tall pine-trees black against the sun
The great brown cones, slow-dropping, one by one,
Fall on dead leaves, and all again is still!

So still, you hear the rush of hurrying wings
Beyond the river, where tall grasses grow.
Far off, the blackbird eddying dips and sings,
Or on the heavy-headed rice-stalk swings,
Slow-swaying with the light weight, to and fro.

This is the temple of most deep repose—
Guardian of sleep, keeper of perfect rest!
Silently in the sun the fair stream flows;
Upon its unstirred breast a white sail goes
From the blue east into the bluer west.

Nature herself, with magic spell of power,
Stands in these aisles and says to all things "Peace!"
Nothing she hears more harsh than growth of flower
Or climbing feet of mosses that each hour
Their delicate store of softest green increase,

Or flying footsteps of the hurrying rain.
No need have we to pray the dead may sleep,
That in such depths of perfect calm can pain
No entrance find; nor shall they fear again
To turn and sigh, to wake again or weep.

Ellen Frances Terry Johnson.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air;
Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways, and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,—
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
But in its kind and supplicating grace,
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity;
To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
One tribute more to this submissive ground;—
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride.

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear;
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

William Ellery Channing.

HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN»

I knew a much-loved mariner
Who lies a fathom underground;
Above him now the grasses stir,
Two rose-trees set a bound.

From a high hill his grave looks out
Through sighing larches to the sea;
Now for the ocean's raucous rout
All June the humblebee

Drones round him on the lonely steeps,
And shy wood-creatures come and go
Above the green mound where he keeps
His silent watch below.

An elemental man was he:
Loved God, his wife, his children dear,
And fared through dangers of the sea
Without a sense of fear.

And, loving nature, he was wise
In all the moods of wave and cloud:
Before the pageant of the skies
Nightly his spirit bowed;

Yet reckoned shrewdly with the gale,
And felt the viking's fierce delight
To face the north wind's icy hail,
Unmoved to thought of flight.

But wheresoe'er his prow was turned,
His thoughts, like homing pigeons, came
Back where his casement candle burned
Through many a league its flame.

Exiled from all he loved, at last
The summer gale has brought him home,
Where on the hillsides thickly massed
The elders break in foam.

The lonely highways that he knew
No longer hold him; nor the gale,
Sweeping the desolated blue,
Roars in his slanting sail.

For he has grown a part of all
The winter silence of the hills;
For him the stately twilights fall,
The hemlock softly shrills

In mimicry of gales that woke
His vigilance off many a shore
Whereon the vibrant billows broke.
Now he awakes no more.

He wakes no more! Ah me! his grief
Was ever that the sea had power

To hold from him the budding leaf,
The opening of the flower.

And so he hungered for the spring—
The hissing, furrow-turning plow,
The first thin notes the bluebirds sing,
The reddening of the bough.

Wave-deafened, many a night he stood
Upon his watery deck, and dreamed
Of thrushes singing in the wood,
And murmurous brooks that streamed

Through silver shallows, and of bees
Lulling the summer afternoon
With mellow trumpetings of ease,
Of drowsiness the boon;

And dreamed of growing old at home,
The wise Ulysses of his crew
Of children's children, who would roam
With him the lands he knew,

And, wide-eyed, face with him the gale,
And hear the slanting billows roar
Their diapason round his rail—
All safe beside his door.

Now he has come into his own,—
Sunshine and bird-song round the spot,
And scents from spicy woodlands blown,—
Yet haply knows it not.

But round the grave where he doth keep,
Unsolaced by regret or woe,
His narrowed heritage in sleep,
The little children go.

They shyly go without a sound,
And read in reverent awe his name,
Until for them the very ground
Doth blossom with his fame.

L. Frank Tooker.

SLEEP ON, MY LOVE

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last "good-night!" Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

BISHOP CHICHESTER.

SMITH OF MAUDLIN

My chums will burn their Indian weeds
The very night I pass away,
And cloud-propelling, puff and puff
As white the thin smoke melts away;
Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half-closed,
Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
Will say, "This very pipe I use
Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."

That night in High Street there will walk
The ruffling gownsmen three abreast,
The stiff-necked proctors, wary-eyed,
The dons, the coaches, and the rest:
Sly "Cherub Sims" will then propose
Billiards, or some sweet ivory sin;
Tom cries, "He played a pretty game—
Did honest Smith of Maudlin."

The boats are out!—the arrowy rush,
The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength;
The Balliol men have wopped the Queen's—
Hurrah!—but only by a length.
Dig on, ye muffs, ye cripples, dig!
Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin!
The man who bobs and steers cries, "Oh,
For plucky Smith of Maudlin."

Wine parties met—a noisy night;
Red sparks are breaking through the cloud;
The man who won the silver cup
Is in the chair erect and proud.
Three are asleep—one to himself
Sings, "Yellow jacket's sure to win."
A silence:—"Men, the memory
Of poor old Smith of Maudlin!"

The boxing rooms: With solemn air
A freshman dons the swollen glove;
With slicing strokes the lapping sticks
Work out a rubber—three and love;
With rasping jar the padded man
Whips Thompson's foil so square and thin,
And cries, "Why zur, you've not the wrist
Of Muster Smith of Maudlin."

But all this time beneath the sheet
I shall lie still, and free from pain,
Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
To gossip round the blinded pane;
Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
Feel in my pockets for my tin:
While one hag says, "We all must die,
Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

Ah! then a dreadful hush will come,
And all I hear will be the fly
Buzzing impatient round the wall,
And on the sheet where I must lie;
Next day a jostling of feet—
The men who bring the coffin in:—
"This is the door—the third pair back—
Here's Mr. Smith of Maudlin."

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

A GREETING

O dear and friendly Death!
End of my road, however long it be,
Waiting with hospitable hand stretched out,
And full of gifts for me!

Why do we call thee foe,
Clouding with darksome mists thy face divine?
Life, she was sweet, but poor her largess seems
When matched with thine.

Thy amaranthine blooms
Are not less lovely than her rose of joy;
And the rare, subtle perfumes which they breathe
Never the senses cloy.

Thou holdest in thy store
Full satisfaction of all doubt, reply
To question, and the golden clue to dreams
Which idly passed us by;

Darkness to tired eyes
Perplexed with vision, blinded with long day,
Quiet to busy hands glad to fold up
And lay their work away;

A balm for anguish past,
Rest to the long unrest which smiles did hide,
The recognitions thirsted for in vain
And still by life denied;

A nearness all unknown
While in these stifling, prisoning bodies pent,
Unto thy soul and mine, Beloved, made one
At last, in full content.

Thou bringest me mine own:
The garnered flowers which felt thy sickle keen,
And the full vision of that face divine
Which I have loved unseen.

O dear and friendly Death!
End of my road, however long it be,
Nearing me day by day,—I still can smile
Whene'er I think of thee.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge").

LAUGHTER AND DEATH

THERE is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man by some sad mockery
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must die?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

IF YOU go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,

And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows, and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears,—
Oh, the world shall come up and pass o'er you,
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
Oh, perhaps the mere silences round you—
All things in that place grief hath found you—
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you,
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
The sound of them all grows like thunder:
Oh, into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.

Longfellow's Translation.

MARCH

MARCH — march — march!
Making sound as they tread,
Ho ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
Every footfall is nearer,
And dimmer each lamp,
As darkness grows dimmer:
But ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread;
Ho ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!

March — march — march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho ho! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead!
How they whirl — how they trip,
How they smile, how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
Going down to the valley!
Ho ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread;
Ho ho! how they skip,
Going down to the dead!

March — march — march!
Earth groans as they tread;
Each carries a skull,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder!
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder!
But ho! how he steps,
With a high-tossing head,
That clay-covered bone,
Going down to the dead!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

EVERY YEAR

LIFE is a count of losses,
Every year:
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness
Every year:
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

«You are growing old,» they tell us,
«Every year;
You are more alone,» they tell us,
«Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.»

Too true! Life's shores are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

ALBERT PIKE.

TO O. S. C.

SPIRIT of "fire and dew,"
Whither hast fled?
Thy soul they never knew
Who call thee dead.

Deep thoughts of why and how
Shadowed thine eyes:
Thou hast the answers now
Straight from the skies.

Thrilled with a double power,
Nature and Art—
Dowered with a double dower,
Reason and heart—

Not souls like thine, in vain
God fashioneth;
Leadeth them forth again,
Gently, by death.

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

THE WIND OF DEATH

THE wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate,
As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my veins early and late—
But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur:
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled:
But now the old-time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath!

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete—
The wind blows loves like leaves apart—

The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD

FAREWELL, ye golden follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honor's the darling of but one short day;

Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own;
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned if poor;
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair";
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels* with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones and epitaphs; be called great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,—
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul more dearly loves;
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;

*Gold coins.

A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks; no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

Attributed to Sir Henry Wotton and to Raleigh.

FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss:
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from its darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health,
Physic himself must fade:
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us! . . .

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage:
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

THOMAS NASH.

EPHEMERON

GRAY, on the daisied grass,
Shadows of moving leaves;
Happy the brown bees hum,
"Summer has come — has come;"
Lightly the low winds pass,
Shaking the peony-sheaves.

Tulips the sun looks through
Shining and stately stand;
Redder than rubies glow
All their great globes a-row,
Bright on the summer blue,
Lanthorns of fairy-land.

Ever and aye my own
Still shall this moment be;
I shall remember all,—
Shadows, and tulips tall,
Scent from the bean-fields blown,
Song of the humble-bee.

* * *

Lost is that fragrant hour,
Dewy and golden-lit,—
Dead — for the memory
Pitiful comes to me
Wan as a withered flower,—
Only the ghost of it.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

"I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS THAT FADE"

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:
My song, be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ

Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it;
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:
My song, be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!

Author Unknown.

THE HASTE OF LOVE

AH, SWEETHEART, let us hurry!
We still have time.
Delaying thus, we bury
Our mutual prime.

Beauty's bright gift shall perish
As leaves grow sere;
All that we have and cherish
Shall disappear.

The cheek of roses fadeth,
Gray grows the head;
And fire the eyes evadeth,
And passion's dead.

The mouth, love's honeyed winner,
Is formless, cold;
The hand, like snow, gets thinner,
And thou art old!

So let us taste the pleasure
That youth endears,
Ere we are called to measure
The flying years.

Give, as thou lov'st and livest,
Thy love to me,
Even though, in what thou givest,
My loss should be!

MARTIN OPITZ.

Translation of Bayard Taylor.

ATALANTA

WHEN spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew run
The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death or anything!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

IMMANENCE

MY THOUGHTS go out like spider-threads,
Cast forth upon the air;
Filmy and fine, and floating wide,
Caught by whatever may betide,
To seek thee everywhere.

In league with every breeze that blows,
All ways, all holds they dare;
North, east, or south, or west they fly,
And sure, though winds be low or high,
To find thee everywhere.

Love still is lord of space and fate:
All roads his runners fare;
All heights that bar, they laughing climb;
They find all days the fitting time,
And highways everywhere.

IN A ROSE-GARDEN

A HUNDRED years from now, dear heart,
We shall not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not mind the pain;
The throbbing crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore.
These glasses we turn down to-day
Here at the parting of the way—
We shall be wineless then as they,
And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness,
Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again,
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain,
And dream one more dream there.

JOHN BENNETT.

THE ROSARY

THE hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me:
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

O memories that bless — and burn!
O barren gain — and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

A THRENODY

THE rainy smell of a ferny dell,
Whose shadow no sun-ray flaws,
When Autumn sits in the wayside weeds
Telling her beads
Of haws.

The phantom mist, that is moonbeam-kissed,
On hills where the trees are thinned,
When Autumn leans at the oak-root's scarp,
Playing a harp
Of wind.

The crickets' chirr 'neath brier and burr,
By leaf-strewn pools and streams,
When Autumn stands 'mid the dropping nuts,
With the book, she shuts,
Of dreams.

The gray «alas» of the days that pass,
And the hope that says «adieu,»
A parting sorrow, a shriveled flower,
And one ghost's hour
With you.

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

COME BACK, DEAR DAYS

COME back, dear days, from out the past!—
I see your gentle ghosts arise;
You look at me with mournful eyes,
And then the night grows vague and vast:
You have gone back to Paradise.

Why did you fleet away, dear days?
You were so welcome when you came!
The morning skies were all aflame;
The birds sang matins in your praise:
All else of life you put to shame.

Did I not honor you aright,—
I, who but lived to see you shine,
Who felt your very pain divine,
Thanked God and warmed me in your light,
Or quaffed your tears as they were wine?

What wooed you to those stranger skies,—
What love more fond, what dreams more fair,
What music whispered in the air?
What soft delight of smiles and sighs
Enchanted you from otherwhere?

You left no pledges when you went:
The years since then are bleak and cold;
No bursting buds the Junes unfold.
While you were here my all I spent;
Now I am poor and sad and old.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A REVERY OF BOYHOOD

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

THERE we children used to play,
Through the meadows and away,
Looking 'mid the grassy maze
For the violets; those days
Long ago
Saw them grow:
Now one sees the cattle graze.

I remember as we fared
Through the blossoms, we compared
Which the prettiest might be:
We were little things, you see.
On the ground
Wreaths we bound;—
So it goes, our youth and we.

Over stick and stone we went
Till the sunny day was spent;
Hunting strawberries, each skirrs
From the beeches to the firs,
Till — Hello,
Children! Go
Home, they cry — the foresters.

HEINRICH VON MORUNGEN.

Translation of Edward T. McLaughlin.

TWILIGHT

I saw her walking in the rain,
And sweetly drew she nigh;
And then she crossed the hills again
To bid the day good-by.
"Good-by! good-by!
The world is dim as sorrow;
But close beside the morning sky
I'll say a glad Good-morrow!"

O dweller in the darling wood,
When near to death I lie,
Come from your leafy solitude,
And bid my soul good-by.
Good-by! good-by!
The world is dim as sorrow;
But close beside the morning sky
O say a glad Good-morrow!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE HIGHWAY

THE highway lies all bare and brown,
A naked line across the down
Worn by a hundred hurrying feet.
The tide of life along it flows,
And busy commerce comes and goes.
Where once the grass grew green and sweet
The world's fierce pulses beat.

Well for the highway that it lies
The passageway of great emprise!
Yet from its dust what voices cry,—
Voices of soft green growing things
Trampled and torn from earth which clings
Too closely, unperceiving why
Its darling bairns must die.

* * *

My heart's a highway, trodden down
By many a traveler of renown,—
Grave Thought and burden-bearing Deeds.
And strong Achievement's envoy fares,
With laughing Joys and crowding Cares,
Along the road that worldward leads—
Once rank with foolish weeds.

Glad is my heart to hear them pass,
Yet sometimes breathes a low "Alas!"
The tender springing things that grew—
The nursling hopes their feet destroyed,
Sweet ignorant dreams that youth enjoyed
That blossomed there the long year through—
Would I could have them too!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

OLD

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing:
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,—
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool"—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
"Here's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried,—
Sportive pastime only worth our learning;
But we listened when the old man sighed,
And that lesson to our hearts went burning,
And we cried!
Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried.

When a stranger seemed to mark our play,
(Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,)
I remember well—too well—that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

When we cautiously adventured nigh,
We could see his lips with anguish quiver;

Yet no word he uttered, but his eye
Seemed in mournful converse with the river
Murmuring by,
When we cautiously adventured nigh.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell:
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell—
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Softly asked she with a voice divine:—
"Why so lonely hast thou wandered hither?
Hast no home?—then come with me to mine;
There's our cottage, let me lead thee thither.
Why repine?"
Softly asked she with a voice divine.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow:
Down it rolled;—
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Seems a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene should be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game:
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!

"In the cottage yonder I was born—
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling:
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see—
They were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under—
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together;
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather:
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There the rude three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where so sly I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
Traps and trails.—
There the rude three-cornered chestnut rails.

"How in summer have I traced that stream,
There through mead and woodland sweetly gliding,
Luring simple trout with many a scheme,
From the nooks where I have found them hiding:
All a dream!
How in summer have I traced that stream.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red gable;
But alas! the morn shall no more bring
That dear group around my father's table:

Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing:
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing!—all I loved have fled!

"Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven who are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother:
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;
Bless the holy lesson!—but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,—
Ere she hastened to the spirit land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshiped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade,
I, all withering with years, shall perish.

With my Mary may I there be laid,
Join forever — all the wish I cherish —
Her dear shade!
Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been told."—
In his eye another pearl of sorrow·
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing:
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

THE PRIME OF LIFE

JUST as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy-chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,—
And I am thinking that forty year
Isn't the age that it seems to be,
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me, of life it is just the prime!—
A fact that I hope she will understand;—
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
To dark-brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see,—
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told.—
Rose came by with a smile for me,
Just as I thought I was getting old.

WALTER LEARNED.

THE OLD

They are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home:
They will toil and grieve no more;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
Like a dimly blending dream;
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat;
There is nothing left to do:
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of the tree;
After battle, sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity.

Roden Noël.

THE GREAT BREATH

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day;
There where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

G. W. Russell.

THE REFUSAL OF CHARON *

"Why look the distant mountains
So gloomy and so drear?
Are rain-clouds passing o'er them,
Or is the tempest near?"—
"No shadow of the tempest
Is there, nor wind, nor rain,—
'Tis Charon that is passing by,
With all his gloomy train.

"The young men march before him
In all their strength and pride;
The tender little infants,
They totter by his side;
The old men walk behind him,
And earnestly they pray—
Both old and young imploring him
To grant some brief delay."—

"O Charon! halt, we pray thee,
By yonder little town,
Or near that sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down!
The old will drink and be refreshed,
The young the disk will fling,
And the tender little children
Pluck flowers beside the spring."—

"I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down:
The mothers coming to the well
Would know the babes they bore;
The wives would clasp their husbands,
Nor could I part them more."

Romaic.

* Modern Greek poetry assigns to Charon, not only the duty of ferrying his cargo across the Styx, but the function formerly assumed by Hermes, of conducting the souls of the dead to the underworld.

PSYCHE AND CHARON

From a Painting by A. Zick

THE WILD RIDE

I HEAR *in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle, [legion,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn, galloping
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things to entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy Troopers that follow!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE FRONTIER

O SOLDIER, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,—
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled West,
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be — beyond all telling sweet —
After long marches with red danger fraught,
The wakeful bivouac, the assault and flight —
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught —
To camp afar, beyond defeat and fight,
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light it flies from Pole to Pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE CLOISTER

THOUGHT never knew material bound or place,
Nor footsteps may the roving fancy trace:
Peace cannot learn beneath a roof to house,
Nor cloister hold us safe within our vows.

The cloistered heart may brave the common air,
And the world's children breathe the holiest prayer:
Build for us, Lord, and in thy temple reign!
Watch with us, Lord, our watchman wakes in vain!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS

MY MINDE to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy wherein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice.

I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
  Look! what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
  And hastie clymbers soon do fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare. . . .

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
  I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live. . . .

I wish but what I have at will;
  I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
  In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe. . . .

The court ne cart I like ne loath,—
  Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
  Doth surest sit, and feares no fall:
This is my choyce; for why?—I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde. . . .

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I neither seeke by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to breed offence.
Thus do I live: thus will I die:
Would all did so as well as I!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

THOUGHT

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet:
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

QUESTIONINGS

HATH this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done,
Or another consciousness
With the selfsame forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball poised in air
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies—
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or—more wonderful—within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of mind's omnipotence.

Soul, that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?
Thought! that in me works and lives,—
Life to all things living gives,—
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung

From thyself,—thyself a dream,—
Of the world's thinking, thou the theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth,—
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live;
To thee all myself will give:
Losing still, that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

ANCIENT GUEBER HYMN

WHERE goest thou, keen soul of heat,
So bright, so light, so fleet;
Whose wing was never downward bent,
Aye pluming for ascent?
Where goest thou, when, breaking loose
From all mechanic use,
From beacon-head and altar-stone
And hearth of mortal flown,
Thou spreadest through the air apace,
Dissolving in wide space?

Continually the waters fall;
Springs, torrents, rivers,—all,
Drawn downward to the gathering deep,
Remain within its keep.
But thou to the empyrean sea,
Bright upward stream, dost flee,
Where stars and sun are lost to sight,
Drowned in exceeding light!

Continually, in strength and pride,
The great ships cut the tide;
The waters fall, and these descend
Unto their journey's end.
But who, upborne on wing of thine,
Shall reach thy goal divine?

Thither, O rapt and holy Fire,
Thither, bid me aspire,
That when my spirit's flame burns free,
It shall ascend with thee.

FLAMMANTIS MŒNIA MUNDI*

I stood alone in purple space, and saw
The burning walls of the world, like wings of flame
Circling the sphere: there was no break nor flaw
In those vast airy battlements whence came
The spirits who had done with time and fame
And all the playthings of earth's little hour;
I saw them each, I knew them for the same,—
Mothers and brothers and the sons of power.

Yet were they changed: the flaming walls had burned
Their perishable selves, and there remained
Only the pure white vision of the soul,
The mortal part consumed, and swift returned
Ashes to ashes; while unscathed, unstained,
The immortal passed beyond the earth's control.

Annie Fields.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS

There was a man who watched the river flow
Past the huge town, one gray November day.
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play
The boys made merry as they saw him go,
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,
The immortal screed he held within his hand.
For he was walking in an April land
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream
Was the prose-world, the river and the town.
Wild joy possessed him: through enchanted skies
He saw the cranes of Ibycus swoop down.
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes:
Lo—a black line of birds in wavering thread
Bore him the greetings of the leathless dead!

Emma Lazarus.

«Flaming walls of the world»: Lucretius.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE

I said to Sorrow's awful storm
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on,—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on,—your threats I brave:
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on,—I heed you not:
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep,—my heart shall bear:
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure,—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

LAVINIA STODDARD.

ANY SOUL TO ANY BODY

So we must part, my body, you and I,
Who've spent so many pleasant years together!
'Tis sorry work to lose your company
Who clove to me so close, whate'er the weather,
From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
But you have reached the limit of your tether,
And I must journey on my way alone,
And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad
(Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),
And think me very wicked to be sad
At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence
To get quite free I should be very glad.
Perhaps I may be so, some few days hence;
But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend
A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,
And I look back upon its history,
I greatly fear I have not always treated
You with the honesty you showed to me.
And I must own that you have oft defeated
Unworthy schemes by your sincerity,
And by a blush or stammering tongue have tried
To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true you're not so handsome as you were,
But that's not your fault and is partly mine,—
You might have lasted longer with more care,
And still looked something like your first design;
And even now, with all your wear and tear,
'Tis pitiful to think I must resign
You to the friendless grave, the patient prey
Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go.
And I was once so very proud of you!
You made my mother's eyes to overflow
When first she saw you, wonderful and new.
And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find
A slave more willing or a friend more true:
Ay—even they who say the worst about you
Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

BODY AND SOUL

HERE at life's silent, shadowy gate,
O Soul, my Soul, I lie and wait;
Faint in the darkness, blind and dumb,
O Soul, my promised comrade, come!

The morn breaks gladly in the east;
Hush! hark! the signs of solemn feast:
The softened footstep on the stair;
The happy smile, the chant, the prayer;
The dainty robes, the christening-bowl—
'Tis well with Body and with Soul.

Why lingerest thou at dawn of life?
Seest not a world with pleasure rife?
Hear'st not the song and whir of bird?
The joyous leaves to music stirred?
Thou too shalt sing and float in light;
My Soul, thou shalt be happy—quite.

But yet so young, and such unrest?
Thou must be glad, my glorious guest.
Here is the revel, here is mirth,
Here strains enchanting sway the earth:
Measures of joy in fullness spent:
My Soul, thou canst but be content.

Is this a tear upon my hand?
A tear? I do not understand.
Ripples of laughter, and a moan?
Why sit we thus, apart, alone?
Lift up thine eyes, O Soul, and sing!
He comes, our lover and our king!
Feel how each pulse in rapture thrills!
Look, at our feet the red wine spills!
And he—he comes with step divine,
A spirit meet, O Soul, for thine.

Body and Soul's supremest bliss—
What, dost thou ask for more than this?
Stay, here are houses, lands, and gold;
Here, honor's hand; here, gains untold:
Drink thou the full cup to the lees;
Drink, Soul, and make thy bed in ease.
Thou art my prisoner; thou my slave:
And thou *shalt* sip wherein I lave.

Nay? nay? Then there are broader fields,
Whose luring path a treasure yields:
Thou shalt the universe explore,
Its heights of knowledge, depths of lore;
Shalt journey far o'er land and sea:
And I, my Soul, will follow thee;
Will follow — follow — but I lag:
My heart grows faint, my footsteps flag.

And there are higher, holier things?
Is this a taunt thy spirit flings?
What is it, Soul, that thou wouldst say?
Thou erst had time to fast and pray.
Give me one word, one loving sign,
For this spent life of yours and mine!

I held thee fast by sordid ties?
I trailed thy garments, veiled thine eyes?
Go on, I come: but once did wait,
O Soul, for thee, at morning's gate.
Canst thou not pause to give me breath?
Perchance this shadow, Soul, is death.

I stumble, fall — it is the grave:
I am the prisoner, I the slave;
And thou, strange guest, for aye art free:
Forgive me, Soul, — I could but be
The earth that soiled, the fleshly clod,
The weight that bound thee to the sod.

Dust unto dust! I hear the knell;
And yet, O Soul, I love thee well!

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

GREETING

O LIFE that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men'
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
  One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
  One in the larger thought of God;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
  The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
  The life that maketh all things new.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

IN LITTLES

A LITTLE House of Life,
  With many noises rife,
    Noises of joy and crime;
A little gate of birth,
Through which I slipped to earth
  And found myself in Time.

And there, not far before,
Another little door,
  One day to swing so free!
None pauses there to knock,
No other hand tries lock,—
  It knows, and waits for me.

From out what Silent Land
I came, on Earth to stand
  And learn life's little art,
Is not in me to say:
I know I did not stray,—
  Was *sent;* to come, my part.

And down what Silent Shore
Beyond yon little door
  I pass, I cannot tell:
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way,—
  Am *sent;* and all is well.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

TO-MORROWS AND TO-MORROWS

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray
Unbroken line of shore; but as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept far out into eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night — we may not say
Just how, or when, or where! And then — what then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know, — how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving hand,
And made to build again — somehow, somewhere —
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

Gertrude Bloede ("Stuart Sterne").

SHALL I LOOK BACK?

From some dim height of being, undescried,
Shall I look back and trace the weary way
By which my feet are journeying to-day, —
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain-side,
Or leads into the valley sun-denied,
Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back, and see the great things small;
The toilsome path, God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,
Make bygone woe seem joy; past bitter, sweet?
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

LIFE

By one great Heart, the Universe is stirred:
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird;

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan;
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all Time and Space,
Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
Or man's heart break because of some dead face!

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, *God!*

Margaret Deland.

WHAT LIFE IS

«What is life but what a man is thinking of all day?»
—Emerson.

If life were only what a man
Thinks daily of,—his little care,
His petty ill, his trivial plan;
His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;
His meagre ministry, his all
Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret—repentance small;
His poor unrealizèd dream,—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod:
Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
Is daily thinking of for man.

Julie M. Lippmann.

GOD

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord! in thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;—
In me is matter's last gradation lost.

And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave — a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how, so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to thee — its Author there.

GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERZHAVIN (Russian).

Translation of Sir John Bowring.

«CAN FIND OUT GOD?»

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! Even when, most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE INDWELLING GOD

«Oh that I knew where I might find Him.»

GO NOT, my soul, in search of Him:
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Oh gift of gifts, oh grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place,
And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

THE COMFORTER

MY HEART is searching for thee,
And lost in longing for thy voice!
Voice that lies deeper than the per-
manent sea,

Deeper than thought,
Deeper than my own life.

Behold the child,
With yellow locks and aspect wild,
Gazing on naught;
With hands hung listless
And heart at strife,
Waiting, a young lost Israelite,
For angels' food!

We are all children lost, of one great race,
Sighing for light,
Whom thou alone canst bless:
Give us manna, the promised good!
Show us thy face!
Else how should joy survive
The ebbing tide,
And hear the burden of the desert sea?

Where art thou, Guide?
Ah! where dost thou abide?
Within what heart or on what wave dost live?
Must man forever hunger till beyond his reach
Splendors of speech
Fall on his untaught ear?
Give me new light!
Give me new day!
«Who are ye
Thus crying for the light of a new day?
If wonders press on thee,
Delay thy feet,—delay!
But now
Fear clouds thy brow,
And seems to hunt thee through the wood.
Listen, delay!
I, the comforter, am near:
I am the loveliness of the earth;
I am the spring's birth;
I sing on the solemn shore;
I am the presence at the dark, low door.»

ANNIE FIELDS.

MYSTERY

O WHY are darkness and thick cloud
Wrapped close for ever round the throne of God?
Why is our pathway still in mystery trod?
None answers, though we call aloud.

The seedlet of the rose,
While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom,
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
A dead aurelian crust:
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the port of Spain
Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
Moved toward the setting day,
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
Of how he'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make aught of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
Let God be e'er so nigh,
Yet howso'er he love us,
And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

'Tis not that God loves mystery:
The things beyond us we can never know,
Until up to their lofty height we grow,
And finite grasps infinity.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

HELEN KELLER

MUTE, sightless visitant,
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea,
With guidance scant;
As if some bark mysteriously
Should hither glide, with spars aslant
And sails all furled?

In what perpetual dawn,
Child of the spotless brow,
Hast kept thy spirit far withdrawn—
Thy birthright undefiled?
What views to thy sealed eyes appear?
What voices mayst thou hear
Speak as we know not how?
Of grief and sin hast thou,
O radiant child,
Even thou, a share? Can mortal taint
Have power on thee unfearing
The woes our sight, our hearing,
Learn from Earth's crime and plaint?

Not as we see
Earth, sky, insensate forms, ourselves,
Thou seest, but vision-free
Thy fancy soars and delves,
Albeit no sounds to us relate
The wondrous things
Thy brave imaginings
Within their starry night create.

Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

NIGHTFALL

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness: oh, how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I,—
Work in me as silently:
Veil the day's distracting sights;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars,—a wondrous birth!
So may gleams of glory start
From this dim abyss, my heart;

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, eternal Right—
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serenely still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF

BECAUSE I seek thee not, oh seek thou me!
Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry
I do not utter as thou passest by,
And from my lifelong bondage set me free!
Because content I perish, far from thee,
Oh seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
My soul in thy consuming fire! Draw nigh
And let me, blinded, thy salvation see.
If I were pouring at thy feet my tears,
If I were clamoring to see thy face,
I should not need thee, Lord, as now I need,
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place;—
Because I seek not, pray not, give thou heed!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AWAKING

NIGHT after night we dauntlessly embark
On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
Drift for a while beneath the sombre arc
Of that full circle made of light and dark
Called life; yet have no fear, and know refound
Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
Of the first warble of some early lark
Or touch of sunbeam. Oh, and why not then
Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
Believing somewhere on our sense again
Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam, shall break,
And with glad voices cry, "Awake! awake!"

GERTRUDE BLOEDE ("Stuart Sterne").

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SURSUM

YE GOLDEN lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GOD WITH US

O GOD, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee,—

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

FULFILLMENT

O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either Pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

REST

[Lines found under the pillow of a soldier who died in hospital at Port Royal.]

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong,—all that is past:
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part:

I give a patient God
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;—
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I would, when I stand
On the shore of the river of Death;

Feel as I would, when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

PERFECT PEACE

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky:
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest in God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

Augusta Larned.

WE ARE CHILDREN

Children indeed are we — children that wait
Within a wondrous dwelling, while on high
Stretch the sad vapors and the voiceless sky.
The house is fair, yet all is desolate
Because our Father comes not; clouds of fate
Sadden above us — shivering we espy
The passing rain, the cloud before the gate,
And cry to one another, "He is nigh!"
At early morning, with a shining Face,
He left us innocent and lily-crowned;
And now this late night cometh on apace; —
We hold each other's hands and look around,
Frighted at our own shades! Heaven send us grace!
When He returns, all will be sleeping sound.

Robert Buchanan.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA C. WILLARD.

NO MORE SEA

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee,
What time our souls, to thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray;
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave:

When its wild billows, with their mad commotion,
Would sweep us down — then only thou canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
On whose bleak shore arriving — lone — benighted,
We fall and lose ourselves at last — in thee.

Yea! in thy life our little lives are ended,
Into thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — thou hold'st us all!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

TRANQUILLITY

O FEVERED eyes, with searching strained
Till both the parching globes are pained,
At set of sun is balm for you;
Look up, and bathe them in the blue.
No need to count the coming stars,
Nor watch those wimpled pearly bars
That flush above the west; but follow
In idler mood the idle swallow,
With careless, half-unconscious eye,
Round his great circles on the sky,
Till he, and all things, lose for you
Their being in that depth of blue.

O fevered brain, with searching strained
Till every pulsing nerve is pained,
In tranquil hours is balm for you;
Vex not the thoughts with false and true;
Be still and bathe them in the blue.
To every sad conviction throw
This grim defiance: «Be it so!»
To doubts that will not let you sleep,
This answer: «Wait! the truth will keep.»

Weary, and marred with care and pain
And bruising days, the human brain
Draws wounded inward; — it might be
Some delicate creature of the sea,
That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome,

And coils its azure tendrils home,
And folds its filmy curtains tight,
At jarring contact, e'er so light;
But let it float away all free,
And feel the buoyant, supple sea
Among its tinted streamers swell,
Again it spreads its gauzy rings,
And, waving its wan fringes, swings
With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

Think out, float out away from where
The pressure of the trembling air
Keeps down to earth the shrunken mind.
Set free the smothered thought, and find
Beyond our world a vaster place,
To thrill and vibrate out through space;
As some auroral banner streams
Up through the night in widening gleams,
And floats and flashes o'er our dreams;
There let the whirling planet fall
Down — down, till but a vanishing ball,
A misty gleam: and dwindled so,
Thyself, thy world, no trace can show;
Too small to have a care or woe
Or wish, apart from that one will
That doth His worlds with music fill.

Author Unknown.

EVENING HYMN

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

Chandler Robbins.

VESPER HYMN

Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

MORNING HYMN

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care—
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir!
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Master's will—
Oh, may I never more do ill!

THOMAS KEN.

THE AGE OF GOLD

THE God that to the fathers
Revealed his holy will
Has not the world forsaken,—
He's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning,
That broadens into day.

'Twas but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the Kingdom,
The better time to be:
To-day, we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old;
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

PARADISE

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Where they shall sin no more,
Who strive to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The heavenly place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song:
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

PEACE ON EARTH

IT CAME upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

«I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY»

(Job vii. 16)

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head—
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God:
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear.
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me—oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;

Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

FAITH AND A HEART

WHAT can console for a dead world?
We tread on dust which once was life;
To nothingness all things are hurled:
What meaning in a hopeless strife?
Time's awful storm
Breaks but the form.

The essential truth of life remains,
Its goodness and its beauty too,
Pure love's unutterable gains,
And hope which thrills us through and through.
God has not fled,
Souls are not dead.

Not in most ancient Palestine
Nor in the lightsome air of Greece,
Were human struggles more divine,
More blessed with guerdon of increase.
Take thou thy stand
In the workers' band.

Whatever comes, whatever goes,
Still throbs the heart whereby we live,
The primal joys still lighten woes,
And Time which steals doth also give.
Fear not, be brave:
God can thee save.

Hast thou no faith? Thine is the fault:
What prophets, heroes, sages, saints,
Have loved, on thee still makes assault,
Thee with immortal things acquaints.
On life then seize:
Doubt is disease.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

FAITH AND HOPE

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Savior, mark'st the tears I shed—
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

ROBERT GRANT.

FAITH

We will not weep — for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,—
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint,— if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,—
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last:
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness — till the joyful end.

William Henry Hurlburt.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

«Behold the Lamb of God.»

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray —
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Savior, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in the blaze uplifted his strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame,
Circled about with them as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy,
Now passed on through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go, [woe."
"Thank God! there *is* a heaven," she cried, "though mine is endless

The angel of the golden gate said, "Where then dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that enterest not?"—"A soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,
Breathed free the blessèd air of heaven, and knew her native air.

Author Unknown.

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE

IN DARKEST days and nights of storm,
Men knew thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form;

And in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom,—perfect love
From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For their Almighty Love is here.

THEODORE PARKER.

A SHELTER AGAINST STORM AND RAIN

ONLY a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried:
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour—
And the whole heart was mine!

RÜCKERT (German).

Translation of James Freeman Clarke.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE

Now summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream nor bank, the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill,—
Alike to me fall frosts and dews;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And over hope's horizon line
The future dawns serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay:
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise,
And turn my rosy sky to gray;
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear.
Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold or fond love wooes;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings:
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
And far the radiant angel flees,
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin:
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.

Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE

COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure:
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HOPE OF THE HETERODOX

IN THEE, O blessèd God, I hope,
In thee, in thee, in thee!
Though banned by Presbyter and Pope,
My trust is still in thee.
Thou wilt not cast thy servant out
Because he chanced to see
With his own eyes, and dared to doubt
What praters preach of thee.
Oh no! no! no!
For ever and ever and aye
(Though Pope and Presbyter bray)
Thou wilt not cast away
An honest soul from thee.

I look around on earth and sky,
And thee, and ever thee,
With open heart and open eye
How can I fail to see?

My ear drinks in from field and fell
Life's rival floods of glee:
Where finds the priest his private hell
When all is full of thee?
Oh no! no! no!
Though flocks of geese
Give Heaven's high ear no peace,
I still enjoy a lease
Of happy thoughts from thee.

My faith is strong; out of itself
It grows erect and free;
No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf
Gives amulets to me.
Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew much,
But this I plainly see:
Two legs without a Bishop's crutch
God gave to thee and me.
Oh no! no! no!
The Church may loose and bind,
But mind, immortal mind,
As free as wave or wind,
Came forth, O God, from thee!

O pious quack! thy pills are good;
But mine as good may be,
And healthy men on healthy food
Live without you or me.
Good lady! let the doer do!
Thought is a busy bee,
Nor honey less what it doth brew,
Though very gall to thee.
Oh no! no! no!
Though Councils decree and declare,
Like a tree in open air
The soul its foliage fair
Spreads forth, O God, to thee!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

HYMN AND PRAYER

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, yet not unfelt,—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire
A generous act or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy.—Yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew:
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded;
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake too—the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold—
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deservèd fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean!
O speak the word,—thy servant shall be healed!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father—now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong—we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DE PROFUNDIS

OUT of the deep I call
To thee, O Lord, to thee;
Before thy throne of grace I fall,—
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I hear my Savior's name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow,—
Be merciful to me.

H. W. BAKER.

ROLL OUT, O SONG

Roll out, O song to God!
Move on, ye throngs of men!
Chances and changes come and go:
God changeth not! Amen.
And on the throngs of men,
On worrying care and strife,
Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,
The word of hope and life.

Down in the darksome ways
And worrying whirl of life
Sinks, like a strain of vesper-song,
The thought of his great strife
Who, of the Virgin born,
Made all our chains his own,
And broke them with his own right arm,
Nor left us more alone.

Amid the weak, one strong,
Amid the false, one true,
Amid all change, one changing not,—
One hope we ne'er shall rue.
In whose sight all is now,
In whose love all is best:
The things of this world pass away,—
Come, let us in him rest.
Amen.

Frank Sewall.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind):
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Savior who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE.

TRYSTE NOEL

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But oh, the place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travél!

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,

For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SAN LORENZO GIUSTINIANI'S MOTHER

I HAD not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed, at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears,
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever;—
That altered face, those holy weeds.
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet forever.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange:
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change.

ALICE MEYNELL.

JESUS THE CARPENTER

"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is he,
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me;—
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood,
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of he
At the same work as me.

He warn't that set up that he couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant he felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free;
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,—
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where he earned his own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed
(We've been forty years wed).

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as he
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so;
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, you know!

CATHERINE C. LIDDELL (C. C. FRASER-TYTLER).

THE GUEST

YET if his Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all:
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers; and in any case,
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the king were coming would we do:
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honor to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labor lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin;
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him at the manger.

From Christ Church MS. To it music was written by Thomas Ford.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,

Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of State, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains, the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

DEATH THE LEVELER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow.
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:

Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT SHOWETH FORTH KNOWLEDGE

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphère,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The almighty mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest north
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway,—

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice

May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice;

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have:
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

IN IMAGINE PERTRANSIT HOMO

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth!
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorchèd thee,
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;—
And this the black unhappy shadow divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordainèd!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,—
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdainèd.

T. CAMPION.

I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrow cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN.

TRUST IN FAITH

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead,
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine,
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided,—
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people:
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices,
In triumphant song—
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King.
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

A PRAYER FOR UNITY

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way:
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;

Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son:
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be:
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

THE STARRY HOST

THE countless stars, which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win Infinity.

Ah whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that for them to be is to advance?

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

UNIVERSAL WORSHIP

O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,—
To thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark-blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thy altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy; for all space
Is filled by thee: but human thought

Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal and woe,
Till Death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

ANDREWS NORTON.

THE OLD CHURCH

CLOSE to the road it stood among the trees,
The old, bare church, with windows small and high,
And open doors that gave, on meeting-day,
A welcome to the careless passer-by.

Its straight, uncushioned seats, how hard they seemed!
What penance-doing form they always wore
To little heads that could not reach the text,
And little feet that could not reach the floor.

What wonder that we hailed with strong delight
The buzzing wasp, slow sailing down the aisle,
Or, sunk in sin, beguiled the constant fly
From weary heads, to make our neighbors smile.

How softly from the church-yard came the breeze
That stirred the cedar boughs with scented wings,
And gently fanned the sleeper's heated brow
Or fluttered Grandma Barlow's bonnet strings.

With half-shut eyes, across the pulpit bent,
The preacher droned in soothing tones about
Some theme, that like the narrow windows high,
Took in the sky but left terrestrials out.

Good, worthy man, his work on earth is done:
His place is lost, the old church passed away;
And with them, when they went, there must have gone
That sweet, bright calm, my childhood's Sabbath day.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSON.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS

To Two Swallows in a Church

Gay, guiltless pair!
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep!

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands;

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power!

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

Charles Sprague.

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER

His thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with anxiousness intense;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the conference;
He hears the bishop slowly call the long "appointment" rolls,
Where in his vineyard God would place these gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim presiding elders sit:
He wonders if some city "charge" may not for him have writ?
Certes! could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annomessix Neck!

Poor rugged heart, be still a pause, and you, worn wife, be meek!
Two years of banishment they read far down the Chesapeake!
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrow's fall shall feed his little brood.

"Cheer up, my girl! here Brother Riggs our circuit knows 'twill please:
He raised three hundred dollars there, besides the marriage fees.
What! tears from us who preached the word these thirty years or so —
Two years on barren Chincoteague, and two in Tuckahoe?

"The schools are good, the brethren say, and our church holds the wheel:
The Presbyterians lost their house; the Baptists lost their zeal.
The parsonage is clean and dry; the town has friendly folk,—
Not half so dull as Murderkill, nor proud like Pocomoke.

"Oh, thy just will, our Lord, be done! though these eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Eastern shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated years
Midst foresters of Nanticoke or heathen of Tangiers!

"Yea! some must serve on God's frontiers, and I shall fail perforce
To sow upon some better ground my most select discourse:
At Sassafras or Smyrna preach my argument on 'Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch at Appoquinimink.

"Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though tough to bear my part:
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring my heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit the cleverness is mine
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the Brandywine.

"These hairs were brown when, full of hope, ent'ring these holy lists,
Proud of my order as a knight,— the shouting Methodists,—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far north as Bombay Hook.

"My nag was gray, my gig was new — fast went the sandy miles;
The eldest trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters smiles;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

"All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my way;
At midnight our revival hymns rolled o'er the sobbing bay;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire a man of brass —
And still our fervent membership must have their extra class!

"Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm requite
I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Millerite;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

"No cooing dove, of storms afeard, she shared my life's distress —
A singing Miriam, alway, in God's poor wilderness.
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were still:
A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to Snowhill.

"A new face in the parsonage, at church a double pride! —
Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the 'Amen side':
Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair and frank,
Naswongo's darkest marshes cheered, and sluices of Choptank.

"My cloth drew close; too fruitful love my fruitless life outran:
The townfolk marveled, when we moved, at such a caravan!
I wonder not my lads grew wild, when, bright, without the door
Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world — and we, within, so poor!

"For, down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy's patched roundabout,
And saying: 'Have these starveling boors, thy congregation, souls,
That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such living coals?'

"Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by Endor's witch:
Beyond our barren Maryland God's folks were wise and rich;

Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the preacher thrived,
And all old brethren paid their rents, and many young ones wived!

"I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and sleek;
From Bishopshead with fancy's sails I crossed the Chesapeake;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o'er—
And that on Paul to Patmos driven, drew tears in Baltimore.

"Well! well! my brethren, it is true we should not preach for pelf;
(I would my sermon on St. Paul the bishop heard himself!)
But this crushed wife—these boys—these hairs! they cut me to the core;—
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore?

"Next year? Yes, yes, I thank you much! Then my reward may fall!
(That is a downright fair discourse on Patmos and St. Paul!)
So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old lists.
Cheer up, sick heart, who would not die among these Methodists?"

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

SACRIFICE

FASTING

Lent

'Tis morning now, yet silently I stand,
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand,
Look out while darkness overspreads the way,
And long for day.

Calm peace is frighted with my mood to-night,
Nor visits my dull chamber with her light,
To guide my senses into her sweet rest
And leave me blest.

Long hours since the city rocked and sung
Itself to slumber: only the stars swung
Aloft their torches in the midnight skies
With watchful eyes.

No sound awakes; I, even, breathe no sigh,
Nor hear a single footstep passing by;

Yet I am not alone, for now I feel
A presence steal

Within my chamber walls: I turn to see
The sweetest guest that courts humanity;
With subtle, slow enchantment draws she near,
And Sleep is here.

What care I for the olive branch of Peace?
Kind Sleep will bring a thrice-distilled release,—
Nepenthes that alone her mystic hand
Can understand.

And so she bends, this welcome sorceress,
To crown my fasting with her light caress.
Ah, sure my pain will vanish at the bliss
Of her warm kiss.

But still my duty lies in self-denial;
I must refuse sweet Sleep, although the trial
Will reawaken all my depth of pain.
So once again

I lift the curtain with a weary hand:
With more than sorrow, silently I stand,
Look out while darkness overspreads the way,
And long for day.

"Go, Sleep," I say, "before the darkness die,
To one who needs you even more than I;
For I can bear my part alone, but he
Has need of thee.

"His poor tired eyes in vain have sought relief,
His heart more tired still, with all its grief;
His pain is deep, while mine is vague and dim—
Go thou to him.

"When thou hast fanned him with thy drowsy wings,
And laid thy lips upon the pulsing strings
That in his soul with fret and fever burn,
To me return."

She goes. The air within the quiet street
Reverberates to the passing of her feet;
I watch her take her passage through the gloom
To your dear home.

Belovèd, would you knew how sweet to me
Is this denial, and how fervently
I pray that Sleep may lift you to her breast,
And give you rest—

A privilege that she alone can claim.
Would that my heart could comfort you the same;
But in the censer Sleep is swinging high,
All sorrows die.

She comes not back, yet all my miseries
Wane at the thought of your calm sleeping eyes—
Wane, as I hear the early matin bell
The dawn foretell.

And so, dear heart, still silently I stand,
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand;
The long, long night has bitter been and lone,
But now 'tis gone.

Dawn lights her candles in the East once more,
And darkness flees her chariot before;
The Lenten morning breaks with holy ray,
And it is day!

Brier

Good Friday

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now:
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

Translation of John Mason Neale.

THE GUEST

[Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him; and he with me.]

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily.
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.

In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock:
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:—
"Enter! I have turned the key!
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door He came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me!

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

I HOLD STILL

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,—
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in him, and suffer still.

JULIUS STURM (German).

WISHES AND PRAYERS

OUR wishes and our prayers are not
Always the same;
Alas! we often wish for what
We dare not name.

We strive to pray with bitter tears
For what we should,
But sadder than all else appears
The prayed-for good.

Lord! pardon me if I deplore
My granted prayer:
Lord, what thou taught'st me to pray for,
Teach me to bear.

MARGARET DELAND.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are furthest, then art thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—thyself alone.

I have naught to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now a lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

THE VOYAGE

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

THE WILL OF GOD

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of our Savior's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee—
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE

TAKE thou the heart I cannot give;
Take that which is thine own.
To give, to take, to will, to do,
Is thine, and thine alone.

Yet, leaning on th' upholding arm,
I trust, but cannot see;
Help me, as of myself, to stretch
My helpless hands to thee.

And when thou hast received thine own,
Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
And save me from the wayward will
That seeks a wider way.

If ever, before adverse winds,
Between the cloud and sea,
I — at the mercy of my heart —
Am drifting far from thee;

Light of all tempted souls, be mine,
Till, sea and desert passed,
Safe in thy circling love I find
My anchorage at last!

M. A. L.

THE THINGS I MISS

An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young Fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be, this side heaven.

Had I too shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me?
Could I have felt thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still:
And then my heart attains to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

"THOUGH NAUGHT THEY MAY TO OTHERS BE"

If in these thoughts of mine that now assuage
The tedium of the toilsome life I live,
The few who chance to notice should perceive
Nothing their lasting interest to engage,
And quickly cease to turn the farther page,—
It were a shameful thing if I should grieve.
For if kind Destiny has chosen to give
To other minds, in many a clime and age,
Days brighter than my hours, should I repine?
And what if by an over-hasty glance
Some import be not heeded, or, perchance,
Too dim a light upon the pages shine?
Would I be wronged, even though the wealth I own,
And not the less enjoy, were all unknown?

George McKnight.

THE ABBÉ'S DREAM

The Abbé Michael dreamed one night
That heaven was open to his sight;
And first among the radiant throng
Which filled the streets with praise and song,
He saw a man whose reckless might
Had seamed his earthly life with wrong.

The Abbé saw not streets of gold,
Or splendid mansions manifold,
Or sea of glass, or jewels rare,
Or pearly gates beyond compare,
Or hosts of angels richly stoled;—
He only saw this sinner there!

The hymns of triumph reached his ears,
But brought no solace for his tears;
Peace from his jealous soul had flown:
"My life is spent for God alone,"
He cried; "and yet this man appears
Among the nearest to the throne."

But ere he woke he heard a voice,
Which said unto his heart, "Rejoice!
The diamond which is full of light
Was once a coal as black as night!

Judge not the means which God employs
To make the wrong bloom into right."

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

TAKE MY LIFE

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to thee.

Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift, and "beautiful" for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart: it *is* thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JUSTICE

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my heart:
I long to help each soul in need of aid;
In all good works my zeal would have its part,
Before no weight of toil it stands afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do the whole:
Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds;
Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work begin;
Do first not what thou canst, but what thou must;
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou first be just.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

LOVE AND HUMILITY

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find:
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good sprite.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven! lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?

My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability.
The further it doth downward bend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with what it sought.

Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers; stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon;
Though all things were put in my hand,—
As parched, as dry, as Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity
Were wanting. But Humility

Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies entombed in lowly grave.
But if 'twere lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
That thou mayst raise me with the just.

HENRY MORE.

CONSCIENCE

THE friend I loved betrayed my trust
And bowed my spirit to the dust.
I keep the hurt he gave, yet know
He was forgiven long ago.

From him I did not merit ill;
But I would bear injustice still,
Content, could years of guiltless woe
Undo the wrong I did my foe.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE

"GOOD-BY," I said to my Conscience—
"Good-by for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away:
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace:
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face;"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,—
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

THE HOUSE OF HATE

MINE enemy builded well, with the soft blue hills in sight;
But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a house for spite:
And the name thereof I set in the stonework over the gate,
With a carving of bats and apes; and I called it the House of Hate.

And the front was alive with masks of malice and of despair;
Horned demons that leered in stone, and women with serpent hair:
That whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue,
It must fall on my evil work, and my hatred should pierce him through.

And I said, "I will dwell herein, for beholding my heart's desire
On my foe:" and I knelt, and fain had brightened the hearth with fire;
But the brands they would hiss and die, as with curses a strangled man,
And the hearth was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power, "Make ye merry, all friends of mine,
In the hall of my House of Hate, where is plentiful store and wine;
We will drink unhealth together unto him I have foiled and fooled!"
And they stared and they passed me by, but I scorned thereby to be schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank in the topmost seat
Choice grape from a curious cup, and the first it was wonder-sweet;
But the second was bitter indeed, and the third was bitter and black,
And the gloom of the grave came on me, and I cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear,
And thinly I laughed but once, for the echoes were strange to hear;
And the wind on the stairway howled, as a green-eyed wolf might cry,
And I heard my heart: I must look on the face of a man or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked and I saw it grown
(By the light in my shaking hand) to the like of the masks of stone:
And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my torch and fled;
And a fire-snake writhed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was a ruin despoiled of flame,
I fell at mine enemy's feet and besought him to slay my shame.

But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his eyes were calm and great:
"You rave or have dreamed," he said,—"I saw not your House of Hate!"

Lippincott's Magazine.

THE WIND OF MEMORY

RED curtains shut the storm from sight,
The inner rooms are live with light;
The fireside faces all aglow
See not the pale ghost in the snow,—
The pale ghost at the window pressed,
With the wind moaning in her breast.

She sees the face she hurt with scorn;
The other face where joy, new born,
Died out at her cheap mockery;
The eyes she filled, how bitterly!
The head that drooped beneath her jest—
The wind is moaning in her breast.

Invisible, unfelt, unknown,
She lingers trembling. She alone
Notes tenderly her vacant place,
And sees in it her vanished face;
She only—of this happy nest!
The wind is moaning in her breast.

Star-like the happy windows glow,
Framed in with mile on mile of snow;
And from their light a thing of death,
Of grief and memory, vanisheth,—
Her sin not deep but unredressed,
And the wind moaning in her breast.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

MY SHADOW

I DUG a grave, and laid within
Its secret depths one secret sin.
I stamped the earth upon it well;
I left no trace, the tale to tell.
Then from the darksome place I fled,
And turned my face to God and said:—

"O God, I come to serve thee now;
Hereafter to thy will I bow.
This sin must be—I cannot save
My soul from it, so dig this grave.
But there, O God, it hidden lies;
And I will gird my loins, and rise,
Go to my Father, and declare
That from this day his yoke I bear.
Straitly thy law I will obey,
Unswerving walk in Virtue's way,
Till thou forget that it hath been,—
This buried, unrepented sin.

"Yea, shall my soul, because of one
Deliberate sin, be quite undone?
Shall God forever hide his face,
His mercy hold for me no place?
May I not far behind me cast
Those things I buried in the Past,
And, reaching out to those before,
Serve thee with faithful heart the more?"

Time wraps that day in mists of years;
Upright I walk among my peers.
Honors and riches have I borne;
Plenty hath blest me with her horn.
With zeal untired my feet have trod
The blessed path that leads to God.
But sometimes beckoning Memory lifts
Her darkening veil, and all the gifts
That Fortune in my way hath placed
Are dust and ashes to my taste.
Out of the Past there steals anear
That sin, and whispers, "I am here!
Thou laidest me in ground that bears
No hallowing of repentant prayers.

No ghost can lie in grave unblest;
For thee and me there is no rest.
Thy works, thy faith, cannot avail:
My shadow follows in thy trail.
Between thy sacrifice and thee
Shall ever rise the thought of me!"

'Tis but a fantasy, I know:
Why should despair torment me so?
Yea, I shall smile, when morning breaks,
At fears with which my heart now quakes.

I dug a grave, and laid within
Its secret depths one secret sin.
I closed the grave—and know full well
That day I shut myself in hell!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

THE JUDGMENT

THOU hast done evil
And given place to the Devil;
Yet so cunningly thou concealest
The thing which thou feelest,
That no eye espieth it,—
Satan himself denieth it:
Go where it chooseth thee,
There is none that accuseth thee;
Neither foe nor lover
Will the wrong uncover;
The world's breath raiseth thee,
And thy own past praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this:
At quick of thy being
Is an eye, all seeing,
The snake's wit evadeth not,
The charmed lip persuadeth not:
So thoroughly it despiseth
The thing thy hand prizeth,
Though the sun were thy clothing,
It should count thee for nothing.

Thine own eye divineth thee;
Thine own soul arraigneth thee:
God himself cannot shrive thee
Till that judge forgive thee.

DORA READ GOODALE.

«IF I HAVE SINNED»

IF I HAVE sinned in act, I may repent;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame:
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival,—
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Lives there a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHAT THE KING SAID TO CHRIST AT THE JUDGMENT

I AM who knew thee on that day,—
The Child that in the manger lay;
I called thee Master, King.
I laid my gifts at thy young feet,
Jewels and myrrh, frankincense sweet,—
Such gifts as sovereigns bring.

The trumpet sounds another morn,
And I, of crown and sceptre shorn,
Look on thee from afar.
Now thou hast come, a King in state,
Know me, the beggar at the gate,
Who followed once thy star.

ISA CARRINGTON CABELL.

DIES IRÆ

DIES iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Miriam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis accribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa!
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

THOMAS DI CELANO.

DIES IRÆ

DAY of wrath! of days that Day!
Earth in flames shall pass away,
Heathen seers with prophets say.

What swift terrors then shall fall,
When descends the Judge of all,
Every action to recall.

Hark! the trump, with wondrous tone,
Wakes the graves of nations gone,
Forcing all before the Throne.

Death shall die — fair nature too,
When the creature, risen anew,
Answers to his God's review.

He the fatal scroll shall spread,
Writ with all things done or said,
Thence to judge th' awakened dead.

Lo! he takes his seat of light:
All that's dark shall leap to sight,
Guilt, the sword of vengeance smite.

What shall I, then, wretched plead?
Who will mediate in my need,
When the just shall scarce succeed?

King majestic! Sovereign dread!
Saving all for whom He bled,
Save thou me, Salvation's head!

Holy Jesus! priceless stay!
Think! for *me* thy bleeding way!
Lose me not, upon that day.

Faint and weary, thou hast sought—
By the cross, my crown hast bought:
Can such anguish be for naught?

Oh! avenging Judge severe,
Grant remission, full and clear,
Ere th' accounting day appear.

Like a guilty thing I moan;
Flushed my cheek, my sins I own:
Hear, O God, thy suppliant's groan.

Magdalen found grace with thee,
So the thief upon the tree;
Hope too thou hast breathed in me.

Worthless are my vows, I know,
Yet, dear Lord, thy mercy show,
Lest I sink in endless woe.

From the goats my lot divide;
With thy lambs a place provide,
On thy right and near thy side.

When th' accursed sink in shame,
Given to tormenting flame,
With thy blessed write my name.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer;
Heart like cinders, see, I bear,—
Its last throbbing be thy care!

Ah, that day of burning tears!
When from ashes reappears
Man all guilt, his doom to bear—
Spare him, God! in mercy spare!

Translation of Edward Slosson.

TO THE LORD OF THE YEARS

This rolling sea of stars
Is dust before thy breath,
Whose pleasure makes or mars
The halls of life and death.

Thy least desire is heard
Beyond the vasts of space,
And being's core is stirred
At turning of thy face.

The cycles of earth's years
Are phases in thy dream,
Unblurred by drift of tears,
Untouched of shade and gleam.

Yet of thy will we are
And children of thy word,
With every sun and star,
With every flower and bird.

Then grant we may not fail
From out thy vision vast,
When life's strong warders quail
Before death's icy blast;

But may we still aspire
To things unknown, unguessed,
More near the heart's desire
Than this poor body's quest.

William Carman Roberts.

THE RETURN

They come from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;
From the east where first they dwelt,
From the north and the south and the west—
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come:
Where the palm triumphant grows,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the hills,
And the gold-orbed orange glows;
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive,
And the rich pomegranates red;
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of ill
Bows down its fragrant head;

From the lands where the gems are born—
Opal and emerald bright;
From shores where the ruddy corals grow
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble white as the still moonlight
Is quarried, and jetty coal.

They come with a gladdening shout,
They come with a tear of joy—
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.
A thousand dwellings they leave—
Dwellings but not a home:
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.

And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore;
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore:
Prayers to the throne of heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

WAKE, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His fivefold lion-lineage —
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol and with pagan sign;
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh, deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses's law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first: erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE DEAD SOLOMON

KING SOLOMON stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught
In mien or face of fear or rage;
For he had guessed their secret thought,—
They had pined in hell for many an age.

Closed were the eyes that the demons feared;
Over his breast streamed his silver beard;
Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,—
As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer;
And a breath of wind would come and go,
And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair;
But he heeded not,
Rapt afar in holy thought.

King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part;
And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

So around him they stood with eyes of fire,
Each cursing the king in his secret heart,—
Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say "Depart";
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing:

But he heeded them not, nor raised his head;
For King Solomon was dead!

Then the body of the king fell down;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in twain.
He had prayed to the Lord that the house he planned
Might not be left for another hand,
Might not unfinished remain:
So praying, he had died;
But he had not prayed in vain.

So the body of the king fell down;
And howling fled the fiends amain:
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
Howling afar they fled.
Idly had they borne his chain,
And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
And King Solomon was dead!

JOHN AYLMER DORGAN.

JONAH'S VOYAGE IN THE WHALE

From 'Patience,' a Poem of the Fourteenth Century

As a mote in at a minster door, so mighty were its jaws,
Jonah enters by the gills, through slime and gore;
he reeled in through a gullet, that seemed to him a road,
tumbling about, aye head over heels,
till he staggers to a place as broad as a hall;
then he fixes his feet there and gropes all about,
and stands up in its belly, that stank as the devil;
in sorry plight there, 'mid grease that savored as he
his bower was arrayed, who would fain risk no ill.
Then he lurks there and seeks in each nook of the nave
the best sheltered spot, yet nowhere he finds
rest or recovery, but filthy mire
wherever he goes; but God is ever dear;
and he tarried at length and called to the Prince. . . .
Then he reached a nook and held himself there,
where no foul filth encumbered him about.
He sat there as safe, save for darkness alone,
as in the boat's stern, where he had slept ere.

Thus, in the beast's bowel, he abides there alive,
three days and three nights, thinking aye on the Lord,
His might and His mercy and His measure eke:
now he knows Him in woe, who could not in weal.
And onward rolls the whale through deep wild-seas,
through many rough regions, in stubborn will;
for, though that mote in its maw was small,
that monster grew sickish at heart, I trow,
and worried the wight. And Jonah aye heard
the huge flood as it lashed the whale's back and its sides.

Author Unknown.

Version of Israel Gollancz.

PEARL

[A fourteenth-century poem; author unknown; modernized by Israel Gollancz. In this poem the author laments the loss of his child, Margaret, a «pearl, fair enow for princes' pleasance,» and relates the vision which he has of her in Paradise.]

PEARL! fair enow for princes' pleasance,
so deftly set in gold so pure,
from orient lands, I durst avouch,—
ne'er saw I a gem its peer,
so round, so comely-shaped withal,
so small, with sides so smooth,—
where'er I judged of radiant gems,
I placed my pearl supreme.

I lost it—in an arbor—alas!
It passed from me through grass to earth.
I pine, despoiled of love's dominion,—
of mine own, my spotless pearl.

Sithence how oft have I tarried there,
where it vanished,—seeking the joy
that whilom scattered all my woe,
and raised so high my bliss!
It doth but pierce my heart with pangs,
and kindle my breast with sorrow;
yet ne'er was heard so sweet a song
as the still hour let steal to me thither.
Ah me! what thoughts stole there to my mind!
To think of my fair one o'erlaid with clay!—

O earth! thou marrest a joyous theme,—
mine own, my spotless pearl. . . .

On a day I entered that arbor green,—
fain would I picture the place in words:
'twas August, the year's high festival,
when the corn is cut with the keen-edged hook;
where my pearl had erewhile rolled adown
was shaded with herbage full beauteous and bright,—
gillyflowers, ginger, and gromwell-seed,
and peonies sprent between.
But fair as was the sight to see,
fairer the fragrance that wafted thence,
where dwelleth that glory, I wot and ween,—
my precious, my spotless pearl.

I gazed on the sight: my hands I clasped;
chill sorrow seized my heart:
wild grief made tumult in my breast,
though reason whispered "peace."
I wailed for my pearl, held fast from me there,—
dread doubt fought hard with doubt,—
though Christ's self shewed whence comfort is,
my will was bondman to woe.
I fell upon that flowery plat;
such fragrance rose to my brain,
that soon I was lulled in a reverie
o'er my precious, my spotless pearl.

My spirit thence sped forth into space,
my body lay there entranced on that mound,
my soul, by grace of God, had fared
in quest of adventure, where marvels be.
I knew not where that region was;
I was borne, iwis, where the cliffs rose sheer;
toward a forest I set my face,
where rocks so radiant were to see,
that none can trow how rich was the light,
the gleaming glory that glinted therefrom,
for never a web by mortal spun
was half so wondrous fair.

The hillsides there were crowned
with crystal cliffs full clear,

and holts and woods, all bright with boles
blue as the blue of Inde,
and trembling leaves, thick on every branch,
as burnished silver shone,—
with shimmering sheen they glistened,
touched by the gleam of the glades,—
and the gravel that rolled upon that strand
was precious orient pearls.
The sun's own light had paled before
that sight so wondrous fair.

'Mid the magic charm of those wondrous hills
my spirit forgot all woe;
fruit there of such rare flavor grew,
'twas food to make one strong:
birds flew there in peace together,
of flaming hues, both small and great;
nor citern-string, nor minstrel,
can tell their joyous glee,
for lo! whene'er they beat their wings,
they sang with sweet accord:
no rapture could so stir a man
as their song and that wondrous sight. . . .

More of such wealth was there withal
than I might tell, though leisure were mine,
for earthly spirit cannot grasp
a tenth part of that fair delight;—
certes methought that paradise
lay those broad banks beyond:
I trowed the stream was some device,—
a lake in the midst of a pleasance;
beyond the brook, by glen or glade,
I trowed to find where the moat was marked:
but the water was deep,—I durst not pass;
and ever I longed still more and more.

More and more, and yet still more
I longed to see beyond that brook;
for if 'twas fair where I passed along,
far fairer was that further land.
I stayed my steps; I gazed about;
I sought full hard to find some ford—
the farther I wended along the strand
the way grew harder, iwis:

no peril methought would make me turn
where such rich treasures were,—
when fresh delights were nigh at hand,
that moved my mind still more and more.

More marvels arose to daunt my soul:
I saw beyond that gladsome mere
a crystal cliff that shone full bright,—
many a noble ray gleamed forth;—
at the foot thereof there sat a child,
a gracious maiden, so debonair;
robed was she in glistening white,—
I knew her well, I had seen her ere.
Radiant as refinèd gold
shone that glory 'neath the cliff;
long I gazed upon her there,—
the longer, I knew her more and more. . . .

More than my longing was now my dread;
I stood full still; I durst not call;
with open eyes and fast-closed mouth,
I stood as a well-trained hawk in a hall;
twixt hope that it came for my soul's behoof,
and fear lest perchance it might so befall,
that the prize I chose might escape from me,
ere I held it within my grasp;
when lo! that spotless creature of grace,
so gentle, so small, so winsomely lithe,
riseth up in her royal array,—
a precious thing with pearls bedight.

Favored mortal might there see
choicest pearls of sovereign price,
when all as fresh as a fleur-de-lys
she came adown that bank.
Gleaming white was her tunic rich;
at its sides 'twas open, and wondrously stitched
with the winsomest pearls, I trow full well,
that e'er mine eyes had seen:
broad were the sleeves, I ween and wot,
with double braid of pearls bedecked,
and her bright kirtle followed suit,
with precious pearls bedight.
A crown that maiden wore withal,
bedecked with pearls, with none other stones,

and pinnacled high with pure white pearls,
with figured flowers wrought thereon;
no other gem was on her head;
her hair, too, hung about her neck;
her look was grave, as a duke's or an earl's;
whiter than whalebone was her hue.
Her locks shone then as bright pure gold;
loose on her shoulders so softly they lay;
though deep their color, they needed not
those precious pearls on her robe bedight.

"O Pearl!" quoth I, "with pearls bedight,
art thou my Pearl?—of me so lone
regretted, and through the night bewailed.
Much longing for thee have I borne concealed,
since thou glancedst from me into grass;
pensive, shattered, forlorn, am I,
but thou hast reached a life of joy
in the strifeless home of Paradise.
What chance hath hither brought my jewel,
and me in dolorous plight hath cast?
Since we twain were sundered and set apart,
have I been joyless, so loved I my jewel."

That jewel then, so fair begemmed,
veered up her visage, raised her gray eyes,
set on her crown of orient pearls,
and gently thus she spake:—

"Sir, thou hast misread thy tale,
to say thy pearl is all perdu,
that is in a casket so well bestowed,
yea, in this garden of grace and joy,
herein for ever to dwell and play,
where sin nor mourning come ne'er nigh:
this were thy treasure-hold in sooth,
didst thou love thy jewel aright."

THE WEDDING OF PALE BRONWEN

I

THE wind was waked by the morning light,
And it cried in the gray birch-tree,
And the cry was plain in Bronwen's bower,
"O Bronwen, come to me!"

Pale, pale sleeps Bronwen, pale she wakes:—
"What bird to my bower is flown?
For my lover, Red Ithel, is at the wars
Before Jerusalem town."

But still the wind sang in the tree,—
"Come forth, 'tis your wedding morn,
And you must be wed in Holy Land
Ere your little babe is born."

And still the wind had her true-love's cry,
"Kind Bronwen, come!" until
She could not rest, and rose to look
To the sea beyond Morva Hill.

And afar came the cry over Morva Hill,
"Kind Bronwen, come to me!"
Till she could not stay, for very love,
And stole away to the sea.

She crossed the hill to the fishing-boats,
And away she sailed so fine:
"Is it far, my love, in the summer sun
To the shores of fair Palestine?"

II

There was no sun at sea that day,
To watch pale Bronwen drown;
But the sun was hot on the deadly sands
Before Jerusalem town.

All day Red Ithel lay dying there,
But he thought of the far-off sea;
And he cried all day till his lips grew white,
"Kind Bronwen, come to me!"

And so it passed till the evening time,
And then the sea-wind came,

And he thought he lay on Morva Hill
And heard her call his name.

He heard her voice, he held her hand:—
"This is the day," she said,
"And this is the hour, that Holy Church
Has given for us to wed."

There was no strength in him to speak,
But his eyes had yet their say:—
"Kind Bronwen, now we will be wed
For ever and ever and aye!"

III

Beneath the sea pale Bronwen lies,
Red Ithel beneath the sand;
But they are one in Holy Church,
One in love's Holy Land.

Red Ithel lies by Jerusalem town,
And she in the deep sea lies;
But I trow their little babe was born
In the gardens of Paradise.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE FOLK OF THE AIR

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted weeds
Of the drear Heart Lake.

And he saw how the weeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And he dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,

And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the folk of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,—
The handsomest young man there,—
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll got up from the grass
And scattered the cards with a cry;
But the old men and dancers were gone
As a cloud faded into the sky.

He knew now the folk of the air,
And his heart was blackened by dread,
And he ran to the door of his house:
Old women were keening the dead;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;"
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more.
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"*Mavrone, mavrone!* the man has died,
While I slept on the chair;"
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lake and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"—

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.—
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.—

«When you were gone he turned and died
As merry as a bird.»
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word:—

«He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of his great angels down
To help me in my need.

«He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in his care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.»

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE SEVEN FIDDLERS

A BLUE robe on their shoulder,
And an ivory bow in hand,
Seven fiddlers came with their fiddles
A-fiddling through the land,
And they fiddled a tune on their fiddles
That none could understand.

For none who heard their fiddling
Might keep his ten toes still:
E'en the cripple threw down his crutches,
And danced against his will;
Young and old they all fell a-dancing,
While the fiddlers fiddled their fill.

They fiddled down to the ferry—
The ferry by Severn-side;
And they stept aboard the ferry,
None else to row or guide,
And deftly steered the pilot,
And stoutly the oars they plied.

Then suddenly in the mid-channel
These fiddlers ceased to row,
And the pilot spake to his fellows
In a tongue that none may know:—
«Let us home to our fathers and brothers,
And the maidens we love below.»

Then the fiddlers seized their fiddles,
And sang to their fiddles a song:—
"We are coming, coming, O brothers,
To the home we have left so long;
For the world still loves the fiddler,
And the fiddler's tune is strong."

Then they stept from out the ferry
Into the Severn-sea,
Down into the depths of the waters
Where the homes of the fiddlers be,
And the ferry-boat drifted slowly
Forth to the ocean free!

But where those jolly fiddlers
Walked down into the deep,
The ripples are never quiet,
But for ever dance and leap,
Though the Severn-sea be silent,
And the winds be all asleep.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR

A STILLNESS crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,

And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in pensive dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair
A stately dame of ancient name—
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broiders by her side,
With heavy, drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint:—
"Ill fare the Brides that come to Quair.

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the House of Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his Bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

"'*Tis* fair," she said on looking forth,
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare"—
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair—

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need be said—she was not one
Of the ill-fated Brides of Quair!

Isa Craig Knox.

GLENLOGIE

THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower of them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonny black e'e:
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, daughter, ye'll get better than he."—
"O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be:
Though Doumlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.—

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"—
"O here am I a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "wash and go dine";
'Twas "wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine."—
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine;

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
The first line that he read, a low smile gave he;
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town:"
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there;
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair:
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e:
"O binna feard, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.

BINNORIE

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bower;
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A knight came there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envied her sister fair—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie:—

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And let's go down to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And ye sall be heir o' half my land"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And sweet William sall be your love"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out then cam' the miller's son
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

«O father, father, draw your dam!»
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
«There's either a mermaid or a swan»—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drowned woman,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There went a gowden girdle sma'—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers, lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpèd to nobles when they dine—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sighed and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Fareweel, my father and mither dear!"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas "Fareweel, sweetheart!" said the string—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then, as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There sits my sister who drownèd me!"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Author Unknown.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They had not been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well!"

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide:
And she's ta'en her mantle her about;
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away!"

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw
The channerin' worm doth chide:
If we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye well, my mother dear!
Farewell to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

Author Unknown.

LORD LOVEL

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.—
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she.—
"In a year or two — or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras's bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said;
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he.—
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras's church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lovers' knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

Author Unknown.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the towne where shee was dwellin:—
"You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen."—

"Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;

And all she sayd, when there she came—
"Yong man, I think y'are dying."

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing:—
"O lovely maid, come pity mee,
I'me on my death-bed lying."—

"If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
"Laye down, laye down the corps," she sayd,
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she lookèd downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin,
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe:—
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

"Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who lovèd me so dearlye:
Oh that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!"

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the daye
That she did ere denye him.

"Farewell," she sayd, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Author Unknown.

THE LAST HUNT

OH, IT'S twenty gallant gentlemen
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They galloped through the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest tost his plume.
There's no delight by day or night
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood
By ferny dell and glade,
And now and then upon their cloaks
The yellow sunshine played;
They heard the timid forest-birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But not a stag did see.
Wind, wind the horn, on summer morn!
Though ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentleman
A-hunting of the deer!

They panted up Ben Lomond's side
Where thick the leafage grew,
And when they bent the branches back
The sunbeams darted through:
Sir Morven in his saddle turned,
And to his comrades spake—
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag
Beside the Brownies' Lake."

Then sound not on the bugle-horn,
Bend bush and do not break,
Lest ye should start the timid hart
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake,—
A blue eye in the wood,—
And on its brink a moment's space
All motionless they stood;
When suddenly the silence broke
With fifty bowstrings' twang,
And hurtling through the drowsy air
Full fifty arrows sang.
Ah, better for those gentlemen
Than horn and slender spear,
Were morion and buckler true,
A-hunting of the deer.

Not one of that brave company
Shall hunt the deer again:
Some fell beside the Brownies' Pool,
Some dropt in dell or glen;
An arrow pierced Sir Morven's breast,
His horse plunged in the lake,
And swimming to the farther bank
He left a bloody wake.
Ah, what avails the silver horn,
And what the slender spear?
There's other quarry in the wood
Beside the fallow deer!

O'er ridge and hollow sped the horse,
Besprent with blood and foam,
Nor slackened pace until at eve
He brought his master home.
How tenderly the Lady Ruth
The cruel dart withdrew!
"False Tirrell shot the bolt," she said,
"That my Sir Morven slew!"
Deep in the forest lurks the foe,
While gayly shines the morn;
Hang up the broken spear, and blow
A dirge upon the horn.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE RED FISHERMAN

or

The Devil's Decoy

«O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!»
—'Romeo and Juliet.'

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,—
He had swayed the crozier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery
About as much, in sooth,

As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.

He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread:
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river-stream it spread away
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul,
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;

The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped,
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank
Grew rotten while it jumped;
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy,
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree;
When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?—
"O ho! O ho!
Above — below —
Lightly and brightly they glide and go!
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"—
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey-clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod:
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.

It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double,
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shriveled that tawny skin
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn as you looked on them,
He had fished in the Flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:
Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about
By a chain within and a chain without;
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth
Strange and varied sounds had birth:
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon-stone,

Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!—

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder
When he saw a gasping Knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain—
The cruel Duke of Gloster!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell:
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.
Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a reveling company,—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife and thrust of fork:
But where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!—
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat;
And the Priest was ready to vomit
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

It was a bundle of beautiful things,—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,—
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:—
"Smile, Lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, Lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, Lady, smile! for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,—
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside:

A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook,
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die;
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the senses and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still;—
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed — he knew not why or how —
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"O ho! O ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line:
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The Abbot had preached for many years
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs,

Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the King himself three-quarters:
But ever from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry;
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

A FOLK-SONG

THE MARINE

(*Poitevin*)

THE bold Marine comes back from war,
All so kind;
The bold Marine comes back from war,
So kind:
With a raggety coat and a worn-out shoe.
"Now, poor Marine, say, whence come you,
All so kind?"—

"I travel back from the war, madame,
All so kind;
I travel back from the war, madame,
So kind:
For a glass of wine and a bowl of whey
'Tis I who will sing you a ballad gay,
All so kind."

The bold Marine he sips his whey,
All so kind;
He sips and he sings his ballad gay,
So kind:
But the dame she turns her against the wall,
For to wipe her tears that fall and fall,
All so kind.

"What aileth you at my song, madame,
All so kind?

I hope that I sing no wrong, madame,
So kind:
Or grieves it you that a beggar should dine
On a bowl of whey and this good white wine,
All so kind?»—

«It ails me not at your ballad gay,
All so kind;
It ails not for the wine and whey,
So kind:
But it ails me sore at the voice and eyes
Of a good man long in Paradise,
All so kind.»

«You have fair children five, madame,
All so kind;
You have fair children five, madame,
So kind:
Your good man left you children three—
Whence came these twain for company,
All so kind?»—

«A letter came from the war, Marine,
All so kind;
A letter came from the war, Marine,
So kind:
For a while I wept for the good man dead,
But another good man in a while I wed,
All so kind.»

The bold Marine he drained his glass,
All so kind;
The bold Marine he drained his glass,
So kind:
He said not a word, though the tears they flowed,
But back to his regiment took the road,
All so kind.

Q.

'Chants et Chansons Populaires des Provinces de l'Ouest.'

THE STORY OF KARIN

KARIN the fair, Karin the gay,
She came on the morn of her bridal day,—

She came to the mill-pond clear and bright,
And viewed hersel' in the morning light.

"And oh," she cried, "that my bonny brow
May ever be white and smooth as now!

"And oh, my hair, that I love to braid,
Be yellow in sunshine, and brown in shade!

"And oh, my waist, sae slender and fine,
May it never need girdle longer than mine!"

She lingered and laughed o'er the waters clear,
When sudden she starts, and shrieks in fear:—

"Oh, what is this face, sae laidly old,
That looks at my side in the waters cold?"

She turns around to view the bank,
And the osier willows dark and dank;—

And from the fern she sees arise
An aged crone wi' awesome eyes.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "ye're a bonny bride!
See how ye'll fare gin the New Year tide!

"Ye'll wear a robe sae blithely gran',
An ell-long girdle canna span.

"When twal-months three shall pass away,
Your berry-brown hair shall be streaked wi' gray.

"And gin ye be mither of bairnies nine,
Your brow shall be wrinkled and dark as mine."

Karin she sprang to her feet wi' speed,
And clapped her hands abune her head:—

"I pray to the saints and spirits all,
That never a child may me mither call!"

The crone drew near, and the crone she spake:—
"Nine times flesh and banes shall ache.

"Laidly and awesome ye shall wane
Wi' toil, and care, and travail-pain."

«Better,» said Karin, «lay me low,
And sink for aye in the water's flow!»

The crone raised her withered hand on high,
And showed her a tree that stood near by.

«And take of the bonny fruit,» she said,
«And eat till the seeds are dark and red.

«Count them less, or count them more,
Nine times you shall number o'er;—

«And when each number you shall speak,
Cast seed by seed into the lake.»

Karin she ate of the fruit sae fine;
'Twas mellow as sand, and sweet as brine.

Seed by seed she let them fall:
The waters rippled over all.

But ilka seed as Karin threw,
Uprose a bubble to her view,—

Uprose a sigh from out the lake,—
As though a baby's heart did break.

. . . . . .

Twice nine years are come and gone;
Karin the fair she walks her lone.

She sees around on ilka side,
Maiden and mither, wife and bride.

Wan and pale her bonny brow,
Sunken and sad her eyelids now.

Slow her step, and heavy her breast,
And never an arm whereon to rest.

The old kirk-porch when Karin spied,
The postern-door was open wide.

«Wae s me!» she said: «I'll enter in
And shrive me from my every sin.»

'Twas silence all within the kirk;
The aisle was empty, chill, and mirk.

The chancel-rails were black and bare;
Nae priest, nae penitent, was there.

Karin knelt, and her prayer she said;
But her heart within her was heavy and dead.

Her prayer fell back on the cold gray stone;
It would not rise to heaven alone.

Darker grew the darksome aisle,
Colder felt her heart the while.

"Wae's me!" she cried, "what is my sin?
Never I wrongèd kith nor kin.

"But why do I start and quake wi' fear
Lest I a dreadful doom should hear?

"And what is this light that seems to fall
On the sixth command upon the wall?

"And who are these I see arise
And look on me wi' stony eyes?

"A shadowy troop, they flock sae fast
The kirk-yard may not hold the last.

"Young and old of ilk degree,
Bairns, and bairnies' bairns, I see.

"All I look on either way,
'Mother, mother!' seem to say.

"'We are souls that might have been,
But for your vanity and sin.

"'We, in numbers multiplied,
Might have lived, and loved, and died,—

"'Might have served the Lord in this,—
Might have met thy soul in bliss.

"'Mourn for us, then, while you pray,
Who might have been, but never may!'"

Thus the voices died away,—
"Might have been, but never may!"

Karin she left the kirk no more;
Never she passed the postern-door.

They found her dead at the vesper toll;—
May Heaven in mercy rest her soul!

Danish.

THE MERMAN

"DO THOU, dear mother, contrive amain
How Marsk Stig's daughter I may gain."

She made him, of water, a noble steed,
Whose trappings were formed from rush and reed.

To a young knight changed she then her son;
To Mary's church at full speed he's gone.

His foaming horse to the gate he bound,
And paced the church full three times round.

When in he walked with his plume on high,
The dead men gave from their tombs a sigh;

The priest heard that, and he closed his book—
"Methinks yon knight has a strange wild look."

Then laughed the maiden beneath her sleeve:
"If he were my husband I should not grieve."

He stepped over benches one and two:
"O Marsk Stig's daughter, I doat on you."

He stepped over benches two and three:
"O Marsk Stig's daughter, come home with me."

Then said the maid without more ado,—
"Here, take my troth—I will go with you."

They went from the church a bridal train,
And danced so gayly across the plain;

They danced till they came to the strand, and then
They were forsaken by maids and men.

"Now, Marsk Stig's daughter, sit down and rest:
To build a boat I will do my best."

He built a boat of the whitest sand,
And away they went from the smiling land;

But when they had crossed the ninth green wave,
Down sunk the boat to the ocean cave!

I caution ye, maids, as well as I can,
Ne'er give your troth to an unknown man.

Translation of George Borrow. *Danish.*

THE LEGEND OF WALBACH TOWER

[Scene: Fort Constitution, on the island of Newcastle, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire,—Colonel Walbach commanding. Period, the fall of 1813.]

More ill at ease was never man than Walbach, that Lord's day,
When, spent with speed, a trawler cried, "A war-ship heads this way!"

His pipe, half filled, to shatters flew; he climbed the ridge of knolls,
And turning spy-glass toward the east, swept the long reach of Shoals.

An hour he watched: behind his back the Portsmouth spires waxed red;
Its harbor like a field of war, a brazen shield o'erhead.

Another hour: the sundown gun the Sabbath stillness brake;
When loud a second voice hallooed, "Two war-ships hither make!"

Again the colonel scanned the east, where soon white gleams arose:
Behind Star Isle they first appeared, then flashed o'er Smuttynose.

Fleet-winged they left Duck Isle astern; when, rounding full in view,
Lo! in the face of Appledore three Britishers hove to.

"To arms, O townsfolk!" Walbach cried. "Behold these black hawk three!
Whether they pluck old Portsmouth town rests now with you and me.

"The guns of Kittery, and mine, may keep the channel clear,
If but one pintle-stone be raised to ward me in the rear.

"But scarce a score my muster-roll; the earthworks lie unmanned;
(Whereof some mouthing spy, no doubt, has made them understand;)

"And if, ere dawn, their long-boat keels once kiss the nether sands,
My every port-hole's mouth is stopped, and we be in their hands!"

Then straightway from his place upspake the parson of the town:
"Let us beseech Heaven's blessing first!"—and all the folk knelt down.

"O God, our hands are few and faint; our hope rests all with thee:
Lend us thy hand in this sore strait,—and thine the glory be."

"Amen! Amen!" the chorus rose; "Amen!" the pines replied;
And through the church-yard's rustling grass an "Amen" softly sighed.

Astir the village was awhile, with hoof and iron clang;
Then all grew still, save where, aloft, a hundred trowels rang.

None supped, they say, that Lord's-day eve; none slept, they say, that night:
But all night long, with tireless arms, each toiled as best he might.

Four flax-haired boys of Amazeen the flickering torches stay,
Peopling with Titan shadow-groups the canopy of gray;

Grandsires, with frost above their brows, the steaming mortar mix;
Dame Tarlton's apron, crisp at dawn, helps hod the yellow bricks;

While pilot, cooper, mackerelman, parson and squire as well,
Make haste to plant the pintle-gun, and raise its citadel.

And one who wrought still tells the tale, that as his task he plied,
An unseen fellow-form he felt that labored at his side;

And still to wondering ears relates, that as each brick was squared,
Lo! unseen trowels clinked response, and a new course prepared.

O night of nights! The blinking dawn beheld the marvel done,
And from the new martello boomed the echoing morning gun.

One stormy cloud its lips upblew; and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold.

Then, slowly tacking to and fro, more near the cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.

"God be our stay," the parson cried, "who hearkened Israel's wail!"
And as he spake,—all in a line, seaward the ships set sail.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

THE PIPER OF GIJÓN

"Now the dancers take their places;
But the piper, where is he?"
"He is burying his mother,
But he'll be here presently."—
"And will he come?"—What can he do?
See him now, to duty true,
With his pipes; but ah, how heavy
A heart he carries is only known
To the piper,
To the piper of Gijón!

When he thinks how desolate
A hearth awaits now his return,
Tears like molten lead his bosom,
In secret overflowing, burn.
But his brothers must be fed;
His the hands must earn their bread:
So his merry tunes, though joy
From his life for aye be gone,
Plays the piper,
Plays the piper of Gijón.

In all the western land was never
Mother held than his more dear;
And now the grave has closed above her,
Parting them forever here.
While he pipes his merry strain,
Sobs he seeks to still in vain
With it mingle, fierce and bitter,
Like the wounded lion's groan.
Hapless piper!
Hapless piper of Gijón!

"Faster!" cry the eager dancers;
"Faster!" Faster still he plays;
Beneath a smiling face his anguish
To hide, though vainly, he essays.
And seeing him pipe gayly thus,
While flow his tears, as Zoïlus
Blind Homer once, some pitiless
Mock the aspect woebegone
Of the piper,
Of the piper of Gijón.

"Ah," he cries, with bosom heaving,
"Mother, mother, how a sigh
Relieves the breast with anguish laden,"
While he pipes on merrily;
For in his breast the voice he hears,
Now stilled in death, that on his ears
Fell sweetest, that shall ever echo
In the heart, a benison,
Of the piper,
Of the piper of Gijón.

How many another, too, concealing
Beneath a smiling countenance

His unshared agony, pipes gayly
That others to his strains may dance.
So does the poet with his song
Rejoice the world, while he among
Its merry masquers sits apart,
In spirit and in heart alone,
Like the piper,
Like the piper of Gijón.

RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR (Spanish).

Translation of Mary J. Serrano.

OJISTOH

I AM Ojistoh, I am she, the wife
Of him whose name breathes bravery and life
And courage to the tribe that calls him chief.
I am Ojistoh, his white star, and he
Is land and lake and sky — and soul, to me.
Ah! but they hated him, those Huron braves,
Him who had flung their warriors into graves,
Him who had crushed them underneath his heel,
Whose arm was iron, and whose heart was steel
To all — save me, Ojistoh, chosen wife
Of my great Mohawk, white star of his life.

Ah! but they hated him, and counciled long
With subtle witchcraft how to work him wrong;
How to avenge their dead, and strike him where
His pride was highest, and his fame most fair.
Their hearts grew weak as women at his name;
They dared no war-path since my Mohawk came
With ashen bow and flinten arrow-head
To pierce their craven bodies; but their dead
Must be avenged. Avenged? They dared not walk
In day and meet his deadly tomahawk;
They dared not face his fearless scalping-knife:
So — Niyoh!* — then they thought of me, his wife.

Oh! evil, evil face of them they sent
With evil Huron speech: "Would I consent

*God, in the Mohawk language.

To take of wealth? be queen of all their tribe?
Have wampum ermine?" Back I flung the bribe
Into their teeth, and said, "While I have life,
Know this,—Ojistoh is the Mohawk's wife."

Wah! how we struggled! But their arms were strong.
They flung me on their pony's back, with thong
Round ankle, wrist, and shoulder. Then upleapt
The one I hated most; his eye he swept
Over my misery, and sneering said,
"Thus, fair Ojistoh, we avenge our dead."

And we two rode, rode as a sea wind-chased,
I, bound with buckskin to his hated waist,
He, sneering, laughing, jeering, while he lashed
The horse to foam, as on and on we dashed.
Plunging through creek and river, bush and trail,
On, on we galloped, like a northern gale.
At last, his distant Huron fires aflame
We saw, and nearer, nearer still we came.

I, bound behind him in the captive's place,
Scarcely could see the outline of his face.
I smiled, and laid my cheek against his back:—
"Loose thou my hands," I said. "This pace let slack.
Forget we now that thou and I are foes.
I like thee well, and wish to clasp thee close;
I like the courage of thine eye and brow;
I like thee better than my Mohawk now."

He cut the cords; we ceased our maddened haste.
I wound my arms about his tawny waist;
My hand crept up the buckskin of his belt;
His knife hilt in my burning palm I felt;
One hand caressed his cheek, the other drew
The weapon softly—"I love you, love you,"
I whispered, "love you as my life;"
And—buried in his back his scalping knife.

Ha! how I rode, rode as a sea wind-chased,
Mad with my sudden freedom, mad with haste,
Back to my Mohawk and my home; I lashed
That horse to foam, as on and on I dashed.
Plunging through creek and river, bush and trail,
On, on I galloped like a northern gale.

And then my distant Mohawk's fires aflame
I saw, as nearer, nearer still I came,
My hands all wet, stained with a life's red dye,
But pure my soul, pure as those stars on high—
"My Mohawk's pure white star, Ojistoh, still am I."

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

BOS'N HILL

The wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill,
Far off is heard the ocean's note;
Low overhead the gulls scream shrill,
And homeward scuds each little boat.

Then the dead Bos'n wakes in glee
To hear the storm king's song;
And from the top of mast-pine tree
He blows his whistle loud and long.

The village sailors hear the call,
Lips pale and eyes grow dim:
Well know they, though he pipes them all,
He means but one shall answer him.

He pipes the dead up from their graves,
Whose bones the tansy hides;
He pipes the dead beneath the waves,—
They hear and cleave the rising tides.

But sailors know when next they sail
Beyond the Hilltop's view,
There's one amongst them shall not fail
To join the Bos'n Crew.

John Albee.

PETER RUGG THE BOSTONIAN

I

THE mare is pawing by the oak,
The chaise is cool and wide
For Peter Rugg the Bostonian
With his little son beside;
The women loiter at the wheels
In the pleasant summer-tide.

"And when wilt thou be home, father?"
"And when, good husband, say:
The cloud hangs heavy on the house
What time thou art away."
He answers straight, he answers short,
"At noon of the seventh day."—

"Fail not to come, if God so will,
And the weather be kind and clear."—
"Farewell, farewell! But who am I
A blockhead rain to fear?
God willing or God unwilling,
I have said it, I will be here."

He gathers up the sunburnt boy,
And from the gate is sped;
He shakes the spark from the stones below,
The bloom from overhead,
Till the last roofs of his own town
Pass in the morning-red.

Upon a homely mission
North unto York he goes,
Through the long highway broidered thick
With elder-blow and rose;
And sleeps in sound of breakers
At every twilight's close.

Intense upon his heedless head
Frowns Agamenticus,
Knowing of Heaven's challenger
The answer: even thus
The Patience that is hid on high
Doth stoop to master us.

II

Full light are all his parting dreams;
Desire is in his brain;
He tightens at the tavern-post
The fiery creature's rein.
"Now eat thine apple, six-years child!
We face for home again."

They had not gone a many mile
With nimble heart and tongue,
When the lone thrush grew silent
The walnut woods among;
And on the lulled horizon
A premonition hung.

The babes at Hampton schoolhouse,
The wife with lads at sea,
Search with a level lifted hand
The distance bodingly;
And farmer folk bid pilgrims in
Under a safe roof-tree.

The mowers mark by Newbury
How low the swallows fly;
They glance across the southern roads
All white and fever-dry,
And the river, anxious at the bend,
Beneath a thinking sky.

But there is one abroad was born
To disbelieve and dare:
Along the highway furiously
He cuts the purple air.
The wind leaps on the startled world
As hounds upon a hare;

With brawl and glare and shudder ope
The sluices of the storm:
The woods break down, the sand upblows
In blinding volleys warm;
The yellow floods in frantic surge
Familiar fields deform.

From evening until morning
His skill will not avail,

And as he cheers his youngest born,
His cheek is spectre-pale;
For the bonnie mare from courses known
Has drifted like a sail!

III

On some wild crag he sees the dawn
Unsheathe her scimiter.
"Oh, if it be my mother-earth
And not a foreign star,
Tell me the way to Boston,
And is it near or far?"

One watchman lifts his lamp and laughs:
"Ye've many a league to wend."
The next doth bless the sleeping boy
From his mad father's end;
A third upon a drawbridge growls,
"Bear ye to larboard, friend."

Forward and backward, like a stone
The tides have in their hold,
He dashes east, and then distraught
Darts west as he is told.
(Peter Rugg the Bostonian,
That knew the land of old!)

And journeying, and resting scarce
A melancholy space,
Turns to and fro, and round and round,
The frenzy in his face,
And ends alway in angrier mood,
And in a stranger place:

Lost! lost in bayberry thickets
Where Plymouth plovers run,
And where the masts of Salem
Look lordly in the sun;
Lost in the Concord vale, and lost
By rocky Wollaston!

Small thanks have they that guide him,
Awed and aware of blight;
To hear him shriek denial,
It sickens them with fright:—
"They lied to me a month ago
With thy same lie to-night!"

To-night, to-night, as nights succeed,
He swears at home to bide,
Until, pursued with laughter
Or fled as soon as spied,
The weather-drenchèd man is known
Over the country-side!

IV

The seventh noon's a memory,
And autumn's closing in;
The quince is fragrant on the bough,
And barley chokes the bin.
"O Boston, Boston, Boston!
And O my kith and kin!"

The snow climbs o'er the pasture wall,
It crackles 'neath the moon;
And now the rustic sows the seed,
Damp in his heavy shoon;
And now the building jays are loud
In canopies of June.

For season after season
The three are whirled along,
Misled by every instinct
Of light, or scent, or song;
Yea, put them on the surest trail,
The trail is in the wrong.

Upon those wheels in any path
The rain will follow loud,
And he who meets that ghostly man
Will meet a thunder-cloud,
And whosoever speaks with him
May next bespeak his shroud.

Though nigh two hundred years have gone,
Doth Peter Rugg the more
A gentle answer and a true
Of living lips implore:—
"Oh, show me to my own town,
And to my open door!"

V

Where shall he see his own town,
Once dear unto his feet?

The psalms, the tankard to the king,
The beacon's cliffy seat,
The gabled neighborhood, the stocks
Set in the middle street?

How shall he know his own town
If now he clatters through?
Much men and cities change that have
Another love to woo;
And things occult, incredible,
They find to think and do.

With such new wonders since he went
A broader gossip copes;
Across the crowded triple hills,
And up the harbor slopes,
Tradition's self for him no more
Remembers, watches, hopes.

But ye, O unborn children!
(For many a race must thrive
And drip away like icicles
Ere Peter Rugg arrive,)
If of a sudden to your ears
His plaint is blown alive;

If nigh the city, folding in
A little lad that cries,
A wet and weary traveler
Shall fix you with his eyes,
And from the crazy carriage lean
To spend his heart in sighs:—

"That I may enter Boston,
Oh, help it to befall!
There would no fear encompass me,
No evil craft appall:
Ah, but to be in Boston,
GOD WILLING, after all!"—

Ye children, tremble not, but go
And lift his bridle brave
In the one Name, the dread Name,
That doth forgive and save,
And lead him home to Copp's Hill ground,
And to his fathers' grave.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TÀN*

A. D. 1587

From 'Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verses.' Copyright 1887, by Margaret J. Preston. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I

THE home-bound ships stood out to sea,
And on the island's marge
Sir Richard waited restlessly
To step into the barge.

"The Governor tarrieth long," he chode,
"As he were loath to go:
With food before and want behind,
There should be haste, I trow."

Even as he spake the Governor came:—
"Nay, fret not, for the men
Have held me back with frantic let,
To have them home again.

"The women weep:—'Ay, ay, the ships
Will come again (he saith)
Before the May;—before the May
We shall have starved to death!'

"I've sworn return by God's dear leave,
I've vowed by Court and Crown,
Nor yet appeased them. Comrade, thou,
Mayhap, canst soothe them down."

Sir Richard loosed his helm, and stretched
Impatient hands abroad:—
"Have ye no trust in man?" he cried,
"Have ye no faith in God?

"Your Governor goes, as needs he must,
To bear through royal grace,
Hither, such food-supply that want
May never blench a face.

"Of freest choice ye willed to leave
Whatso ye had of ease;

*The first English colony was sent to America by Sir Walter Raleigh under the auspices of Sir Richard Grenville. The settlement was made on Roanoke Island in Albemarle Sound.

For neither stress of liege nor law
Hath forced you over seas.

"Your Governor leaves fair hostages
As costliest pledge of care,—
His daughter yonder, and her child,
The child Virginia Dare.*

"Come hither, little sweetheart! So!
Thou'lt be the first, I ween,
To bend the knee, and send through me
Thy birthland's virgin fealty
Unto its Virgin Queen.

"And now, good folk, for my commands:
If ye are fain to roam
Beyond this island's narrow bounds,
To seek elsewhere a home,—

"Upon some pine-tree's smoothen trunk
Score deep the Indian name
Of tribe or village where ye haunt,
That we may read the same.

"And if ye leave your haven here
Through dire distress or loss,
Cut deep within the wood above
The symbol of the cross.

"And now on my good blade, I swear,
And seal it with this sign,
That if the fleet that sails to-day
Return not hither by the May,
The fault shall not be mine!"

II

The breath of spring was on the sea;
Anon the Governor stepped
His good ship's deck right merrily,—
His promise had been kept.

"See, see! the coast-line comes in view!"
He heard the mariners shout,—
"We'll drop our anchors in the Sound
Before a star is out!"

*Virginia Dare, the granddaughter of Governor Whyte, was the first English child born in America.

"Now God be praised!" he inly breathed,
"Who saves from all that harms:
The morrow morn my pretty ones
Will rest within my arms."

At dawn of day they moored their ships,
And dared the breakers' roar:
What meant it? Not a man was there
To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabins rude:
The quick green sedge had thrown
Its knotted web o'er every door,
And climbed the chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter's leaves,
And feebly gurgled on;
And from the pathway, strewn with rack,
All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrid the matted grass,
If there, perchance, a mound
Unseen might heave the broken turf;
But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,
If haply in despair
They might have strayed into its glade,
But found no vestige there.

"The pine! the pine!" the Governor groaned;
And there each staring man
Read in a maze, one single word,
Deep carven,—CRO-A-TÀN!

But cut above, no cross, no sign,
No symbol of distress;
Naught else beside that mystic line
Within the wilderness!

And where and what was "Cro-a-tàn"?
But not an answer came;
And none of all who read it there
Had ever heard the name.

The Governor drew his jerkin sleeve
Across his misty eyes:
"Some land, may be, of savagery
Beyond the coast that lies;

"And skulking there the wily foe
In ambush may have lain:
God's mercy! Could such sweetest heads
Lie scalped among the slain?

"O daughter! daughter! with the thought
My harrowed brain is wild!
Up with the anchors! I must find
The mother and the child!"

They scoured the mainland near and far:
The search no tidings brought;
Till 'mid a forest's dusky tribe
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts
Of corn and slaughtered deer:
What room for savage treachery
Or foul suspicion here?

Unhindered of a chief or brave,
They searched the wigwam through;
But neither lance nor helm nor spear,
Nor shred of child's nor woman's gear,
Could furnish forth a clue.

How could a hundred souls be caught
Straight out of life, nor find
Device through which to mark their fate,
Or leave some hint behind?

Had winter's ocean inland rolled
An eagre's deadly spray,
That overwhelmed the island's breadth,
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search!
No tidings reached them more;
No record save that silent word
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man:
Sphinx-like untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TÀN!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

POEMS FROM ORIENTAL LANGUAGES

IT IS ALL ONE IN THE TURKISH

(*Turkish*)

I MEDDLE with the Future none; I travel not into the Farness,
And, for all vain desires of mine, still vainer world, I hand them over t'ye:
I sometimes carve, but mostly starve; *some scoundrel owns my horse and harness:*
I am, *Ya Hu*, the Sultan of the pillaged Realm of Rags and Poverty.
I work, or don't: all's one, that's clear; when once I am bowstrung, shot, or sabred,
I'll sleep as soundly, never fear, as though I had ne'er done aught but labored.

By SHERMIDEDEDEH, Grand Fakir (King of the Beggars).
Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

PERSIAN EPIGRAMS

(Fourteenth Century)

NAUGHT, I hear thee say,
Can fill the greedy eye;
Yet a little clay
Will fill it by-and-by.

THY thoughts are but Silver when told:
Locked up in thy breast they are Gold.

THE steed to the man who bestrides it newly,
The sabre to him who best can wield it,
The damsel to him who has wooed her truly,
And the province to him who refuses to yield it.

AN HOUR of Good, a day of Ill,
This is the lot of mourning Man,
Who leaves the world whene'er he will,
But goes to Heaven whene'er he — can.

TOUCH all that falls under thine eyes;
And beware
That thou buy not thy bird while he flies
In the air.

DEAD SEA FRUIT

(*Turkish* — Fifteenth Century)

TRUST not the World or Time,— they are liar-mates;
YA HU!*
Wealth borrows wings and woman goes her way.
YA HU!
Into the old house with the ebon gates†
YA HU!
Who enters is but guest and must not stay.
YA HU!
Look not upon the sun, for that shall die;
YA HU!
Love not the roses, for they must decay:
YA HU!
The child is caught by all that dupes the eye;
YA HU!
The man should gird his loins,— he cannot stay!
YA HU!
From moon to moon Time rolleth as a river;
YA HU!
Though night will soon o'erdark thy life's last ray,
YA HU!
Earth is the prison of the True Believer,
YA HU!
And who in prison stipulates to stay?
YA HU!
Up, dreamer, up! What takest Life to be?
YA HU!
Are centuries not made of night and day?
YA HU!
Call now on God while he will list to thee!
YA HU!
The Caravan moves on; it will not stay!
YA HU!
Remember Him whom Heaven and Earth adore!
YA HU!
Fast, and deny thyself; give alms and pray:
YA HU!

* This refrain is the cry of the Howling Dervishes.

† The world, which we enter by the gate of Non-Existence, and depart from by that of Death.

Thy bark drifts hourly towards the Phantom-shore,
YA HU!
The sails are up, the vessel will not stay!
YA HU!
As yet the Accusing Scroll is incomplete;
YA HU!
But Scales and Bridge* maintain their dread array;
YA HU!
Now art thou here, *now* at the Judgment-Seat!
YA HU!
For death and justice brook not long delay!
YA HU!
Oh, trust Hudayi! he alone from birth
YA HU!
Is guided by the Guardian Four alway;†
YA HU!
He is alone the friend of God on earth,
YA HU!
Who visits earth, but doth not sigh to stay,
YA HU!

HUDAYI II., OF ANATOLIA.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO SULTAN MURAD II.

(*Turkish*)

EARTH sees in thee
Her Destiny:‡
Thou standest as the Pole — and she
Resembles
The Needle, for she turns to thee,
And trembles.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* "The Mahometans hold that the Balance wherein all things shall be weighed on the Judgment Day is of so vast a size that its two scales will contain both heaven and earth, and that one scale will hang over Paradise, and the other over hell. , . . The Bridge, called in Arabic *al Sirât*, is, they say, laid over the midst of hell, and is finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, and those who cannot pass this bridge fall into hell."
— SALE'S PRELIM. DISC.

† The four Khalifs next in succession to Mohammed; viz., Omar, Ali, Osman, and Abubekhr.

‡ *Murad* signifies *destiny*.

THE DOWRY

(*Nubian*—Fifteenth Century)

A CHANGE came over my husband's mind:
He loved me once, and was true and kind;
His heart went astray, he wished me away,
But he had no money my dower to pay.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,*
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

For blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,
And my cocks and hens were his only store;
So he kept me still, for well he knew
If I went, that the cocks and hens went too.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

But I saw him pining day by day,
As he wished his poor wife far away;
So I went my rival home to call,
And gave her the hen-house, and him, and all.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

Then he tore his turban off his brow,
And swore I never should leave him now,
Till the death-men combed his burial locks:
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES

(*Turkish*)

BEWARE of blindly trusting
To outward art
And specious sheen,
For Vice is oft incrusting
The hollow heart
Within unseen.

*This refrain is Nubian for «My henhouse, oh, my henhouse»; this henhouse being the property of the wife, and a part of the dowry which the husband is obliged to return to her, in case of a divorce.

See that black pool below thee!
There Heaven sleeps
In golden fire;
Yet, whatsoe'er they show thee,
The mirror's deeps
Are slime and mire.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO A TURKISH AUTHOR

(*Turkish*)

THAT none may dub thee tactless dund'rhead,
Confine thy pen to light chit-chat,
And rattle on as might a letter!
For ninety-nine of every hundred
Hate Learning, and, what's more than that,
The hundredth man likes berresh* better!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

MEMORY

(*Turkish*)

THE characters the slight reed traces
Remain indelible through ages;
Strange, then, that Time so soon effaces
What Feeling writes on Memory's pages!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

TO AMÍNE, ON SEEING HER ABOUT TO VEIL HER MIRROR

(*Turkish*)

VEIL not thy mirror, sweet Amíne,
Till night shall also veil each star:
Thou seest a two-fold marvel there,-
The only face as fair as thine,
The only eyes that near or far
Can gaze on thine without despair!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

* A preparation of opium.

LAMENT

(*Turkish* — Eleventh Century)

LIKE a cypress-tree,
Mateless in a death-black valley,
Where no lily springeth,
Where no bulbul singeth,
Whence gazelle is never seen to sally,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a wandering bee,
Alien from his hive and fellows,
Humming moanful ditties;—
Far from men and cities
Roaming glades which autumn rarely mellows,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a bark at sea,
All whose crew by night have perished,
Drifting on the ocean
Still with shoreward motion,
Though none live by whom Hope's throb is cherished,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

So I pine and dree
Till the night that knows no morrow
Sees me wrapped in clay-vest:
Thou, chill world, that gavest
Me the bitter boon alone of Sorrow,
Give, then, a grave to me,
Dark, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

From the 'Firak-Nameh' (The Farewell Book) of
AHI, THE SIGHER.

PASSAGE

(*Arabian* — Twelfth Century)

I see not the strand,
For you all understand
That I pass for a mariner;
None can be barrener
Either of houses or land:
But I sail up and down a Red Sea;
For the wine that I lift to a lip
Rather given to curl in the way called derisive,
Whenever a brute is disposed to dispute
My pretensions to sip
Everlastingly, is, I've
A notion,
An ocean
To me and to all jolly bibbers like me;
And the glass is my ship.

From the 'Kafwut-Nameh' (Book of Rubies).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. Transcribed by Ghalib.

TO MIRIAM, ON HER HAIR

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

Ethiopians are thy locks:
In each hair
Lurks a snare
Worse than Afric's gulfs and rocks.
They who swear
By that hair
Swear the Koran's oath aright:
By the black Abyss of Night!

Selman.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

To Yusuf Ben Ali Ben Yacoob

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

I wrote, Y—— is a wretched proser,
Though tolerable verse-composer:
But 'twas not *thee* I satirized;
And I confess I feel surprised
To see thee thus take fire like nitre;
For thou art wrong, and thou shouldst know it;
Thou *art* indeed a poor prose-writer,
But *not* a tolerable poet.

Scheichi II.,
Surnamed Djaghidshurdshi.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

To a Friend who had Invited the Author to Supper, and Read to Him a Book of his Ghazels

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

Thine entertainment, honest friend, had one insufferable fault,—
Too little salt was in thy songs, too much about thy meats and salads:
In future show a better taste,—take from thy table half the salt,
And put it where 'tis wanted more, in thine insipid batch of ballads.

Djeseri Kasim-Pasha,
Surnamed Safi, or The Speckless.

SAYING OF KEMALLEDIN KHOGENDI

(*Persian* — Fourteenth Century)

The words of the wise and unknown, quoth Zehir, are buds in a garden,
Which flower when summer is come, and are called for the harem by girls;
Or drops of water, saith Sa'di, *which silently brighten and harden,*
Till khalifs themselves exclaim, They blind me, those dazzling pearls!

SAYINGS OF DJELIM

(*Arabian*—Sixteenth Century)

I TOO was reared in Djelim's house; and thus his precepts run and are:—
When Folly sells thee Wisdom's crown, 'tis idly gained and dearly bought;
Oh! foremost man of all his race, born under some diviner star,
Who, early trained, self-reined, self-chained, can practice all that Lokman taught.

The joys and cares of earth are snares: heed lest thy soul too late deplore
The power of sin to wile and win her vision from the Eight and Four.
Lock up thyself within thyself; distrust the stranger and the fair:
The fool is blown from whim to whim by every gust of passion's gales.
Bide where the lute and song are mute; and as thy soul would shun despair,
Avert thine eyes from woman's face when twilight falls and she unveils.
Be circumspect; be watchmanlike: put pebbles in thy mouth each day:
Pause long ere thou panegyrize; pause doubly long ere thou condemn.
Thy thoughts are Tartars, vagabonds: imprison all thou canst not slay,—
Of many million drops of rain perchance but one turns out a gem.

From the 'Fazel-Nameh' (Book of Virtue) of
SCHINASI, or The Knowing One.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

LINES ON THE LAUNCHING OF THE BASH-TARDAH*

(*Turkish*)

"WEIGH anchor!" cried the Padishah,
"Quick! ere the day be a moment older,
And launch the peerless Bash-tardah!
No nobler vessel sails, or bolder."
Who hear the order must obey: they get the Proud One under way,
And along her dark-blue road she sweeps—
The Jewel of the World—behold her!

*Bash-tardah, head-ship (an admiral's ship).

Walking the Bosphorus like a queen,
Unparalleled and uncontrolled, her
Green flag will centuries hence be seen
When kiosks and mosques and *deereks** molder.
Let Venice's galleys menace now,—armed all and manned from poop to prow:
There goes the empress of the seas!
The Jewel of the World,—behold her!
Long as her gallant mainmast towers,
Long as the joyous waves uphold her,
So long her crew will dare the Giaours,
Will meet them shoulder up to shoulder.
Oh, the days of Selim† shall return—again the Moslem's breast shall burn,
Pondering what Marmora was of yore,
When rich in such— Our boast—behold her!
Cold is the Captain-Pasha's‡ lay;
But may his heart be even colder,
May his eyes and mouth be filled with clay,
And a winding-sheet be his enfolder,
When he shall see with heedless eye yon glorious pennon flout the sky!
It is *her* pennon—there she goes!
The Jewel of the World,—behold her!

Author Unknown.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF MORNING

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

ANOTHER night is fled,
Another morning rises red;
The silver stars that twinkle
Through saffron curtains here and there
Gleam like the pearls that sprinkle
A virgin's golden hair.

* Pillars.

† Selim I., the ninth Sultan of the Ottoman Dynasty, and one of the most victorious monarchs by sea and land, of modern times.

‡ The name of the author of this lay is unknown: he merely gives his title, *Kapudan-basah.*

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New beams and brighter smile
Along the skies, and while
Aurora's colors clamber
The mountains of the dawn,
The sun, a globe of amber,
In silentness has drawn
Within his own warm sphere, as morn by morn he draws
Each glistening straw that strews the Way of Straws.*

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EFFECTS OF LAZINESS

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

I LEFT the fabric of my hopes to other hands to rear:
It fell; and then I wept for grief, and wondered at its fall.
Be wiser thou: One Hand hath framed the Universal All;
That wrought alone: do thou the same, or swift decay is near.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO MAILUKA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

WHEN the misbelieving Guebre saw
Thy black locks and dazzling brow,
Wonder smote him to the soul, and awe.
Bilirim!† he cried: I now
See that God should be adored
For the darkness as the light;
Allah Akbar!‡ God the Lord
Made not only day but night.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* The Turks call the Milky Way *Saaman Yoli*, the Straw-Way.
† Credo.
‡ God is great.

TO RAYAB ANA SHEREHEMIZ, THE FEMALE TRAVELER

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

WHAT! wandering still without a bound?
Nay, Rayab, this is worse than folly—
'Tis cruel, since o'er earth's wide round
Thy slaves must follow, fast or slowly;
If thou decline to stand thy ground
The world must turn pedestrian wholly,
Nor will one *soul* at rest be found
In Roumilee* or Anadoli.†

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO ZUREIDA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

THY waist many swear
Is the Region of Naught,
And they call thy loose hair
The Black Desert of Ghaut;‡
But persons of taste
Are content to declare
That thy hair is a waste,
While thy waist is a hair.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

OPINIONS NO PINIONS

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

OH,—show—no vain triumph o'er thy neighbors!
They—may—lay snares for thy shameful fall:
Ill—will—skill repay thy anxious labors
When—men—pen or form dislike of all.

*Roumelia or Romania: the Orientals spell it *Rum-i-lee;* with them it sometimes stands for Hungary, sometimes for European Turkey, and sometimes, as here, for all Europe.

†Asia (Anatolia).

‡Karajaban Ghauti is the name of a fabulous desert to the north of the fabulous Mountain of Kaf.

Keep — deep — sleep when Self and Pride are preaching!
More — soar — o'er the planets than are wise;
Far — are — star and sun beyond thy reaching;
Why — fly — high since clouds must wrap the skies?

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

ORTHODOXY, OR THE DOXY?

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

ONE day in catechizing me, the Khodja* asked me Whether
I could feel happy in a palace, living in idolatry:
I said, With her I worshiped, surely, though we dwelt together
Not underneath a palace roof, but in a cave or hollow tree.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE PANEGYRIC OF AMRAPOLAS, NEAR BRUSA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

OH, NEVER, never, since this world
Unfurled
Her banner,
And began her
Harmonious race, did Nature grace, did Fancy trace,
Elsewhere a place
So redolent of all delight
For sight
And soul as
Amrapolas!
Praised be her dales, her nightingales, her verdurous vales!
Praised be her gales,
Loaded with spicy perfumes rare;
Her fair
Mild evens,
Her blue heavens,
And those rich beams, like diamond-gleams, that light her streams,
Which poet's dreams

*Doctor of the Law.

Of Paradise itself were faint
To paint
Elysian
As that vision!
Praised be her bright bland lakes of light, her noble night,
Begemmed and dight
With stilly hosts of traveling stars
In cars
All glancing
And advancing!
Praised be her dawn, when, night withdrawn, along the lawn
The playful fawn
Bounds with light heart and feet to meet
And greet
Day's dun light
Ere the sunlight
Gilds wave and shore and dances o'er the emerald floor
Of earth once more!
Praised be her soil, and hers alone!
I own
None other
For my Mother!
And oh! when drest in Death's pale vest, may Lamii rest
On her soft breast!

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TROPHY TAKEN FROM LOVE

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

Woe is me! Since first I tasted
That rich cup of Love delicious
Sweetened by Gulnare,
I am grown so lean and wasted
She can draw me as she wishes
By a single hair.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

HAROUN-AL-RASHID AND THE DUST

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

I AM but dust, said Hassan, as he bowed
His face to earth abashèd,
And in my Khalif's glance I flourish or I wither.
Since you are only dust, replied aloud
The great Haroun-Al-Rashid,
Be good enough to say what wind has blown you hither.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

WHAT IS LOVE?

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

WHAT is Love? I asked a lover;
Liken it, he answered, weeping,
To a flood unchained and sweeping
Over shell-strown grottoes, over
Beds of roses, lilies, tulips,
O'er all flowers that most enrich the
Garden, in one headlong torrent,
Till they show a wreck from which the
Eye and mind recoil abhorrent.
Hearts may woo hearts, lips may woo lips,
And gay days be spent in gladness,
Dancing, feasting, lilting, luting,
But the end of all is Sadness,
Desolation, Devastation,
Spoliation, and Uprooting!

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

GET silver ice, O jeweler, to cool thy golden wine;
It grows too fierce and heady:
So spake the guest. No, quoth his host,—this ruby, I opine,
Is *cold enough* already.*

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

FROM 'BHANG U BADEH'

(*Turkish*)

I AM Bhang,† a magnificent name—
A globe of light—a pillar of flame—
A bridge of pearl—a dome of gold—
A guide to mysteries untold—
A talisman for young and old.
I am smooth as Iran's marble,
Green as Oman's glassy deep;
When I please I lull and warble
Shahs themselves to sleep.
Nobles flock to my ancient college,
From north and west, and the furthest distance,
For I alone give a lucid knowledge
Of Nature, Spirit, and Non-Existence.
My place is with the learned and solemn,
And where the student with clasped hands
Muses, like Medjnoon,‡ and stands
All day moveless as a column.
Statesmen reverence me and bless me;
Damsels fondle and caress me;
Kings and Kalenders combine
To honor Me, the Pure and Placid,
Knowing that, unlike to wine,
My sweetness never turns to acid:

*The four great tests of the ruby with Oriental jewelers are, its hardness, lustre, specific gravity, and *coldness*.

†An intoxicating drink.

‡The hero of a celebrated romance by the Persian poet Nizami, and of many other romances by Turkish imitators: he is said to have stood so long rooted to the spot where he first beheld his beloved (Leila) that the birds came and nested on his head. *Medjnoon* signifies love-crazed.

For I am the seal of perpetual grace,
The mirror of truth, the key to fame,
And he who would find a resting-place
For his fainting soul in eternity's race,
Must fly to Me as the moth to the flame.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

GHAZEL AND SONG

(*Turkish*)

SUMMER yet lingers, yet blushes and blesses,
Dazzling the dells with her sunbeamy tresses:
Here let us revel, defying excesses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Wine and the lute, amid roses and jesses,*
Make our earth Eden, as Hafiz confesses;
Sultans have troubles, but nothing depresses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Man cannot live upon berries and cresses;
Life's is a banquet luxuriant in messes;
Deep let us drink while existence progresses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Naught will we know of past woes or successes;
Naught will we yield to but Pleasure's caresses;
Naught but the spirit of riot possesses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Slaves, whom the load of the present oppresses,
Fools, who would fathom the future's recesses,
Kiss the goose,† all of ye! Nothing distresses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Who shall hereafter (all fame retrogresses)
Know of Nihaun and his friends but by guesses?
Deep let us drink, then, unfearing excesses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

ABDALLAH NIHAUNI.
(Born in Constantinople. *Ob.* 1519. Buried at Mecca.)

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* Jessamines.
† A drinking-vessel shaped like a goose (in Turkish, *Bat*).

CAST NOT PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

FAIREST in ten thousand, list and be admonished!
Walk not forth at evening: wherefore let thy light fall
Where none comprehend its wondrous loveliness?
Those thy beauty dazzles will be so astonished
When they see the sun thus shining after nightfall,
That they may arraign thee as a sorceress.

RAHIKI, of Constantinople.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO MÍHRI

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

MY STARLIGHT, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine.
Ah! didst thou lay bare
Those dark tresses of thine,
Even night would seem bright
To the hue of thy hair, which is black as despair.
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine:
Ah! didst thou disclose
Those bright features of thine,
The Red Vale* would look pale
By thy cheek, which so glows that it shames the rich rose.
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine:
Ah! didst thou lay bare
That white bosom of thine,
The bright sun would grow dun
Nigh a rival so rare and so radiantly fair!
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not!

RAHIKI, of Constantinople.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* *Kuzzil Ragh*, the Red Valley; in all probability the Valley of Roses at Edreen.

NIGHT IS NEARING

(*Persian*—Fifteenth Century)

ALLAH Akbar!
All things vanish after
brief careering;
Down one gulf life's myriad barks are steering;
Headlong mortal! hast thou ears for hearing?
Pause! Be wise! The Night, thy Night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Towards the darkness whence no ray is peering,
Towards the void from which no voice comes cheering,
Move the countless doomed—none volunteering—
While the winds rise and the night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
See the palace-dome its pride uprearing
One fleet hour, then darkly disappearing!
So must all of Lofty or Endearing
Fade, fail, fall;—to all the night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Then, since naught abides, but all is veering,
Flee a world which Sin is hourly searing;
Only so mayst front thy fate unfearing
When life wanes, and death, like night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

BABA KHODJEE.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE PHARISEE

(*Turkish*—Fifteenth Century)

I GIVE God thanks for this, that I
Am no low slipper-licker's debtor:
If Heaven itself were not so high,
I scarce could bear to rest its debtor.

A Durweesh am I—naught beside:
I might be worse, and may be better;

But one thought swells my heart with pride,—
I am no man's tool and no man's debtor.

I am sleek and stout; my face is bright;
No cares corrode, no vices fetter
My cushioned soul;—I snore at night,
But never yet was opium's debtor.

I love the stars, the sun, the moon;
When Summer goes I much regret her:
But who holds Kaf or robs Karoon
I don't much care,—I'm not their debtor.

So writeth Mahmoud Fakrideed
In this his lay, or lilt, or letter;
Which he or she that runs may read,
And be therefor perchance his debtor.

By the DURWEESH FAKRIDEED of Klish.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES

(*Arabian* — Fourteenth Century)

*MY EYES are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years:
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers!
For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides,—
To the old, old time, long, long ago—
The Time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago—
The Time of the Barmecides.

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,

*The Baramekee, or Barmecides, were the most illustrious of the Arabian nobles for hospitality, intelligence, and valor. Their downfall, by means of court intrigues, occurred in the reign of the great Haroun al-Rashid, about the beginning of the ninth century.

And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Bedaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

One golden djam* illumed my board,
One silver zhaun† was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare:
For those were days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides,—
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides,
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our canopy the deep of the sky,
Or the roof of the palace-dome;—
Oh, ours was that vivid life to and fro
Which only Sloth derides:
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides;
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once agen,
With its turrets of Moorish mold,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men,‡
Whose binishes§ flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the pall of oblivion hides,—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the Time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the Time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
And I bend with the weight of years:

*Goblet.
†Dish.
‡His body-guard.
§Cavalry cloaks.

May I soon go down to the House of Clay
Where slumber my youth's compeers!
For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
My memory ever abides,
And I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!

Author Unknown.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

GHAZEL: THE WORLD

(*Turkish* — Fifteenth Century)

To this khan — and *from* this khan
How many pilgrims came — and went too!
In this khan — and *by* this khan
What arts were spent — what hearts were rent too!
To this khan — and *from* this khan,
Which for penance Man is sent to,
Many a van and caravan
Crowded came — and shrouded went too!
Christian man and Mosleman,
Guebre, Heathen, Jew, and Gentoo,
To this khan — and *from* this khan
Weeping came — and sleeping went too!
A riddle this since Time began
Which many a sage his mind hath bent to;
All came and went, but never man
Knew whence they came or where they went to!

KEMAL-OOMI.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

DARK ASPECT AND PROSPECT

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

AH! CEASE to shroud the radiance of those cheeks,
Those eyes that pale the lightnings of the opal!
An eclipse of the sun for days and weeks
Forebodes disaster in Constantinople! *

ABDULKERIM.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

(*Nile Song* — Fifteenth Century)

I

THOU art the palm-tree of my desert,
and thy glance, so soft and bright,
Is the moonlight of my spirit
in its long and dreary night;
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden —
only well
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness —
my gentle-eyed gazelle!

II

But the palm-tree waves in sunny
heights, unreached by sighs of mine,
And the moonlight has its mission first
on loftier brows to shine,
And a wealthier hand will cull that
flower — unseal that stainless spring:
May'st thou be happy! — even with him,
while lone I'm wandering.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* An allusion, probably, to the couplet of Salaheddin: —

Woe, woe to Stamboul when through many days
The midsummer sun shall be shorn of his rays!

MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER

(*Nile Song* * — Arabic)

THE MOTHER

MY DAUGHTER, 'tis time that thou wert wed:
Ten summers already are over thy head;
I must find you a husband, if under the sun
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

THE DAUGHTER

Dear mother, *one* husband will never do:
I have so much love that I must have two;
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,
More love than both can bring to me.

One husband shall carry a lance so bright:
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night;
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

The other a sailor bold shall be:
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea;
And when evening brings his hour of rest,
He shall find repose on this faithful breast.

MOTHER

There's no chance, my child, of a double match,
For men are scarce and hard to catch;
So I fear you must make *one* husband do,
And try to love him as well as two.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* Each verse is first sung by a single voice, the last two lines being given in full chorus. The music is very gay.

A Group of Indian Epigrams

Edited for the 'Library,' by Chas. R. Lanman, the translator

AN INDIAN NARCISSUS

[It is a bit of genuinely Indian exaggeration that the flower-girl should be fooled by supposing the reflection of her own blue eyes in the water to be real lotuses.]

THOU maiden fair, that by the lotus-pool
The dark-blue lilies gatherest,
There floats one beauty near thy hand.
Why pluck'st it not? why hesitating stand?
The reason I may guess:
The mirrored loveliness
Of thine own orbèd eyes of blue,
So lotus-like in shape and hue,
Full oft deceived thee.
"If thou'rt a blossom real," sayst thou,
"I'll not believe thee."

SORRY CUPID'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

Ascribed to the poet Bhartri-hari, and said to be a recital of his own experience. Among the most notable recurrences of the same motif are those found in an idyl of the Sicilian Moschos, and in Heine's 'Buch der Lieder, Lyrisches Intermezzo,' No. 39.

MY SWEETHEART, ever in my thoughts, shows me indifference cold:
She loves a man, who unto yet another maid hath told
His love,—in vain; for I am loved by his most cruel she.
Fie, sweetheart, on you, on your man, on Love, on maid, on me!

MAHATMA

FALLEN in evil case, thy courage wavereth not;
Thy work thou followest, heedful, resolute,
Neck to the yoke. Sorrow—when 'tis thy lot,
O lofty soul*—thou bearest till thy foes be mute.

*"Lofty soul" is here the English for *mahātma*, whose proper connotation differs *toto cælo* from that which it has for the modern "Theosophist."

DETACHMENT

FULL sudden fall the blows of sorrow deep.
The fresh-made wounds we hardly may endure,
They touch our vitals so. But courage keep!
Not brooding on them is the sovereign cure!

«WHEN I HAVE A CONVENIENT SEASON»

ON NAUGHT but play will happy childhood think;
The youth to blooming maid his love must bring;
And since old age in streams of care doth sink,
To sovran Brahm no mortal wight will cling.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

THOUSANDS of gods like Indra great,
Hundreds of kings of royal state,
Have seen, by Time's almighty hand,
Their glories so put out
As are the flames of lamps that stand
Where puffs the wind about.

FROM THE 'GARLAND OF QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS'

Q. WHAT lack I yet? what for my soul remaineth
To know, that all these longings then may cease?

A. Salvation, wherein simplest soul attaineth
The knowledge that doth end in perfect peace.

Q. What must I know, the which when comprehending,
Their secret thought from all the worlds I wrest?*

A. On all-embracing Brahm thy spirit bending,
That know, Prime Form of Being, Manifest.

*Faust:—

Dass ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält.

«WORK OUT YOUR SALVATION WITH HEEDFULNESS»

(BUDDHA'S DYING WORD)

UNHEEDFULNESS,—that is the worst of foes;
Unheedfulness, of poisons all, most fell:
It is the path to hell and death that goes;
The robber at salvation's citadel.

THE LETTER KILLETH

SOME men do read the Vedas four,
And many a book of sacred lore,
And know their spirit, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth.

SHAM ADMIRATION IN LITERATURE

NOT every poem's good because it's ancient,
Nor mayst thou blame it just because it's new.
Fair critics test, and prove, and so pass judgment;
Fools praise or blame as they hear others do.

REALITIES

IN EVERY wood upon the trees there grow
Fruits easy pluckt, thy hungry mouth to fill;
In every place the purest brooks do flow,
Whose waters cool and sweet thy thirst would still;
And on their banks the softest couch is laid,
From tender shoots of lovely creepers made.
Food, drink, and bed!—Why, wretched fool, for more
Wilt serve or toady at some rich man's door?

WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES

IN ALL the world there are but jewels three:
Water, and rice, and wisdom's precious word.
The fool, when asked how many jewels he
May own, of precious stones doth count his hoard.

THE SENSES

A man is like a water-skin:*
Wisdom, like water, is within.
Five wretched senses man do cumber:
Four legs and neck are five in number.

If even one its tightness lose,
All water from the bag will ooze:
If of one sense man lose control,
All wisdom oozeth from his soul

USE AND WASTE

Fie on that human being's life, I cried,
That's bare of service to his fellows done!
Hurrah for cattle! for at least their hide
Will serve for leather when their life is run.

«I WERE BUT LITTLE HAPPY IF I COULD SAY HOW MUCH»

«Sweet love,» I asked her, from my journey far
Now home returning, «Is it well with thee?»
No word she spake: her only answer this,—
That her two eyes all brimming with her tears
Love's story told and nothing left unsaid.

THE LOST HEART

He— Remember me, O lady-love, pray I.
She—I'll have no memory, sir, for thee, say I.
He—Remembrance is a duty of the heart.
She—But mine is stolen: thou the robber art.

(«Where beauty moves and wit delights,
And sighs of kindness bind me,—
There, oh there, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.»)

* See Century Dictionary, under «bottle,» for illustration of water-skin.

«FULL MANY A FLOWER IS BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN»

O JASMINE-BLOOM, thy cheek no fragrant zephyr
Did ever kiss; nor e'er did honey-drinker
Thy nectar sip. A rough bough hid thy petals.
Fled is thy beauty to the realm of change.

O COTTON-TREE!

O COTTON-TREE! far from the road thou standest.
Thou art so thorny! and no shade thou yieldest.
E'en apes do scorn thy fruit. No perfume hast thou,
So that the bees, the honey-drinkers, shun thee.*

O cotton-tree! thou art so void of goodness,
'Twere bootless we should visit thee. We pray thee,
Stand where thou art,
And let us sigh and pass.

SOLID SOMETHING

WHO solid learning, solid wit,
Courage, and solid character,—
Or solid ducats hath at hand,—
E'en gods do wait on his command!

JUST MY LUCK

SEE I a dog? there's ne'er a stone to throw!
Or stone? there's ne'er a dog to hit, I trow!
Or if at once both stone and dog I view—
It is the king's dog! Damn! what can I do?

THE FIVE DOUBLE *U*'S

WINSOMENESS, wardrobe, words of eloquence,
Wisdom, and wealth, bring men to consequence.
That's something which a man in vain pursues
Who is not blest with these five *w*'s.†

* The road through the Indian Hell is foul with the stench of the rotting corpses of sinners; it passes rivers of boiling water, jars of boiling oil, and plains of white sand exceeding hot, and is beset with cotton-trees (Mahābhārata, xviii. 2, 17 pp.).

† The Sanskrit word for each of these five things begins with *w*.

DEATH BETTER THAN POVERTY

A poor man to a grave-yard went with speed,
And to a corpse he spake that rested there:*
"Ho, rise, friend, quick! one moment help me bear
My heavy load of poverty and need.
Tired am I now. Long do I yearn to see
The quiet ease that death hath brought to thee."

The corpse bethought himself:—
"Full well I know
Death's yoke is easy,
Poverty's not so."
Never a word spake he.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS

(I)

For one brief hour we tarry with our loves.
The wheel of birth and death, aye whirling, moves
Round the long paths from primal naught to Brahm's abode.
We joy to give those loves the name of "brother,"
Of "friend," perhaps, of "father," or of "mother."
Alas! they're chance acquaintance met upon the road.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS

(II)

[It is still a familiar sight in a German village to see the women go to the public fountain to fetch water, and stop for a while to gossip with their neighbors. To such a stop is the span of human life likened.]

Short time we bide together here below,
Like maids that to the village fountain go:
By fate unto one meeting-place we're led;
By Karma then forever sunderèd.

* In the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes (172–177), Dionysos asks a corpse to carry some baggage to Hades; but tries to beat him down on the price from two drachmæ (12 obols) to nine obols. The corpse makes answer, "I'd sooner come to life again." Mr. James Russell Lowell told my colleague, Professor Goodwin, that he considered this "the best joke of antiquity."

*ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ**

[THE OCEAN SHOWS A TIDE, BUT A PUDDLE DOES NOT]

THE moon's bright rays to flood will swell
The boundless ocean's breast;†
And though on springs she casts her spell,
Unmoved their waters rest.

Some touch of greatness there must be
In common 'twixt the moon and sea.

And so it is with poets' work,
And men of common mind:
Their souls need first thy spirit's touch,
O poesy divine!

HIDE AND SEEK

I HIDE myself behind a tree;
Wilhelm seeks his little dove—
Seeks in vain, then gayly cries,
"Where art thou hidden, darling?"

I give no answer: on he goes,
Searching every leafy bush—
Seeks in vain, then gravely cries,
"Where art thou hidden, Esther?"

Still no answer: now he fumes,
Will no longer seek for me—
"Nay, if thou wilt not show thyself,
I'll leave thee, foolish maiden!"

Then he marches off in scorn:
Out I creep and follow him,
Mimicking his stately steps,
And smiling at his answer.

Now he stops and looks behind,
Sees me, clasps me to his breast—
Foolish maiden now no more,
Nor Esther, but sweet darling!

Saxon.

*Vocal to those that understand them.
†The ocean is called the "Boundless."

SONG OF THE TONGA-ISLANDERS

COME to Licoö! the sun is riding
Down hills of gold to his coral bowers;
Come where the wood-pigeon's moan is chiding
The song of the wind, while we gather flowers.

Let us plait the garland, and weave the chi,
While the wild waves dance on our iron strand;
To-morrow these waves may wash our graves,
And the moon look down on a ruined land.

Let us light the torches, and dip our hair
In the fragrant oil of the sandal-tree;
Strike the bonjoo, and the oola share,
Ere the death-gods hear our jubilee.

Who are they that in floating towers
Come with their skins of curdled snows?
They shall see our maidens dress our bowers,
While the hooni shines on their sunny brows.

Who shall mourn when, red with slaughter,
Finow sits on the funeral stone?
Who shall weep for his dying daughter?
Who shall answer the red chief's moan?

He shall cry unheard by the funeral stone,
He shall sink unseen by the split canoe,
Though the plantain-bird be his alone,
And the thundering gods of Fanfonnoo.

Let us not think 'tis but an hour
Ere the wreath shall drop from the warrior's waist;
Let us not think 'tis but an hour
We have on our perfumed mats to waste.

Shall we not banquet, though Tonga's king
To-morrow may hurl the battle-spear?
Let us whirl our torches and tread the ring,—
He only shall find our footprints here.

We will dive,—and the turtle's track shall guide
Our way to the cave where Hoonga dwells,
Where under the tide he hides his bride,
And lives by the light of its starry shells.

Come to Licoö! in yellow skies
The sun shines bright, and the wild waves play;
To-morrow for us may never rise;—
Come to Licoö, to-day, to-day.

Author Unknown.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER

A Lapland Song

Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
We have a long journey to go:
The moors are vast,
And we must haste.
Our strength, I fear,
Will fail, if we are slow;
And so
Our songs will do.

Kaigè, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead,
Whom I adore.
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaigè passed
Swift as the wind,
And my desire
Winged with impatient fire;—
My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—
Behold my mistress there,
With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
Look yonder where
She washes in the lake!
See, while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

Author and Translator Unknown.

BEWARE

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

Longfellow (*Folk-Song*, translated).

THE ROSY MUSK-MALLOW

(Romany Love-Song)

The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the south wind blows,
O my gipsy rose!
In the deep dark lanes where thou and I must meet—
So sweet!
Before the harvest moon's gold glints over the down,
Or the brown-sailed trawler returns to the gray sea-town,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the south wind's laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms by the moor-brook's flow,
So daintily O!
Where thou and I in the silence of night must pass,
My lass!
Over the stream with its ripple of song, to-night,
We will fly, we will run together, my heart's delight!
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the moor-brook's laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms within sound of the sea;
It curtsies to thee,
O my gipsy-queen, it curtsies adown to thy feet—
So sweet!
When dead leaves drift through the dusk of the autumn day,
And the red elf-lanthorns hang from the spindle-spray,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the sea's wild laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the dim wood sleeps
And the bindweed creeps;
Through tangled wood-paths unknown we must take our flight
To-night!
As the pale hedge-lilies around the dark elder wind,
Clasp thy white arms about me, nor look behind.
The rosy musk-mallow is closed, and the soft leaves' laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

«RESZKET A BOKOR, MERT»

TREMBLES the bush, because
On it the bird hath flown!
Trembles my heart because
Into my mind hath come—
Into my mind hath come
Thought of a maiden dear!
Over the whole wide world
She's the most precious gem!

Full is the Danube stream,
Soon it may overflow.
So in my inmost heart
Swelleth my passion's tide!
Lovest thou me, my rose?
Thee do I love, alone;

More than thy parents do
Thee do I fondly love.

When we together were,
Me thou didst love, I know:
Then 'twas warm summer-time,
Winter, cold winter's here now!
If now no more thou lov'st,
Yet may God bless thee, dear;
But if thou lov'st me still,
Bless thee a thousandfold!

PETÖFI SÁNDOR (MAGYAR).

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE CAPTAIN IN LOVE

"CONDUCT thee wisely, Nicholas, as well becomes a captain,
Nor with thy children be at strife, nor venture to insult them;
For they an evil plot have laid, resolving they will slay thee."—
"Who is it with my children talks? who is it tells them stories?
Well! when the blooming spring shall come, and when shall come the summer,
To Xerolibada I go, and to our ancient quarters,—
Thither I go to wed my love, to take a fair-haired maiden:
With golden coins I'll deck my love, with strings of pearls adorn her."
The Pallicars they heard his words, and scornful was their anger;
Three shots they gave him all at once, and all the three were fatal.
"Down with the weakling fool!" they cried; "shoot down the worthless wanton!
From us he took the golden coins to win the fair-haired maiden.
Our fair-haired maid the pistol is, the sabre is our mistress."

Modern Greek.

LOVE DETECTED

MAIDEN, we kissed, but 'twas at night; and who thinkst thou beheld us?
The night beheld, the moon beheld, the moon and star of evening:
The star dropped earthward from the sky, and told the sea the story;
The sea at once the rudder told; the rudder told the sailor;
The sailor sang it at the door, where sat his sweetheart listening.

Modern Greek.

FOLK-SONGS

Country Loves

I sowed a bank with love, but all in vain,
For never one unlucky blade would grow!
It may be that it failed for want of rain;
Perhaps the seed was bad,—I do not know.
But all the seed I sowed on yonder plain,
I thought was love, 'twas only common grain;
And on that hill the seed that I let fall
Was only common barley after all!

The clouds have gathered, and I hear the rain;
The storm has troubled every fountain clear.
Love's fountain ne'er shall flow so bright again!
But stay! the sun's beginning to appear!
Love's fountain trembles when the storm it sees;
But while it rains, the sun shines on the trees.

If Heaven would grant the only joy I seek,
To move thy house and set it close to mine,
From window then to window we could speak,
And in two hearts would full contentment shine;
And in two hearts, with joy too great to tell,
Would love sincere and full contentment dwell.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

The Leaves of Maize

Oh, I would sing aloud, if I but knew
That while I'm singing, one I love could hear
But hills and vales and mountains part us two,—
The song, though sweet, can never reach her ear.

And we are parted by the fields of grain,—
She cannot hear me, I may sing in vain.
The vines, with wandering shade, between us are,—
She cannot hear me from her window far.

And we are parted by the poplars green,—
She cannot hear the whispering leaves between.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

Returned with Usury

O Swallow, flying close along the sea,
Turn back, turn back, and to my words attend:
From thy bright wing one feather give to me,
For I would write a letter to my friend.
And when I've written all, and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow dear.
And when 'tis written, and the seal is set,
I never more thy kindness will forget;
And when 'tis written all in gold, then I
Will give thy feather back, and see thee fly.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

O dove, that flying o'er the hill, dost stay thee
To make thy nest among the stones for cover,
Lend me a feather from thy wing, I pray thee,
That I may write a letter to my lover.
And when it's writ all fine, and doth content me,
I'll give thee back the pen that thou hast lent me;
And when it's written out and sealed together,
O dove, I'll give thee back the love-steeped feather.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

Santa Zita: The Miracle at the Well

A pilgrim poor to Zita came one day,
All faint and thirsty with the summer heat,
And for a little water did her pray.
'Twas close beside the well they chanced to meet--
She feared to give it, yet what could she say?
She answered humbly, and with words discreet:
"I wish, my brother, I could give thee wine,
But if the water please thee, that is thine."

This said, she drew some water from the well,
And with a cross the pitcher did she sign.
"O Lord," she said, while low her sweet voice fell,
"Let not this water hurt him,—he is thine."
The pilgrim, as he stooped to drink, could tell
Her thought before she spoke, "I wish 'twere wine."
He tasted, then, astonished, raised his head:
"But truly, this is precious wine," he said.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

The Golden Girdle

I am young and little;—only just fifteen,
Yet in Love's book my name is written down.
They have taken off my maiden garments sheen,
And put me on to-day my bridal gown.
"Black gown and silver girdle," so they say,
"Love one, and let a hundred go their way."
"Black gown and golden girdle," say to me,
"Love only one, and let a hundred be."

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

Invocation

Go hence, my beauty, go in peace to sleep;
And may thy bed of violets be made;
Three rays of sunlight watch above thee keep,
Twelve stars beside thy pillow be arrayed;
And may the moon come rest upon thy face;
Remember me, thou child of noble race:
And may the moon come rest upon thy head;
Remember me, thou lily crimson-red:
The morning star be shining at thy feet;
Remember me when thou dost rise, my sweet.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

Metastasio.

SCENT O' PINES

Love, shall I liken thee unto the rose
That is so sweet?
Nay, since for a single day she grows,
Then scattered lies upon the garden-rows
Beneath our feet.

But to the perfume shed when forests nod,
When noonday shines,
That lulls us as we tread the woodland sod,
Eternal as the peace of God—
The scent o' pines.

HUGH M'CULLOCH.

TO THE ROSE

Queenly rose, one mother holds us,
Thee and me, upon her breast;
All-sustaining nature folds us
In eternal arms at rest.

Little rose, our beauties perish;
Storms will strip both thee and me:
But the life seed that we cherish
Still will bud eternally.

HÖLDERLIN.

Translation of Charles H. Genung.

ALONE IN THE FIELDS

Amid the high green grass I rest me here,
And gaze into the depths of space unbounded:
The crickets' music comes from far and near,
By heaven's blue I'm wondrously surrounded;
The fair white clouds in silence slowly glide
Through deep blue skies, like fair and mute dream-faces:
I feel as if I long ago had died
And float in rapture through eternal spaces.

HERMANN ALLMERS.

Translation of Charles H. Genung.

«MENTRE RITORNA IL SOLE»

WHEN comes again the sun
After the shortened days and full of pain,
Thine eyes serene and bright I see again,
Thy words in memory run.

Of thee, sweet Vanishing,
Recalled but in the vision of love's dream,
The earth in flower to speak to me doth seem,
And every voice of Spring.

Like to some happy one,
The grieving of lost years grows less to me,
The while, O blessed Dream, I live in thee
When comes again the sun!

ENRICO PANZACCHI.

Translation of Frank Sewall.

«IF SPIRITS WALK»

«I have heard (but not believed) that spirits of the dead
May walk again.» — ('WINTER'S TALE.')

IF SPIRITS walk, Love, when the night climbs slow
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the selfsame way
To the hill-crest, and shoreward, down the gray
Sheer graveled slope where straggling vetches grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when in June the pines are whispering low,
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair so
As some one's fingers once were used to play,
That hour when birds leave song and children pray,—
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

THE PARTING LOVERS

SHE says, "The cock crows — hark!"
He says, "No! still 'tis dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright;"
He says, "Oh no, my light."

She says, "Stand up and say,
Gets not the heaven gray?"

He says, "The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start;

"But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe!"

Chinese

Translation of William R. Alger.

THE PALM AND THE PINE

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl
Of other blood reposes;
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,
Relaxed the frosty twine,—
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
Those dimly-visioned boughs,
As these young lovers face to face
Renew their early vows.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Translation of Richard Monckton Milnes.

THE BROOKSIDE

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne:
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton).

HIS WAY

Love came to the door of the palace,
And the door was opened wide;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And they needed him much inside:
But he rattled his quiver and said with a sigh,—
"Can I enter an open door? Not I!
Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the castle window,
And he found a great broad stair;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And he might have mounted there:
But he fluttered his wings, and said with a sigh,—
"Can I plod up a staircase? No, not I!
Not I! Not I!"

* * *

Love came to the shore of the ocean,
And saw far over the strand
An inaccessible fortress
On a seagirt island stand.
"Who cares for an ocean?" he gayly cried,
And his rainbow wings were quickly plied:
"Not I! Not I!"

Love came to a lonely dungeon,
Where window and door were barred;
There was none who would give him entrance,
Though he knocked there long and hard.
Then, "Who cares for a bolt?" said the saucy elf;
And straightway the warder was Love himself!
"Not I! Not I!"

EVA L. OGDEN.

DOWN THE BAYOU

WE DRIFTED down the long lagoon,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
Far out of sight of all the town;
The old cathedral sinking down,
With spire and cross, from view, below
The borders of St. John's Bayou,
As toward the ancient Spanish Fort,
With steady prow and helm a-port,
We drifted down, my Love and I,
Beneath an azure April sky,
My Love and I, my Love and I,
Just at the hour of noon.

We drifted down, and drifted down,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
Beyond the Creole part of town,
Its red-tiled roofs, its stucco walls,
Its belfries with their sweet bell-calls;
The Bishop's Palace, which enshrines
Such memories of the Ursulines;
Past balconies where maidens dreamed
Behind the shelter of cool vines;
Past open doors where parrots screamed;
Past courts where mingled shade and glare
Fell through pomegranate boughs, to where
The turbaned negress, drowsy grown,
Sat nodding in her ample chair;
Beyond the joyance and the stress,
Beyond the greater and the less,
Beyond the tiresome noonday town,
The parish prison's cupolas,
The bridges with their creaking draws,
And many a convent's frown,—
We drifted on, my Love and I,
Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
While from the clock-towers in the town
Spake the meridian bells that said—

'Twas morn — 'tis noon —
Time flies — and soon
Night follows noon.

Prepare! Beware!
Take care! Take care!
For soon — so soon —
Night follows noon,—
Dark night the noon,—
Noon! noon! noon! noon! . . .

With scarce the lifting of an oar,
We lightly swept from shore to shore,—
The hither and the thither shore,—
With scarce the lifting of an oar;
While far beyond, in distance wrapped,
The city's lines lay faintly mapped:
Its antique courts, its levee's throngs,
Its rattling floats, its boatmen's songs,
Its lowly and its lofty roofs,
Its tramp of men, its beat of hoofs,
Its scenes of peace, its brief alarms,
Its narrow streets, its old Place d'Armes,
Whose tragic soil of long ago
Now sees the modern roses blow,—
All these in one vast cloud were wound,
Of blurred and fainting sight and sound,
As on we swept, my Love and I,
Beneath the April sky together,
In all the bloomy April weather,—
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
In all the blue and amber weather.

We passed the marsh where pewits sung,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I;
We passed the reeds and brakes among,
Beneath the smilax vines we swung;
We grasped at lilies whitely drooping
Mid the rank growth of grass and sedge,
Or bending toward the water's edge,
As for their own reflection stooping.
Then talked we of the legend old
Wherein Narcissus's fate is told;
And turned from that to grander story
Of heroed past or modern glory,
Till the quaint town of New Orleans,
Its Spanish and its French demesnes,
Like some vague mirage of the mind,
In Memory's cloudlands lay defined;

And back and backward seemed to creep
Commerce, with all her tangled tongues,
Till Silence smote her lusty lungs,
And Distance lulled Discord to sleep. . .

Slowly along the old shell road
Some aged negro, 'neath his load
Of gathered moss and *latanier*,
Went shuffling on his homeward way;
While purple, cool, beneath the blue
Of that hot noontide, bravely smiled,
With bright and iridescent hue,
Whole acres of the blue-flag flower,
The breathy Iris, sweet and wild,
That floral savage unsubdued,
The gipsy April's gipsy child.

Now from some point of weedy shore
An Indian woman darts before
The light bow of our idle boat,
In which, like figures in a dream,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I
Adown the sluggish bayou float;
While she, in whose still face we see
Traits of a chieftain ancestry,
Paddles her pirogue down the stream
Swiftly, and with the flexile grace
Of some dusk Dian in the chase.

As nears our boat the tangled shore,
Where the wild mango weaves its boughs,
And early willows stoop their hair
To meet the sullen bayou's kiss;
Where the luxuriant "creeper" throws
Its eager clasp round rough and fair
To climb toward the coming June;
Where the sly serpent's sudden hiss
Startles sometimes the drowsy noon,—
There the rude hut, banana-thatched,
Stands with its ever open door;
Its yellow gourd hung up beside
The crippled crone who, half asleep,
In garments most grotesquely patched,
Grim watch and ward pretends to keep
Where there is naught to be denied. . . .

Still darkly winding on before,
For half a dozen miles or more,
Past leagues and leagues of lilied marsh,
The murky bayou swerved and slid,
Was lost, and found itself again,
And yet again was quickly hid
Among the grasses of the plain.
As gazed we o'er the sedgy swerves,
The wild and weedy water curves
Toward sheets of shining canvas spread
High o'er the lilies blue and red.
So low the shores on either hand,
The sloops seemed sailing on the land.

Now here, now there, among the sedge,
As drifted on my Love and I,
Were groups of idling negro girls,
Half hid behind the swaying hedge
Of wild rice nodding in the breeze.
Barefooted by the bayou's edge,
Just where the water swells and swirls,
They watched the passing of our boat.
Some stood like caryatides
With arms upraised to burdened heads;
Some, idly grouped among the weeds,
With arms about their naked knees,
Or full length on the grasses cast,
Grew into pictures as we passed.
Our aimless course they idly noted;
Then out across the lowlands floated
Rude snatches of plantation songs,
In that sweet cadence which belongs
To their full-lipped, full-lungèd race.
We heard the rustle of the grass
They parted wide to see us pass:
Our boat so neared their resting-place,
We heard their murmurs of surprise,
And glanced into their shining eyes;
Then caught the rich, mellifluous strain
That fell and rose, and fell again;
And listened, listened, till the last
Clear note was mingled with the past. . . .

Aloft, on horizontal wing,
We saw the buzzard rock and swing;

That sturdy sailor of the air,
Whose agile pinions have a grace
That prouder plumes might proudly wear,
And claim it for a kinglier race.

From distant oak-groves, sweet and strong,
The voicy mocking-bird gave song,—
That plagiarist whose note is known
As every bird's, yet all his own.
As shuttles of the Persian looms
Catch all of Nature's subtlest blooms,
Alike her bounty and her dole,
To weave in one bewildering whole,
So has this subtile singer caught
All sweetest songs, and deftly wrought
Them into one entrancing score
From his rejoicing heart to pour.

The wind was blowing from the south
When we had reached the bayou's mouth,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I.
Laden it came with rare perfumes,—
With spice of bays, and orange blooms,
And mossy odors from the glooms
Of cypress swamps. Now and again,
Upon the fair Lake Pontchartrain,
White sails went nodding to the main;
And round about the painted hulls
Darted the sailing, swooping gulls,
Wailing and shrieking, as they flew
Unrestingly 'twixt blue and blue,
Like ghosts of drownèd mariners
Rising from deep-sea sepulchres,
To warn, with weird and woeful lips,
Who go down to the sea in ships. . . .

And now, whene'er an April sky
Bends o'er me like some vast blue bell;
When piping birds are in the reeds,
And earth is fed on last year's seeds;
When newly is the live-oak's tent
With tender green and gray besprent;
When wailing gulls are on the lake,
And woods are fair for April's sake;
When grassy plains their secrets tell,
And lilies with white wonder look

At other lilies by the brook;
When thrills the wild rice in the wind,
And cries the heron shrill and harsh
Along the lush and lonely marsh;
When in the grove the mocker sings,
And earth seems full of new-made things,
And Nature to all youth is kind,—
Once more, as in a vision, seem
To rise before me lake and stream:
Once more a semi-tropic noon,
A boat upon a long lagoon;
Two figures there, as in a dream,
Come, strangely dear and strangely nigh,
To touch me, and to pass me by;
And as they pass, once more I seem
To see, beneath the April sky,
In all the blue and silver weather,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I
Drift down the long lagoon together!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

WATCHING

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm;
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run:
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun.
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow.
While prayful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing:
And with a loving sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear,
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbing of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after days harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.

And still the curtains swing.
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;

More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan:
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON ("Fanny Forrester").

CLYTIA

THROUGH the blackness of night I can see,
Through the thickness of darkness light comes.
A gleam where no starlight can be,
A glance where no meteor roams:
When the feet of the morning are dark,
And the lamp of her eye is but dim,
And the flower of the field a dark spark,
The old glint of the wavelet a whim;
When a mist hides the earth from the sky,
When a sound of bells tolling is heard,—
A warning to ships that are nigh,
A silence of beast and of bird;
When the sad waves lament on the shore,
Or hurry and rush to the sand,
In wild waste, and tumult, and roar,
A purposeless, riotous band,—
Then over the night of my soul,
And over the tolling of death,
New fires of ecstasy roll
With the coming of Love, which is breath;
The green hollows whisper of birds,
The silences break into song,
And my spirit pours out into words
That to gladness and morning belong.
But alas for the glory of Dawn,
For his coming in fragrance and might,
Red roses and billowy lawn,
With the full patient moon in his sight,
If in vain do we wait for Love's feet,
And listen while the hours long delay,

And know that the lilies are sweet,
And the month is the month of May!
In vain would my spirit be glad,
If Love hath forgotten his way;
Or if slow he linger and sad,
In vain is the gladness of day.

ANNIE FIELDS.

TWO GUESTS

LOVE was erewhile my guest, but did outstay
His welcome in my breast. Be it confessed
I wearied of his raptures, his unrest,
His smiles, his tears, his too capricious sway.
At last, with show of grief, Love went his way,
Leaving me free to bid a nobler guest.
Now is my dwelling garnished, swept, and dressed
With rarest bloom, for him who comes to-day.
Ah, what new worlds of joy we two shall trace!
What clear, calm realms of thought we shall explore!
Yet do I thrill beneath this first embrace
With the old bliss and pain I knew of yore.
Can this be he whose presence I forswore?
Can this be Love with a new voice and face?

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

TAKE HEART!

MARSH rosemary in Union Square!
How did it ever happen there?

A seaside flower that children pull,
Sold by the bunch and basketful!

Marsh rosemary! that grows by acres
Within a stone's-throw of the breakers!

The life of our Atlantic coast,
I know not when I love it most:

When it has caught those very hues
The sunset was so loth to lose;

When lying like a purple haze
It neither undulates nor sways;

When by the scythe its ranks are thinned,
Or only furrowed by the wind.

O you whose wistful eyes are wet,
You who are rooted in regret,

Who rarely have within your reach
The ravishment of sky and beach,

Who think the joys of life forsake us
Never again to overtake us,—

Mark how these sprays of rosemary
Dipped in the crimson of the sky,

Steeped in the violet of the sea,
To Union Square have followed me!

LUCY C. BULL.

AN EAST-INDIAN SONG

O WANDERER in the southern weather,
Our isle awaits us: on each lea
The pea-hens dance; in crimson feather
A parrot swaying on a tree
Rages at his own image in the enameled sea.

There dreamy Time lets fall his sickle
And Life the sandals of her fleetness,
And sleek young Joy is no more fickle,
And Love is kindly and deceitless,
And all is over save the murmur and the sweetness.

There we will moor our lonely ship,
And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly, lip to lip,
Along the grass, along the sands—
Murmuring how far away are all earth's feverish lands:

How we alone of mortals are
Hid in the earth's most hidden part,
While grows our love an Indian star,
A meteor of the burning heart,
One with the waves that softly round us laugh and dart,

One with the leaves; one with the dove
That moans and sighs a hundred days:
How when we die our shades will rove,
Dropping at eve in coral bays
A vapory footfall on the ocean's sleepy blaze.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

INDIAN MAID'S WAR SONG

HARK! the war song — the shouting — I hear the shrill sound;
They raise the red tomahawk out of the ground:
In the van of the battle my warrior must go;
Like the bloodthirsty panther he'll steal on his foe.

Yet with love his bold heart is still beating for me,
With a feeling like mine which death only can sever;
In kindness it flows as the sweet sugar-tree,
And akin to the aspen it trembles forever.

Nada-Wossi (*Canada*) *Poem.*

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

BRANT TO THE INDIANS

YE BRAVES of the Ancient League — the people's defenders!
Here, in the gates of the South, the white foe comes,
Daring his doom, yet marching with banners and splendors,
With empty roar of cannon and rattle of drums.

These are the hungry eaters of land — the greedy
Devourers of forest and lake and meadow and swamp;
Gorged with the soil they have robbed from the helpless and needy,
The tribes that trembled before their martial pomp.

These are the rich who covet the humble goods of the poor;
The wise, who with their cunning the simple ensnare;
The strong, who trample the weak as weeds on the moor;
The great, who grudge with the small the earth to share.

But you are the valiant braves of Ho-den-a-sau-nee;
The tribes of the East were weaklings, with hearts of the deer;
Unconquered in war you are, and ever shall be,
For your limbs are mighty — your hearts are void of fear.

Continue to listen! These white men are liars who say
That red men are faithless to treaty, and heed not their pledge
That they love but to ravage and burn, to torture and slay,
And to ruin the towns with torch, and the hatchet's edge!

The Spirit above gave his red children these lands,
The deer on the hills, the beaver and fowls in the ponds;
The bow and the hatchet and knife he placed in your hands,
And bound your tribes together in mighty bonds. . . .

Who are these farm-house curs that foolishly rant
At you, the untamable cubs of the mountain-cat?
Who is this lawyer that seeks on the war-path for Brant,
And struts with a new-bought sword and general's hat?

Why do these choppers of wood, these ox-driving toilers,
Lust for the ancient homes of Ho-den-a-sau-nee?
Why from their barnyards came these rustic despoilers?
Shall the sweet wilderness like their vile farms e'er be?

Can the warrior become a farmer's hired clown?
Shall he hoe like the squaw, or toss up grass on a fork?
Will the panther churn milk in the pen of the treadmill hound?
Or the bear wear an apron and do a scullion's work?

Continue to listen! Ye are not fashioned for slaves!
And that these blue-eyed robbers at once shall know:
Want they your lands?—they shall not even have graves,
Until their bodies are buried by winter's snow!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

THE RACE OF THE «BOOMERS»

THE bleak of the dawn, and the plain is asmoke with the breath of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous sound in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow embossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign that the June is here.

They are faring from countless camps, afoot or ahorse may be;
The blood of many a folk may flow in their bounding veins,
But, stung by the age-old lust for land and for liberty,
They have ridden or run or rolled in the mile-engulfing trains.

More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that is in their breast:
They think to possess the soil, to have and to hold it sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden wide of the West.

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles the roads this way;
The blackleg stays from his cards, the song-man ceases his tune,
And the gray-haired parson deems it is idle to preach and pray.

. . . . . .

And over the mete away the prairie is parched and dry,
A creature of mighty moods, an ocean of moveless waves;
Clean of a single soul, silent beneath the sky,
Waiting its peopled towns, with room for a host of graves.

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn full taut
Is the thought of the Boomers all: a sight that is touched with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of Law.

. . . . . .

High noon: with a fusillade of guns and a deep, hoarse roar,
With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the mad desire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and the demon's din.

God! what a race,—all life merged in the arrowy flight:
Trample the brother down, murder if need be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land ere night,—
The Strip is open, is ours, to build on, to harrow and sow.

. . . . . .

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails thick-strewn with hopes
A-wreck did the Boomers race to the place they would attain;
Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with ropes,
The homes they had straitly won through fire and blood and pain.

. . . . . .

While ever up from the earth, or fallen far through the air,
Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of all sad sounds;
The cry of an outraged race that is driven otherwhere,
The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless Hunting Grounds.

RICHARD BURTON.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;—
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free:
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,—
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

HAIL, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail!

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.

Firm, united, etc.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

OH THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

OH THE pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;
Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold:
Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings;—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold:
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance and armor strong they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize,—those gallant knights of old!

Oh the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold,—
Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep:
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.

Oh the troubadours of old! with the gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be;
For years they served their ladye-love ere they their passions told:
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and state!
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told;—
But Heaven be thanked I live not in those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may:
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

VINCENT BOURNE.

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas;
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low:
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',—
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom Ring!

My Native Country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break;
The sounds prolong.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee I sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might.
Great God our King!

Samuel Francis Smith.